



From the Picture by]

"THE FIRE OF LONDON."

[Stanhope A. Forbes, A.R.A.]

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Illustrated Interviews.

LXXVI.—MR. STANHOPE A. FORBES, A.R.A. BY FREDERICK DOLMAN.



EVERYBODY in Newlyn seems to know Mr. Stanhope Forbes. Thrice have I to seek the direction to "Trewarveneth" (although had I known that the name of the painter's house was Cornish for "Top of the Hill" it would doubtless have been found easily enough), but in each instance, from fisherman mending his nets, from housewife washing the clothes, and a carter leading his team, the response was very ready and explicit. The painter of so many Newlyn interiors, the leader of the little band of artists who have given the Cornish fishing village a world-wide fame, is evidently very much "at home" with the simple little community in which he has lived for the last sixteen years.

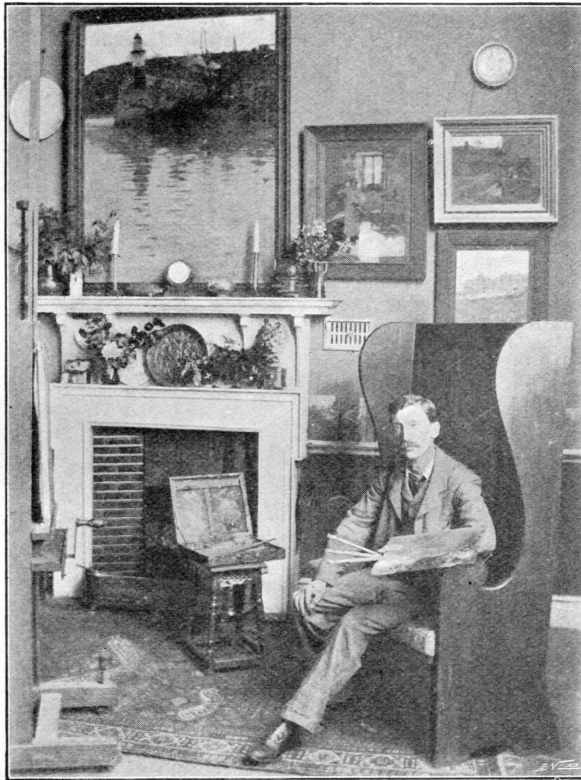
In my walk from Penzance along the sea-front I pass the picture-gallery presented by Mr. Passmore Edwards to the Newlyn artists, cross the bridge over a little stream of which Mr. Forbes has made so pleasing a picture, and, turning away from quay and harbour, begin the ascent of what is locally known as Paul Hill. This road takes one to the back of the village, giving extensive views of Newlyn as a whole, but not introducing you to

the picturesque harbour, which I afterwards find to be its greatest charm, as the Royal Academy exhibition had led me to expect. Mr. Forbes's house is right on the crest of the hill, the village beginning some distance below it and sloping down to the water's edge. Once the residence of a well-known Cornish family, "Trewarveneth" was for many years a farm-house, and in adapting it to his needs Mr. Forbes has not altered it much. A

five-barred gate and a short road through field and hedge-row lead you to expect some such old, cottage-like dwelling, which still bears, although in rather illegible figures, a date of the seventeenth century. Apart from the large studio, built like the house in the grey stone which is characteristic of the county, Mr. Stanhope Forbes has added nothing more than a glass conservatory and a latticed porch to the door. With its small casements and low, timbered roof "Trewarveneth,"

as a bit of old Newlyn, is doubtless dear to the painter's heart.

"I came to Newlyn for a fortnight and I have stayed sixteen years," says Mr. Forbes, receiving me in the little drawing-room which, daintily furnished as it is, has still the beamed ceiling and the projecting chimney-



MR. STANHOPE A. FORBES, A.R.A., IN HIS STUDIO.
From a Photo. by John E. Douglas, St. Ives, Cornwall.

corner of old. "I had just returned from Brittany, and was looking around for a fresh sketching-ground. A friend suggested the Cornish coast. We settled at Manaccan, on the other side of Mount's Bay, but finding the place lacked interest for a figure painter I took my knapsack, went exploring on my own account, and ultimately found myself at Newlyn. The place from the first greatly attracted me; in a day or two it suggested 'The Fish Sale,' and so I stopped on here, working mainly at this picture, which, exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1885,

touched. Perhaps I should not have settled at Newlyn, however, if I had not met my wife here. We were married at the village church in 1889. For some time we lived right in the heart of the village, among the fisher-folk; we did not take this house till about seven years ago."

"What is now the size of the artists' colony at Newlyn?"

"It is not so large as it was formerly, and several of our best, Frank Bramley, T. C. Gotch, Fred Hall, and others have left us; but we still muster a goodly number



From the Picture by]

"THE VILLAGE PHILHARMONIC."

[Stanhope A. Forbes, A.R.A.]

By permission of the Committee of the City of Birmingham Art Gallery.

was one of the first of any size and importance to emanate from Newlyn. The same year saw Mr. Walter Langley's "Among the Missing," one of the finest works of this well-known water-colour painter.

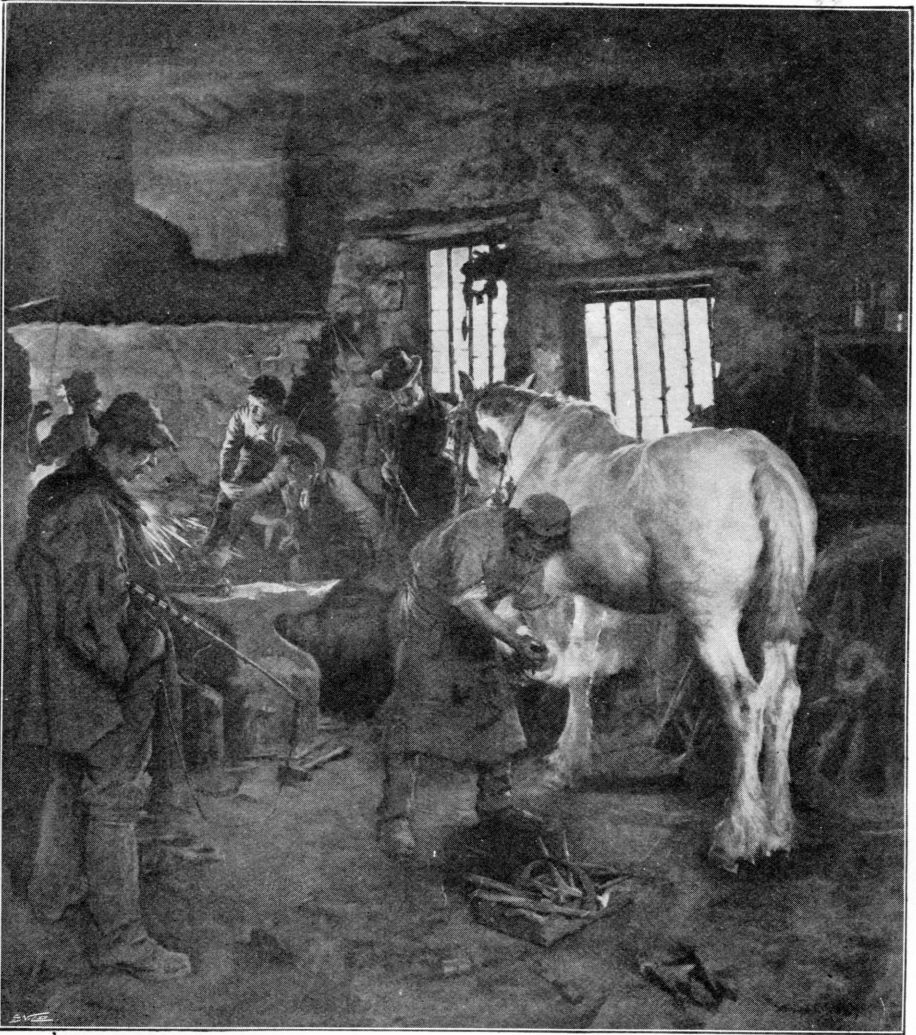
"The success of 'The Fish Sale' only confirmed my first impression that there was at Newlyn and its immediate neighbourhood any amount of fresh material for the artist. I am of the same opinion to-day, after all the work of all the men of what has been called the Newlyn School. There are still any number of subjects which have not yet been

on those occasions when at each other's houses we gather together of an evening. For we have no club at Newlyn, except a dramatic club, which every now and then comes to life and gives a performance in aid of some local charity. We have also an orchestral society, a circumstance which suggested my picture, 'The Village Philharmonic.' Before that time I had never touched an instrument myself. But I had to buy a violoncello in order to paint it in this picture, and somehow or other I got interested in the instrument. I had to work

hard for a long time before I could do anything with it, but I now find the 'cello-playing such a pleasant recreation that I don't regret my waste of time."

The studio, into which Mr. Forbes now leads me by way of a conservatory gay with lilies and geraniums, is both large and lofty ;

"No, not after I had spent some days in the library of the British Museum, making sketches of old prints, etc., and had taken a mental photograph of the sort of Thames scene which I intended painting. Of course, I had to bring the costumes down from London, but there was no trouble about getting the



From the Picture by]

"THE SMITHY."

[Stanhope A. Forbes, A.R.A.]

By permission of Franz Hanfstaengl, 16, Pall Mall East.

but it was not large or lofty enough for the dimensions of his fresco, "The Fire of London," for the Royal Exchange—the most important picture he has painted without a Newlyn background. The canvas had to be painted in sections.

"But was it not difficult, Mr. Forbes, to work at such a picture here — so far away from the Thames?"

models I wanted from among the people of Newlyn. There never was such a place for good characteristic models, both men and women, and they pose naturally and patiently."

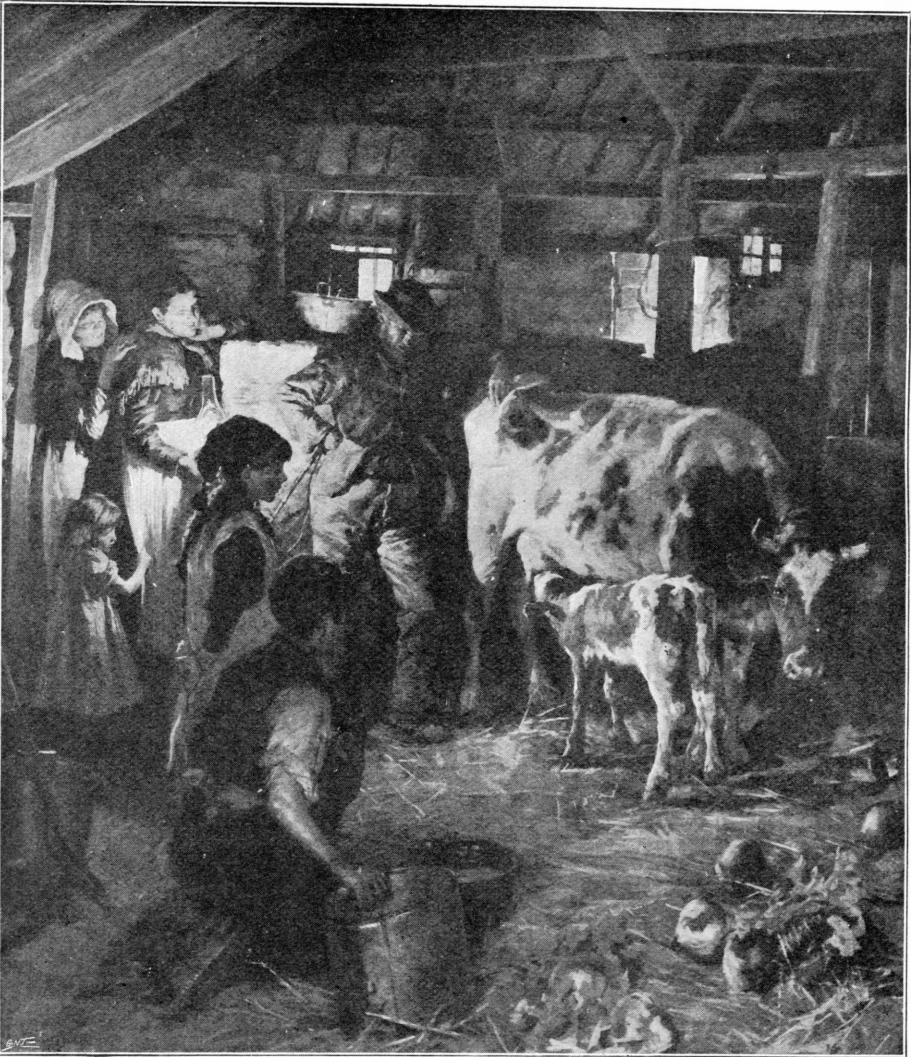
Looking round the studio, which has all the tidiness of the recess after sending-in day at the Academy, I notice the work of several well-known Newlyn artists besides my host. Among other original studies of Mr.

Forbes's own pictures are those of "The Smithy," "The New Calf," and "The Quarry Team." The study for "The Smithy," I observe, shows sundry tears and scratches in the canvas. And thereby hangs a tale.

"Years after I had painted and sold—and therefore pretty well forgotten—'The Smithy,' a friend came to me one day and declared that he had seen a picture of mine in a

to part with it—she said it was such an excellent screen. The cottage was close by the village blacksmith's where I had painted the study, and I remember that I had been accustomed to leave the canvas at this cottage overnight instead of carrying it to and fro."

"Was 'The Smithy' actually painted in a blacksmith's shop, then?"



From the Picture by]

"THE NEW CALF."

[Stanhope A. Forbes, A.R.A.]

By permission of Daniel Delius, Esq., Balcombe House, Balcombe, Sussex.

labourer's cottage serving the purpose of a fire-screen. It was in a village near here, called Sheffield. I went over to Sheffield and found this original study for 'The Smithy' fulfilling the useful function my friend had described. The woman seemed quite sorry

"Yes, down to the smallest detail. I found it rather tiring work, I remember, owing to the heat and the noise. Every now and then I had to fly helter-skelter with brushes, palette, and canvas to escape from the cloud of smoke. In the same way I painted 'Forging the

Anchor,' which is sometimes confounded with my 'Smithy,' in a small Newlyn foundry. In both cases the workmen were pleased and flattered by my suggestion of painting them at their work, but I am afraid I tried their patience sorely before I had finished. In such circumstances I never dare to tell people how long I shall take to paint my picture, when it may be weeks or months."

"The Health of the Bride," the picture which represents Mr. Forbes in the New National Gallery at Millbank, was painted

my wife came one day across a village wedding, just such a wedding as I was painting. She looked anxiously at the bride—yes, she had both wreath and veil. She waited till the ceremony was over and then ran after the party and obtained the loan of both articles for me to paint. No, I didn't borrow the bride as well, for all my models were already sitting for me, village people whom I had carefully chosen for their various parts.

"The scene of this picture, by the way, is supposed to be the best parlour of a village



From the Picture by]

"THE HEALTH OF THE BRIDE."

[Stanhope A. Forbes, A.R.A.]

By permission of Messrs. Mawson, Swan, and Morgan, Newcastle-on-Tyne; and Mr. Harry Dickinson, 26, Regent Street, W., owners of the copyright.

mainly in the artist's own studio under circumstances of greater comfort. "I remember," Mr. Forbes continued, "that one debatable point was settled by a most opportune piece of real experience. I was anxious that my bride should have wreath and veil for the sake of picturesque effect, but several friends strongly represented to me that at a village wedding of the kind I was painting the bride never did have a wreath and veil, and that I was, therefore, spoiling the realism of the picture. The lady who afterwards became

inn. It is the Cornish custom for a wedding party after the ceremony is over to partake of a meal at an inn and then take a drive of a few miles, 'going foreign,' as Newlyn people, who rarely leave their native village, call it. Standing in one of these inn parlours I had first thought of painting an anglers' meeting—you will notice one or two cases of fish on the wall—but it afterwards occurred to me that a wedding party could be much more picturesquely grouped, even though one had to paint them in the smarter, more conventional Sunday clothes."



From the Picture by]

"BY ORDER OF THE COURT."

[Stanhope A. Forbes, A.R.A.]

"How did you come to paint your picture, 'By Order of the Court,' Mr. Forbes?"

"Through attending so many of the auction sales at farms and country houses hereabouts in the hope of picking up odd things for my home and studio. All the details of the scene were stamped upon my memory, and I had no difficulty in painting them. For some of the figures I got models from among the village people in the usual way, but for several I had to induce friends to sit, a common practice among painters of the Middle Ages."

Mrs. Stanhope Forbes comes to summon us to her tea-table on the lawn. At Newlyn there is apparently nothing extraordinary about tea in the garden on an April afternoon, and in sunshine which is genial without being hot, amidst daffodils and narcissus, a most pleasant incident it proves to be.

At tea the conversation turns to the exhibition of Mrs. Stanhope Forbes's work, which was then taking place in Bond Street, work which had occupied her during the greater part of the previous year. In several of these small pictures her son Alec, aged five, was the principal figure. I learned with regret that the original of these

charming studies of child life was just then away from home.

Mrs. Stanhope Forbes is very fond of painting the rural scenery near Newlyn, such as she has given us in "Moorland Princesses" and "Hop o' my Thumb." For such pictures she uses a movable painting hut, wherein she can comfortably work in all kinds of weather. Just now the hut stands in a beautiful wood, five or six miles away, where she had done a good deal of work for her Bond Street exhibition. Mr. and Mrs. Forbes, like nearly all the Newlyn artists, are both enthusiastic cyclists, and find their machines most convenient in reaching distant painting grounds.

In "the cool of the evening" Mr. Forbes takes me for a ramble through Newlyn as he has painted it. We reach the high road, passing through a kitchen-garden and along a lane cut through pasture-fields and inclosed by high hedges, familiarly known as "The Terrace." We pause at the wicket-gate at the end of this lane to enjoy the view before descending the hill—a view of the harbour filled with fishing-boats, of Penzance and St. Michael's Mount in the distance. From the high road we turn into the quaint Newlyn streets, hardly

wide enough to admit any vehicular traffic, and paved with stones of so many different shapes and sizes that in descending to the harbour the pedestrian stranger has need of some caution lest he should go down headlong.

Mr. Forbes shows me the fisherman's cottage, with thatched roof and weather-stained walls, in which Mr. Frank Bramley, A.R.A., painted his well-known picture, "A Hopeless Dawn." It was his studio for a time, and by the side of the cottage a piece of wood is still fixed on which have been painted the words, "Rue des Beaux Arts," reminiscent of the humour of some students recently returned from Paris, which at the time much puzzled the natives. Close by is the meadow—once grass land in the centre of the village overlooking the bay—now a cultivated garden. In this have been built a number of studios and glass-houses, where at one time or other nearly all the painters whose names are associated with Newlyn have worked. Several of these are now filled with Mr. and Mrs. Forbes's pupils, for they have now a flourishing art school here, and a considerable number of students work under their direct supervision. Here is the large studio in which they draw and paint from the life, finding characteristic models amongst the village folk, and near at hand, under the trees, is

a shady plateau, where, in fine weather, the class meets for the study of open-air painting. The students have come from all parts of the country, and Mr. and Mrs. Forbes look forward with confidence to the effect their school will have in insuring the permanency of Newlyn as an artists' settlement.

Just above here Mr. Forbes has his own glass-house, wherein he works chiefly for atmospheric effects in the wet grey days, which are perhaps the most distinctive feature of Cornish winters. With studio and glass-house he is able to paint in all the weathers that Newlyn knows much of.

At the door of one of the smallest cottages



From the Picture by]

"THE LIGHTHOUSE."

[Stanhope A. Forbes, A.R.A.]

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From the Picture by]

"THE LETTER."

[Stanhope A. Forbes, A.R.A.

the artist stopped with the exclamation: "Let me introduce you to Grace, an old acquaintance who has figured in more than one of my pictures."

Having gently rapped at the door and received a feeble response Mr. Forbes lifts the latch. It is quite a tiny room, crowded with old furniture and adorned with quaint ornaments of still older fashion. In the chimney-corner, crouched over the fire, was an old woman in whom I think I recognised the features of the grandmother in "The Health of the Bride." Grace receives the painter and his friend very cordially, and seems pleased when I speak of her pictorial appearances. Doubtless the fees she still receives as a "model" contribute not a little to the comfort of her very old age. But a

question as to the number of her years is quietly ignored. Upon that point, Mr. Forbes tells me, Grace will say nothing. No one in Newlyn knows how old she really is.

Walking to the harbour, we passed the picturesque bit of Newlyn known as "The Slipway," in which I recognise the subject of another canvas by Mr. Forbes. It is close to the new pier, on which nowadays the "catches" of the boats are sold by auction.

"These piers don't add to the beauty of Newlyn," Mr. Forbes remarks, "although the new harbour is doubtless a great boon. The scene of the fish sale on the sands yonder as I painted it was much prettier, although I remember that in making my

sketches there in the early morning it was very wet and cold. From this slipway I remember once catching some fine mullet with a fishing-rod."

"You must be an expert angler, Mr. Forbes."

"I don't know about that," he replied, smiling, as he proceeded to explain how the feat was accomplished. "At one time I was rather fond of deep-sea fishing, and went out with the boats a good many nights."

On the quayside a number of men, fishermen, fish-salesmen, and carters, are lounging about, chatting and smoking, some of whom look as if they had stepped out of Mr. Forbes's pictures. Many of them greet the artist, and he indicates several to me as having been painted by him on



From a Photo. by]

MR. STANHOPE FORBES'S ART SCHOOL AT NEWLYN.

[John E. Douglas.

between the painters of Newlyn and those of St. Ives.

"What was your first Academy picture, Mr. Forbes?"

"It was a portrait, the portrait of the daughter of a Harley Street doctor who was an old friend of my father. It was hung with the title of 'Florence,' and was sufficiently successful to bring me several commissions. My first sketching expedition was to Galway, and although

various occasions. Here was the brawny a mere lad at the time I had been carter, for instance, with immense whip, who favoured with a commission, through a appears as one of the bystanders in "Forging the Anchor," there one of the "sailors and soldiers, too," of "The Salvation Army"—in which picture all the models were actually "Salvationists."

Mr. Forbes gives friendly recognition to a farmer and his wife riding behind a smart trotting cob. "It was on their farm," he mentions, "that I painted my picture for last year's Academy, the three horses drinking at a stream, to which I gave the title, 'The Drinking Place.' It is several miles from Newlyn, and when my day's work was finished I used to be provided with tea at the farm-house."

We next encountered the son of the vicar of Newlyn near his father's church, where Mr. and Mrs. Forbes were married. This friend of the artist's is known at Newlyn as "the vicar's son," but as "Perkins, the cricketer," he enjoys fame throughout the country. The talk naturally turns upon cricket, and Mr. Forbes playfully challenges the distinguished amateur and his friends to a match with the artists' cricket club in London. Mr. Forbes has been fond of the game in his time, and has taken part in more than one match



MRS. STANHOPE FORBES WORKING AT HER SHELTER IN THE WOOD.

From a Photo. by John E. Douglas, St. Ives, Cornwall.

family friend, to paint the portrait of a lady well known socially in the West of Ireland. In fact, I should have probably settled down as a portrait-painter but for the circumstance that in 1882 the Liverpool Corporation purchased a picture I had painted in Brittany, a street scene at Quimperlé. This encouraged me to go on with my open-air painting, and proved to be quite a turning-point in my career.

"This incident was the more important to me—a young man who had his own way to make to a large extent—because of the great disappointment I had then recently experienced at the Academy. Having had two or three portraits accepted I sent in my third year three more portraits, and I had the mortification of receiving them all back. So the Liverpool Art Committee did me a very good turn indeed. I went on painting Brittany subjects, and with a fair amount of success, until I thought people were getting tired of them, my peasants necessarily looking so much alike with blue blouses and white caps. I read one day in the *Pall Mall Gazette* that 'Mr. Forbes sees Nature as if he looked at it through blue spectacles,' and this incisive though kindly notice led me to resolve upon a change of scene."

Before the walk is ended I get an insight into one aspect of the influence which the artists are exercising upon the daily life of Newlyn. An old, somewhat dilapidated cottage, seemingly uninhabited, has a black-lettered title across its front wall—"Newlyn Industrial Class."

"Here many of the young men of the place," Mr. Forbes explains, "gather of an evening—fisher-lads, mostly—to work at copper and brass work. Mr. J. D. Mackenzie

gives them instruction and provides them with his original designs, and they have really turned out some excellent work. I have a sconce and one or two other specimens in my own house, and most of the articles that are made now find, I believe, a ready sale through agents in various parts. The young fellows enjoy the hammering, and there is something appropriate, I think, about a copper and brass industry in Cornwall."

With his somewhat slight figure and comparatively pale features Mr. Stanhope Forbes presents a dramatic contrast to the stoutly-built and ruddy-complexioned men and women among whom we have been moving.

The artist is a townsman by birth and breeding, and sixteen years' residence at Newlyn has apparently not in the slightest degree affected the physical significance of this fact. Mr. Forbes is an Irishman by birth, although not by descent, having first seen the light in Dublin, in 1857, when his father, Mr. William Forbes, was manager of the Midland Great Western Railway of Ireland.

"My family," he tells me, "afterwards lived at Dulwich, and I went to Dulwich College. La Thangue and one or two other artists were there at the same time. We had, as art master, Mr. J. C. L. Sparkes, of the Lambeth School of Art, and we also had the advantage, of course, of a fine collection of

pictures on the premises. From the first I was very fond of drawing, and Sparkes took a lot of interest in me. It was through him that on leaving the college my father was induced to allow me to attend the Lambeth Art School with a view to my making a profession of art. After that I went to Brussels, where my father had become manager of the Luxembourg Railway, and I attended classes



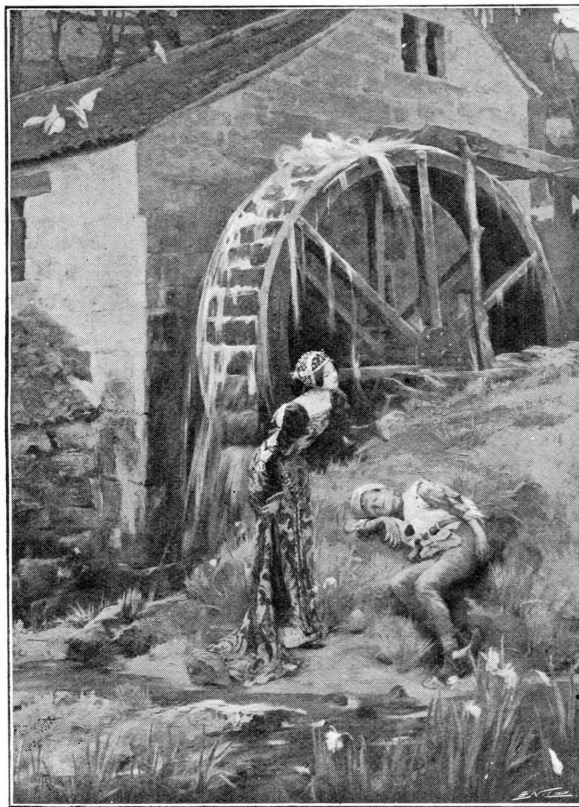
ALEC FORBES (SON OF MR. AND MRS. STANHOPE FORBES).
From the Picture by Mrs. Stanhope Forbes.

there as well as in Paris, my Paris master being M. Bonnat."

"And you finished up, Mr. Forbes, at the Royal Academy School?"

"Yes, I was fortunately successful in obtaining admission at my first application, and the first picture I sent for exhibition was also accepted and well hung. I think it has been fairly plain sailing with me, although I can truly say that there has been plenty of hard work in my life. It is a great mistake to suppose that with a love for art success can be gained without hard

work. I am sure that I love painting, but for my own part I find that the business of



From the Picture by] "A DREAMLAND PRINCESS." [Mrs. Stanhope Forbes.

painting can be very arduous and fatiguing. It is so difficult to satisfy yourself that you have done your best.

"My father was in Brussels," Mr. Forbes relates at the luncheon table next day, "during the Franco-German War, when for a long time there was an excited belief that the neutrality of Belgium would be violated. I happened to be there one day when a report came that the Germans were about to seize the Luxembourg Railway, and the railway officials came hurrying in with all the loose gold, notes, etc.,

to give them to my father for safe keeping. My father slept that night with I don't know



From the Picture by]

"HOP O' MY THUMB."

[Mrs. Stanhope Forbes.



From the Picture by]

"THE MINUET."

[Mrs. Stanhope Forbes.

By permission of T. B. Bolitho, Esq., M.P., Brixham.

how many thousands of pounds under his pillow."

In speaking of her own Continental experiences Mrs. Forbes mentions that she spent some months studying at Munich. But her art education was obtained chiefly as a member of the Art Students' League of New York. Quite early in its career she was attracted by this remarkable organization of American art reformers from her home in Ottawa, where her father, Mr. William Armstrong, was a Civil Service official. Unlike some Canadians, Mrs. Forbes has not a trace of the Yankee accent, but these years in New York, at the most impressionable age, probably had some influence on her manner as well as her art.

During the day Mr. Forbes takes me down to the Passmore Edwards Art Gallery for the "private view" of a new exhibition. Every month the walls of the gallery are

replenished, the Newlyn artists, of course, being the principal contributors. It is the custom, too, for the Newlyn men to exhibit here their pictures for the Royal Academy, the New Gallery, etc., before they are sent to London for the judgment of "hanging committees," and I notice on the walls of fishermen's cottages one or two placards announcing this year's show.

"I am not sure," says Mr. Forbes, "that the people did not appreciate more our old 'show days' in the Meadow. Percy Craft and I first started, I think, the 'private view' in our studios, and in a year or two it became general. The Meadow would be crowded with people from far and near, who would make quite a picnic of it, looking through the studios, chatting on the grass, drinking tea and eating cake provided for them in the open air. It was, I can assure you, in many ways a most quaint and interesting scene, but, of course, when Mr. Passmore Edwards kindly built

us a gallery this picture picnic had to be abandoned in favour of the more conventional exhibition.

On entering the Gallery Mr. Forbes is soon introducing me to some of the members of the Newlyn colony. In talking of the work on the walls it is pleasing to observe with what cordiality and affection Mr. Stanhope Forbes, as the leader of the Newlyn School, is regarded by his comrades. Conversation by no means wholly, or even mainly, turns upon artistic "shop"; a fertile topic with several artists of varying age and fame being the condition and progress of flowers and vegetables in their gardens! In the easy *negligé* of country attire, with sunburnt features and jovial voices, they testify as a group to the healthfulness of the art life at Newlyn, to which it is Mr. Forbes's hope and endeavour to give an enduring future.

The Hound of the Baskervilles.

ANOTHER ADVENTURE OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

By CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER VII.

THE STAPLETONS OF MERRIPIT HOUSE.



THE fresh beauty of the following morning did something to efface from our minds the grim and grey impression which had been left upon both of us by our first experience of Baskerville Hall. As Sir Henry and I sat at breakfast the sunlight flooded in through the high mullioned windows, throwing watery patches of colour from the coats of arms which covered them. The dark panelling glowed like bronze in the golden rays, and it was hard to realize that this was indeed the chamber which had struck such a gloom into our souls upon the evening before.

"I guess it is ourselves and not the house that we have to blame!" said the baronet. "We were tired with our journey and chilled by our drive, so we took a grey view of the place. Now we are fresh and well, so it is all cheerful once more."

"And yet it was not entirely a question of imagination," I answered. "Did you, for example, happen to hear someone, a woman I think, sobbing in the night?"

"That is curious, for I did when I was half asleep fancy that I heard something of the sort. I waited quite a time, but there was no more of it, so I concluded that it was all a dream."

"I heard it distinctly, and I am sure that it was really the sob of a woman."

"We must ask about this right away." He rang the bell and asked Barrymore whether he could account for our experience. It seemed to me that the pallid features of the butler turned a shade paler still as he listened to his master's question.

"There are only two women in the house, Sir Henry," he answered. "One is the scullery-maid, who sleeps in the other wing. The other is my wife, and I can answer for it that the sound could not have come from her."

And yet he lied as he said it, for it chanced that after breakfast I met Mrs. Barrymore in

the long corridor with the sun full upon her face. She was a large, impassive, heavy-featured woman with a stern, set expression of mouth. But her tell-tale eyes were red and glanced at me from between swollen lids. It was she, then, who wept in the night, and if she did so her husband must know it. Yet he had taken the obvious risk of discovery in declaring that it was not so. Why had he done this? And why did she weep so bitterly? Already round this pale-faced, handsome, black-bearded man there was gathering an atmosphere of mystery and of gloom. It was he who had been the first to discover the body of Sir Charles, and we had only his word for all the circumstances which led up to the old man's death. Was it possible that it was Barrymore after all whom we had seen in the cab in Regent Street? The beard might well have been the same. The cabman had described a somewhat shorter man, but such an impression might easily have been erroneous. How could I settle the point for ever? Obviously the first thing to do was to see the Grimpen postmaster, and find whether the test telegram had really been placed in Barrymore's own hands. Be the answer what it might, I should at least have something to report to Sherlock Holmes.

Sir Henry had numerous papers to examine after breakfast, so that the time was propitious for my excursion. It was a pleasant walk of four miles along the edge of the moor, leading me at last to a small grey hamlet, in which two larger buildings, which proved to be the inn and the house of Dr. Mortimer, stood high above the rest. The postmaster, who was also the village grocer, had a clear recollection of the telegram.

"Certainly, sir," said he, "I had the telegram delivered to Mr. Barrymore exactly as directed."

"Who delivered it?"

"My boy here. James, you delivered that telegram to Mr. Barrymore at the Hall last week, did you not?"

"Yes, father, I delivered it."

"Into his own hands?" I asked.

"Well, he was up in the loft at the time, so that I could not put it into his own hands, but I gave it into Mrs. Barrymore's hands, and she promised to deliver it at once."

"Did you see Mr. Barrymore?"

"No, sir; I tell you he was in the loft."

"If you didn't see him, how do you know he was in the loft?"

"Well, surely his own wife ought to know where he is," said the post-master, testily. "Didn't he get the telegram? If there is any mistake it is for Mr. Barrymore himself to complain."

It seemed hopeless to pursue the inquiry any farther, but it was clear that in spite of Holmes's ruse we had no proof that Barrymore had not been in London all the time. Suppose that it were so—suppose that the same man had been the last who had seen Sir Charles alive, and the first to dog the new heir when he returned to England. What then? Was he the agent of others, or had he some sinister design of his own? What interest could he have in persecuting the Baskerville family? I thought of the strange warning clipped out of the leading article of the *Times*. Was that his work, or was it possibly the doing of someone who was bent upon counteracting his schemes? The only conceivable motive was that which had been suggested by Sir Henry, that if the family could be scared away a comfortable and permanent home would be secured for the Barrymores. But surely such an explanation as that would be quite inadequate to account for the deep and subtle scheming which seemed to be weaving an invisible net round the young baronet. Holmes himself had said that no more complex case had come to him in all the long series of his sensational investigations. I prayed, as I walked back along the grey, lonely road, that my friend might soon be freed from his preoccupations and able to come down to take this heavy burden of responsibility from my shoulders.

Suddenly my thoughts were interrupted by

the sound of running feet behind me and by a voice which called me by name. I turned, expecting to see Dr. Mortimer, but to my surprise it was a stranger who was pursuing me. He was a small, slim, clean-shaven, prim-faced man, flaxen-haired and lean-jawed, between thirty and forty years of age, dressed in a grey suit and wearing a straw hat. A tin box for botanical specimens hung over his shoulder and he carried a green butterfly-net in one of his hands.



"IT WAS A STRANGER PURSUING ME."

"You will, I am sure, excuse my presumption, Dr. Watson," said he, as he came panting up to where I stood. "Here on the moor we are homely folk and do not wait for formal introductions. You may possibly have heard my name from our mutual friend, Mortimer. I am Stapleton, of Merripit House."

"Your net and box would have told me as much," said I, "for I knew that Mr. Stapleton was a naturalist. But how did you know me?"

"I have been calling on Mortimer, and he pointed you out to me from the window

of his surgery as you passed. As our road lay the same way I thought that I would overtake you and introduce myself. I trust that Sir Henry is none the worse for his journey?"

"He is very well, thank you."

"We were all rather afraid that after the sad death of Sir Charles the new baronet might refuse to live here. It is asking much of a wealthy man to come down and bury himself in a place of this kind, but I need not tell you that it means a very great deal to the country-side. Sir Henry has, I suppose, no superstitious fears in the matter?"

"I do not think that it is likely."

"Of course you know the legend of the fiend dog which haunts the family?"

"I have heard it."

"It is extraordinary how credulous the peasants are about here! Any number of them are ready to swear that they have seen such a creature upon the moor." He spoke with a smile, but I seemed to read in his eyes that he took the matter more seriously. "The story took a great hold upon the imagination of Sir Charles, and I have no doubt that it led to his tragic end."

"But how?"

"His nerves were so worked up that the appearance of any dog might have had a fatal effect upon his diseased heart. I fancy that he really did see something of the kind upon that last night in the Yew Alley. I feared that some disaster might occur, for I was very fond of the old man, and I knew that his heart was weak."

"How did you know that?"

"My friend Mortimer told me."

"You think, then, that some dog pursued Sir Charles, and that he died of fright in consequence?"

"Have you any better explanation?"

"I have not come to any conclusion."

"Has Mr. Sherlock Holmes?"

The words took away my breath for an instant, but a glance at the placid face and steadfast eyes of my companion showed that no surprise was intended.

"It is useless for us to pretend that we do not know you, Dr. Watson," said he. "The records of your detective have reached us here, and you could not celebrate him without being known yourself. When Mortimer told me your name he could not deny your identity. If you are here, then it follows that Mr. Sherlock Holmes is interesting himself in the matter, and I am naturally curious to know what view he may take."

"I am afraid that I cannot answer that question."

"May I ask if he is going to honour us with a visit himself?"

"He cannot leave town at present. He has other cases which engage his attention."

"What a pity! He might throw some light on that which is so dark to us. But as to your own researches if there is any possible way in which I can be of service to you I trust that you will command me. If I had any indication of the nature of your suspicions, or how you propose to investigate the case, I might perhaps even now give you some aid or advice."

"I assure you that I am simply here upon a visit to my friend Sir Henry, and that I need no help of any kind."

"Excellent!" said Stapleton. "You are perfectly right to be wary and discreet. I am justly reprov'd for what I feel was an unjustifiable intrusion, and I promise you that I will not mention the matter again."

We had come to a point where a narrow grassy path struck off from the road and wound away across the moor. A steep, boulder-sprinkled hill lay upon the right which had in bygone days been cut into a granite quarry. The face which was turned towards us formed a dark cliff, with ferns and brambles growing in its niches. From over a distant rise there floated a grey plume of smoke.

"A moderate walk along this moor-path brings us to Merripit House," said he. "Perhaps you will spare an hour that I may have the pleasure of introducing you to my sister."

My first thought was that I should be by Sir Henry's side. But then I remembered the pile of papers and bills with which his study table was littered. It was certain that I could not help him with those. And Holmes had expressly said that I should study the neighbours upon the moor. I accepted Stapleton's invitation, and we turned together down the path.

"It is a wonderful place, the moor," said he, looking round over the undulating downs, long green rollers, with crests of jagged granite foaming up into fantastic surges. "You never tire of the moor. You cannot think the wonderful secrets which it contains. It is so vast, and so barren, and so mysterious."

"You know it well, then?"

"I have only been here two years. The residents would call me a new-comer. We came shortly after Sir Charles settled.

But my tastes led me to explore every part of the country round, and I should think that there are few men who know it better than I do."

"Is it so hard to know?"

"Very hard. You see, for example, this great plain to the north here, with the queer hills breaking out of it. Do you observe anything remarkable about that?"

"It would be a rare place for a gallop."

"You would naturally think so, and the thought has cost folk their lives before now. You notice those bright green spots scattered thickly over it?"

"Yes, they seem more fertile than the rest."

Stapleton laughed.

"That is the great Grimpen Mire," said he. "A false step yonder means death to man or beast. Only yesterday I saw one of the moor ponies wander into it. He never

came out. I saw his head for quite a long time craning out of the bog-hole, but it sucked him down at last. Even in dry seasons it is a danger to cross it, but after these autumn rains it is an awful place. And yet I can find my way to the very heart of it and return alive. By George, there is another of those miserable ponies!"

Something brown was rolling and tossing among the green sedges. Then a long, agonized, writhing neck shot upwards and a dreadful cry echoed over the moor. - It turned me cold with horror, but my companion's nerves seemed to be stronger than mine.

"It's gone!" said he. "The Mire has him. Two in two days, and many more, perhaps, for they get in the way of going there in the dry weather, and never know the difference until the Mire has them in its clutch. It's a bad place, the great Grimpen Mire."

"And you say you can penetrate it?"

"Yes, there are one or two paths which a very active man can take. I have found them out."

"But why should you wish to go into so horrible a place?"

"Well, you see the hills beyond? They are really islands cut off on all sides by the impassable Mire, which has crawled round them in the course of years. That is where the rare plants and the butterflies are, if you have the wit to reach them."

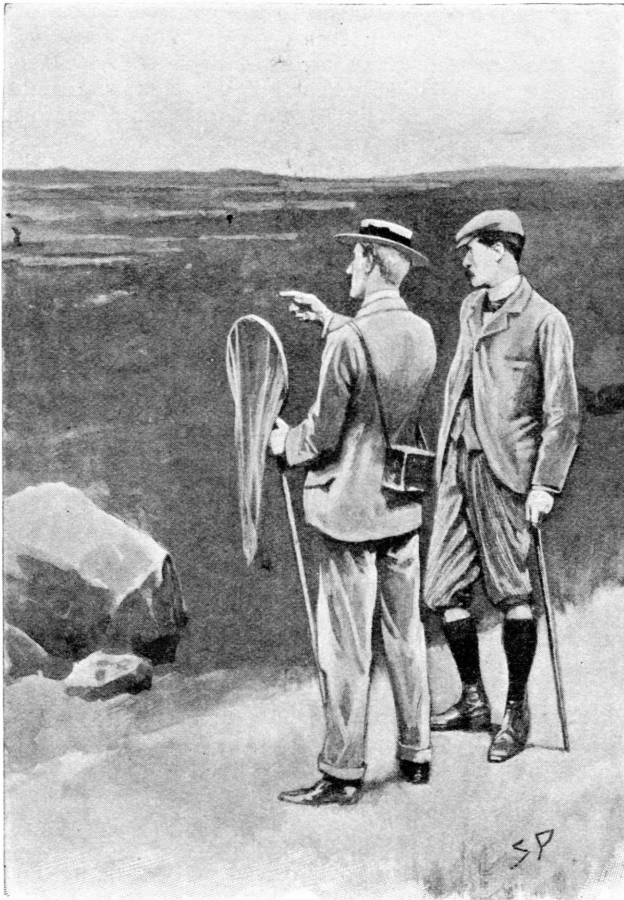
"I shall try my luck some day."

He looked at me with a surprised face.

"For God's sake put such an idea out of your mind," said he. "Your blood would be upon my head. I assure you that there would not be the least chance of your coming back alive. It is only by remembering certain complex landmarks that I am able to do it."

"Halloa!" I cried. "What is that?"

A long, low moan, indescribably sad, swept over the moor. It filled the whole



"THAT IS THE GREAT GRIMPEN MIRE."

air, and yet it was impossible to say whence it came. From a dull murmur it swelled into a deep roar, and then sank back into a melancholy, throbbing murmur once again. Stapleton looked at me with a curious expression in his face.

"Queer place, the moor!" said he.

"But what is it?"

"The peasants say it is the Hound of the Baskervilles calling for its prey. I've heard it once or twice before, but never quite so loud."

I looked round, with a chill of fear in my heart, at the huge swelling plain, mottled with the green patches of rushes. Nothing stirred over the vast expanse save a pair of ravens, which croaked loudly from a tor behind us.

"You are an educated man. You don't believe such nonsense as that?" said I. "What do you think is the cause of so strange a sound?"

"Bogs make queer noises sometimes. It's the mud settling, or the water rising, or something."

"No, no, that was a living voice."

"Well, perhaps it was. Did you ever hear a bittern booming?"

"No, I never did."

"It's a very rare bird—practically extinct—in England now, but all things are possible upon the moor. Yes, I should not be surprised to learn that what we have heard is the cry of the last of the bitterns."

"It's the weirdest, strangest thing that ever I heard in my life."

"Yes, it's rather an uncanny place altogether. Look at the hill-side yonder. What do you make of those?"

The whole steep slope was covered with grey circular rings of stone, a score of them at least.

"What are they? Sheep-pens?"

"No, they are the homes of our worthy ancestors. Prehistoric man lived thickly on the moor, and as no one in particular has lived there since, we find all his little arrangements exactly as he left them. These are his wigwams with the roofs off. You can even see his hearth and his couch if you have the curiosity to go inside."

"But it is quite a town. When was it inhabited?"

"Neolithic man—no date."

"What did he do?"

"He grazed his cattle on these slopes, and he learned to dig for tin when the bronze sword began to supersede the stone axe.

Look at the great trench in the opposite hill. That is his mark. Yes, you will find some very singular points about the moor, Dr. Watson. Oh, excuse me an instant! It is surely Cyclopides."

A small fly or moth had fluttered across our path, and in an instant Stapleton was rushing with extraordinary energy and speed in pursuit of it. To my dismay the creature flew straight for the great Mire, but my acquaintance never paused for an instant, bounding from tuft to tuft behind it, his green net waving in the air. His grey clothes and jerky, zig-zag, irregular progress made him not unlike some huge moth himself. I was standing watching his pursuit with a mixture of admiration for his extraordinary activity and fear lest he should lose his footing in the treacherous Mire, when I heard the sound of steps, and turning round found a woman near me upon the path. She had come from the direction in which the plume of smoke indicated the position of Merripit House, but the dip of the moor had hid her until she was quite close.

I could not doubt that this was the Miss Stapleton of whom I had been told, since ladies of any sort must be few upon the moor, and I remembered that I had heard someone describe her as being a beauty. The woman who approached me was certainly that, and of a most uncommon type. There could not have been a greater contrast between brother and sister, for Stapleton was neutral tinted, with light hair and grey eyes, while she was darker than any brunette whom I have seen in England—slim, elegant, and tall. She had a proud, finely-cut face, so regular that it might have seemed impassive were it not for the sensitive mouth and the beautiful dark, eager eyes. With her perfect figure and elegant dress she was, indeed, a strange apparition upon a lonely moorland path. Her eyes were on her brother as I turned, and then she quickened her pace towards me. I had raised my hat, and was about to make some explanatory remark, when her own words turned all my thoughts into a new channel.

"Go back!" she said. "Go straight back to London, instantly."

I could only stare at her in stupid surprise. Her eyes blazed at me, and she tapped the ground impatiently with her foot.

"Why should I go back?" I asked.

"I cannot explain." She spoke in a low, eager voice, with a curious lisp in her utterance. "But for God's sake do what I



“GO BACK!” SHE SAID.

ask you. Go back and never set foot upon the moor again.”

“But I have only just come.”

“Man, man!” she cried. “Can you not tell when a warning is for your own good? Go back to London! Start to-night! Get away from this place at all costs! Hush, my brother is coming! Not a word of what I have said. Would you mind getting that orchid for me among the mare’s-tails yonder? We are very rich in orchids on the moor, though, of course, you are rather late to see the beauties of the place.”

Stapleton had abandoned the chase and came back to us breathing hard and flushed with his exertions.

“Halloa, Beryl!” said he, and it seemed to me that the tone of his greeting was not altogether a cordial one.

“Well, Jack, you are very hot.”

“Yes, I was chasing a Cyclopes. He is very rare, and seldom found in the late autumn. What a pity that I should have

missed him!” He spoke unconcernedly, but his small light eyes glanced incessantly from the girl to me.

“You have introduced yourselves, I can see.”

“Yes. I was telling Sir Henry that it was rather late for him to see the true beauties of the moor.”

“Why, who do you think this is?”

“I imagine that it must be Sir Henry Baskerville.”

• “No, no,” said I. “Only a humble commoner, but his friend. My name is Dr. Watson.”

A flush of vexation passed over her expressive face. “We have been talking at cross purposes,” said she.

“Why, you had not very much time for talk,” her brother remarked, with the same questioning eyes.

“I talked as if Dr. Watson were a resident instead of being merely a visitor,” said she. “It cannot much matter to him whether it is early or late for the orchids. But you will come on, will you not, and see Merrit House?”

A short walk brought us to it, a bleak moorland house,

once the farm of some grazier in the old prosperous days, but now put into repair and turned into a modern dwelling. An orchard surrounded it, but the trees, as is usual upon the moor, were stunted and nipped, and the effect of the whole place was mean and melancholy. We were admitted by a strange, wizened, rusty-coated old manservant, who seemed in keeping with the house. Inside, however, there were large rooms furnished with an elegance in which I seemed to recognise the taste of the lady. As I looked from their windows at the interminable granite-flecked moor rolling unbroken to the farthest horizon I could not but marvel at what could have brought this highly educated man and this beautiful woman to live in such a place.

“Queer spot to choose, is it not?” said he, as if in answer to my thought. “And yet we manage to make ourselves fairly happy, do we not, Beryl?”

“Quite happy,” said she, but there was no ring of conviction in her words.

"I had a school," said Stapleton. "It was in the north country. The work to a man of my temperament was mechanical and uninteresting, but the privilege of living with youth, of helping to mould those young minds and of impressing them with one's own character and ideals, was very dear to me. However, the fates were against us. A serious epidemic broke out in the school and three of the boys died. It never recovered from the blow, and much of my capital was irretrievably swallowed up. And yet, if it were not for the loss of the charming companionship of the boys, I could rejoice over my own misfortune, for, with my strong tastes for botany and zoology, I find an unlimited field of work here, and my sister is as devoted to Nature as I am. All this, Dr. Watson, has been brought upon your head by your expression as you surveyed the moor out of our window."

"It certainly did cross my mind that it might be a little dull—less for you, perhaps, than for your sister."

"No, no, I am never dull," said she, quickly.

"We have books, we have our studies, and we have interesting neighbours. Dr. Mortimer is a most learned man in his own line. Poor Sir Charles was also an admirable companion. We knew him well, and miss him more than I can tell. Do you think that I should intrude if I were to call this afternoon and make the acquaintance of Sir Henry?"

"I am sure that he would be delighted."

"Then perhaps you would mention that I propose to do so. We may in our humble way do something to make things more easy for him until he becomes accustomed to his new surroundings. Will you come upstairs, Dr. Watson, and inspect my collection of lepidoptera? I think it is the most complete one in the south-west of England. By the time that you have looked through them lunch will be almost ready."

But I was eager to get back to my charge. The melancholy of the moor, the death of the unfortunate pony, the weird sound which had been associated with the grim legend of the Baskervilles, all these things tinged my thoughts with sadness. Then on the top of these more or less vague impressions there had come the definite and distinct warning of Miss Stapleton, delivered with such intense earnestness that I could not doubt that some grave and deep reason lay behind it. I resisted all pressure to stay for lunch, and I set off at once upon my return journey,

taking the grass-grown path by which we had come.

It seems, however, that there must have been some short cut for those who knew it, for before I had reached the road I was astounded to see Miss Stapleton sitting upon a rock by the side of the track. Her face was beautifully flushed with her exertions, and she held her hand to her side.

"I have run all the way in order to cut you off, Dr. Watson," said she. "I had not even time to put on my hat. I must not stop, or my brother may miss me. I wanted to say to you how sorry I am about the stupid mistake I made in thinking that you were Sir Henry. Please forget the words I said, which have no application whatever to you."

"But I can't forget them, Miss Stapleton," said I. "I am Sir Henry's friend, and his welfare is a very close concern of mine. Tell me why it was that you were so eager that Sir Henry should return to London."

"A woman's whim, Dr. Watson. When you know me better you will understand that I cannot always give reasons for what I say or do."

"No, no. I remember the thrill in your voice. I remember the look in your eyes. Please, please, be frank with me, Miss Stapleton, for ever since I have been here I have been conscious of shadows all round me. Life has become like that great Grimpen Mire, with little green patches everywhere into which one may sink and with no guide to point the track. Tell me then what it was that you meant, and I will promise to convey your warning to Sir Henry."

An expression of irresolution passed for an instant over her face, but her eyes had hardened again when she answered me.

"You make too much of it, Dr. Watson," said she. "My brother and I were very much shocked by the death of Sir Charles. We knew him very intimately, for his favourite walk was over the moor to our house. He was deeply impressed with the curse which hung over his family, and when this tragedy came I naturally felt that there must be some grounds for the fears which he had expressed. I was distressed therefore when another member of the family came down to live here, and I felt that he should be warned of the danger which he will run. That was all which I intended to convey."

"But what is the danger?"

"You know the story of the hound?"

"I do not believe in such nonsense."

"But I do. If you have any influence



"YOU KNOW THE STORY OF THE HOUND?"

with Sir Henry, take him away from a place which has always been fatal to his family. The world is wide. Why should he wish to live at the place of danger?"

"Because it *is* the place of danger. That is Sir Henry's nature. I fear that unless you can give me some more definite information than this it would be impossible to get him to move."

"I cannot say anything definite, for I do not know anything definite."

"I would ask you one more question, Miss Stapleton. If you meant no more than this when you first spoke to me, why should you not wish your brother to overhear what you said? There is nothing to which he, or anyone else, could object."

"My brother is very anxious to have the Hall inhabited, for he thinks that it is for the good of the poor folk upon the moor. He would be very angry if he knew that I had said anything which might induce Sir Henry to go away. But I have done my duty now and I will say no more. I must get back, or

he will miss me and suspect that I have seen you. Good-bye!" She turned, and had disappeared in a few minutes among the scattered boulders, while I, with my soul full of vague fears, pursued my way to Baskerville Hall.

CHAPTER VIII.

FIRST REPORT OF DR. WATSON.

FROM this point onwards I will follow the course of events by transcribing my own letters to Mr. Sherlock Holmes which lie before me on the table. One page is missing, but otherwise they are exactly as written, and show my feelings and suspicions of the moment more accurately than my memory, clear as it is upon these tragic events, can possibly do.

BASKERVILLE HALL,

October 13th.

MY DEAR HOLMES, — My previous letters and telegrams have kept you pretty well up-to-date as to all that has occurred in this most God-forsaken corner of the world. The longer one stays here the more does the spirit of the moor sink into one's soul, its vast-

ness, and also its grim charm. When you are once out upon its bosom you have left all traces of modern England behind you, but on the other hand you are conscious everywhere of the homes and the work of the prehistoric people. On all sides of you as you walk are the houses of these forgotten folk, with their graves and the huge monoliths which are supposed to have marked their temples. As you look at their grey stone huts against the scarred hill-sides you leave your own age behind you, and if you were to see a skin-clad, hairy man crawl out from the low door, fitting a flint-tipped arrow on to the string of his bow, you would feel that his presence there was more natural than your own. The strange thing is that they should have lived so thickly on what must always have been most unfruitful soil. I am no antiquarian, but I could imagine that they were some unwarlike and harried race who were forced to accept that which none other would occupy.

All this, however, is foreign to the mission

on which you sent me, and will probably be very uninteresting to your severely practical mind. I can still remember your complete indifference as to whether the sun moved round the earth or the earth round the sun. Let me, therefore, return to the facts concerning Sir Henry Baskerville.

If you have not had any report within the last few days it is because up till to-day there was nothing of importance to relate. Then a very surprising circumstance occurred, which I shall tell you in due course. But, first of all, I must keep you in touch with some of the other factors in the situation.

One of these, concerning which I have said little, is the escaped convict upon the moor. There is strong reason now to believe that he has got right away, which is a considerable relief to the lonely householders of this district. A fortnight has passed since his flight, during which he has not been seen and nothing has been heard of him. It is surely inconceivable that he could have held out upon the moor during all that time. Of course, so far as his concealment goes there is no difficulty at all. Any one of these stone huts would give him a hiding-place. But there is nothing to eat unless he were to catch and slaughter one of the moor sheep. We think, therefore, that he has gone, and the outlying farmers sleep the better in consequence.

We are four able-bodied men in this household, so that we could take good care of ourselves, but I confess that I have had uneasy moments when I have thought of the Stapletons. They live miles from any help. There are one maid, an old manservant, the sister, and the brother, the latter not a very strong man. They would be helpless in the hands of a desperate fellow like this Notting Hill criminal, if he could once effect an entrance. Both Sir Henry and I were concerned at their situation, and it was suggested that Perkins the groom should go over to sleep there, but Stapleton would not hear of it.

The fact is that our friend the baronet begins to display a considerable interest in our fair neighbour. It is not to be wondered at, for time hangs heavily in this lonely spot to an active man like him, and she is a very fascinating and beautiful woman. There is something tropical and exotic about her which forms a singular contrast to her cool and unemotional brother. Yet he also gives the idea of hidden fires. He has certainly a very marked influence over her, for I have seen her continually glance at him as she talked as if seeking approbation for what she said. I trust that he is kind to her. There is a dry glitter in his eyes, and a firm set of his thin lips, which go with a positive and possibly a harsh nature. You would find him an interesting study.

He came over to call upon Baskerville on that first day, and the very next morning he took us both to show us the spot where the



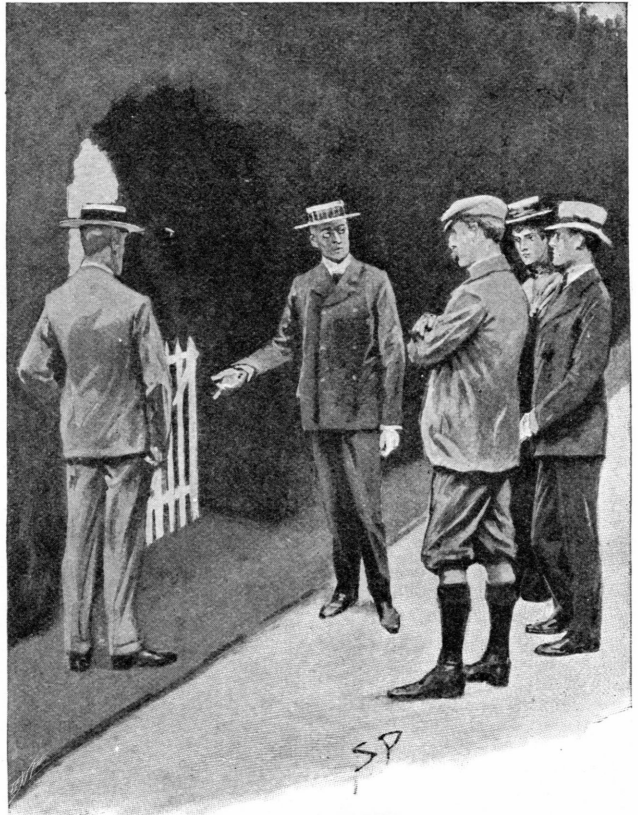
"HE TOOK US TO SHOW US THE SPOT,"

legend of the wicked Hugo is supposed to have had its origin. It was an excursion of some miles across the moor to a place which is so dismal that it might have suggested the story. We found a short valley between rugged tors which led to an open, grassy space flecked over with the white cotton grass. In the middle of it rose two great stones, worn and sharpened at the upper end, until they looked like the huge, corroding fangs of some monstrous beast. In every way it corresponded with the scene of the old tragedy. Sir Henry was much interested, and asked Stapleton more than once whether he did really believe in the possibility of the interference of the supernatural in the affairs of men. He spoke lightly, but it was evident that he was very much in earnest. Stapleton was guarded in his replies, but it was easy to see that he said less than he might, and that he would not express his whole opinion out of consideration for the feelings of the baronet. He told us of similar cases, where families had suffered from some evil influence, and he left us with the impression that he shared the popular view upon the matter.

On our way back we stayed for lunch at Merripit House, and it was there that Sir Henry made the acquaintance of Miss Stapleton. From the first moment that he saw her he appeared to be strongly attracted by her, and I am much mistaken if the feeling was not mutual. He referred to her again and again on our walk home, and since then hardly a day has passed that we have not seen something of the brother and sister. They dine here to-night, and there is some talk of our going to them next week. One would imagine that such a match would be very welcome to Stapleton, and yet I have more than once caught a look of the strongest disapprobation in his face when Sir Henry has been paying some attention to his sister. He is much attached to her, no doubt, and would lead a lonely life without her, but it would seem the height of selfishness if he were to stand in the way of her

making so brilliant a marriage. Yet I am certain that he does not wish their intimacy to ripen into love, and I have several times observed that he has taken pains to prevent them from being *tête-à-tête*. By the way, your instructions to me never to allow Sir Henry to go out alone will become very much more onerous if a love affair were to be added to our other difficulties. My popularity would soon suffer if I were to carry out your orders to the letter.

The other day—Thursday, to be more exact—Dr. Mortimer lunched with us. He has been excavating a barrow at Long Down, and has got a prehistoric skull which fills him with great joy. Never was there such a single-minded enthusiast as he! The



"THE YEW ALLEY."

Stapletons came in afterwards, and the good doctor took us all to the Yew Alley, at Sir Henry's request, to show us exactly how everything occurred upon that fatal night. It is a long, dismal walk, the Yew Alley, between two high walls of clipped hedge, with a narrow band of grass upon either

side. At the far end is an old, tumble-down summer-house. Half-way down is the moor-gate, where the old gentleman left his cigar-ash. It is a white wooden gate with a latch. Beyond it lies the wide moor. I remembered your theory of the affair and tried to picture all that had occurred. As the old man stood there he saw something coming across the moor, something which terrified him so that he lost his wits, and ran and ran until he died of sheer horror and exhaustion. There was the long, gloomy tunnel down which he fled. And from what? A sheep-dog of the moor? Or a spectral hound, black, silent, and monstrous? Was there a human agency in the matter? Did the pale, watchful Barrymore know more than he cared to say? It was all dim and vague, but always there is the dark shadow of crime behind it.

One other neighbour I have met since I wrote last. This is Mr. Frankland, of Lafter Hall, who lives some four miles to the south of us. He is an elderly man, red faced, white haired, and choleric. His passion is for the British law, and he has spent a large fortune in litigation. He fights for the mere pleasure of fighting, and is equally ready to take up either side of a question, so that it is no wonder that he has found it a costly amusement. Sometimes he will shut up a right of way and defy the parish to make him open it. At others he will with his own hands tear down some other man's gate and declare that a path has existed there from time immemorial, defying the owner to prosecute him for trespass. He is learned in old manorial and communal rights, and he applies his knowledge sometimes in favour of the villagers of Fernworthy and sometimes against them, so that he is periodically either carried in triumph down the village street or else burned in effigy, according to his latest exploit. He is said to have about seven lawsuits upon his hands at present, which will probably swallow up the remainder of his fortune and so draw his sting and leave him harmless for the future. Apart from the law he seems a kindly, good-natured person, and I only mention him because you were particular that I should send some description of the people who surround us. He is curiously employed at present, for, being an amateur astronomer, he has an excellent telescope, with which he lies upon the roof of his own house and sweeps the moor all day in the hope of catching a glimpse of the escaped convict. If he would confine his energies to this all would be well, but there are rumours

that he intends to prosecute Dr. Mortimer for opening a grave without the consent of the next-of-kin, because he dug up the neolithic skull in the barrow on Long Down. He helps to keep our lives from being monotonous and gives a little comic relief where it is badly needed.

And now, having brought you up to date in the escaped convict, the Stapletons, Dr. Mortimer, and Frankland, of Lafter Hall, let me end on that which is most important and tell you more about the Barrymores, and especially about the surprising development of last night.

First of all about the test telegram, which you sent from London in order to make sure that Barrymore was really here. I have already explained that the testimony of the postmaster shows that the test was worthless and that we have no proof one way or the other. I told Sir Henry how the matter stood, and he at once, in his downright fashion, had Barrymore up and asked him whether he had received the telegram himself. Barrymore said that he had.

"Did the boy deliver it into your own hands?" asked Sir Henry.

Barrymore looked surprised, and considered for a little time.

"No," said he, "I was in the box-room at the time, and my wife brought it up to me."

"Did you answer it yourself?"

"No; I told my wife what to answer and she went down to write it."

In the evening he recurred to the subject of his own accord.

"I could not quite understand the object of your questions this morning, Sir Henry," said he. "I trust that they do not mean that I have done anything to forfeit your confidence?"

Sir Henry had to assure him that it was not so and pacify him by giving him a considerable part of his old wardrobe, the London outfit having now all arrived.

Mrs. Barrymore is of interest to me. She is a heavy, solid person, very limited, intensely respectable, and inclined to be puritanical. You could hardly conceive a less emotional subject. Yet I have told you how, on the first night here, I heard her sobbing bitterly, and since then I have more than once observed traces of tears upon her face. Some deep sorrow gnaws ever at her heart. Sometimes I wonder if she has a guilty memory which haunts her, and sometimes I suspect Barrymore of being a domestic tyrant. I have always felt that there was something singular and questionable in this

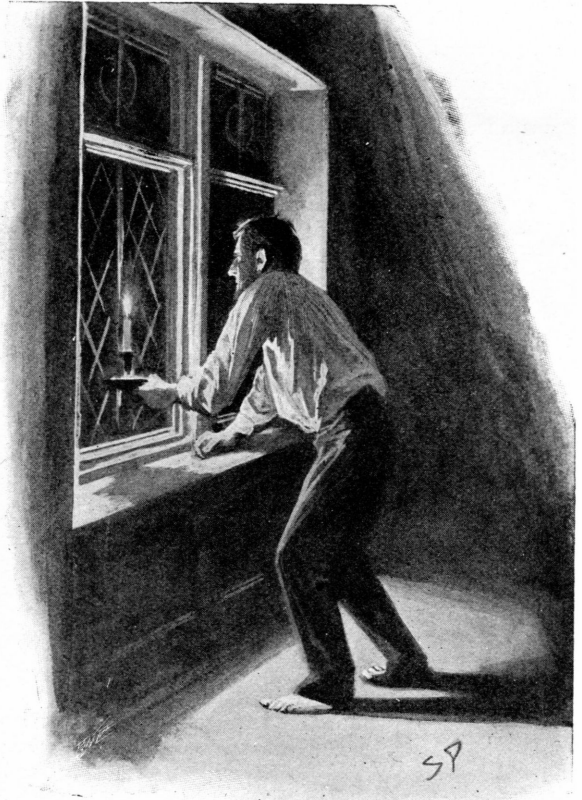
man's character, but the adventure of last night brings all my suspicions to a head.

And yet it may seem a small matter in itself. You are aware that I am not a very sound sleeper, and since I have been on guard in this house my slumbers have been lighter than ever. Last night, about two in the morning, I was aroused by a stealthy step passing my room. I rose, opened my door, and peeped out. A long black shadow was trailing down the corridor. It was thrown by a man, who walked softly down the passage with a candle held in his hand. He was in shirt and trousers, with no covering to his feet. I could merely see the outline, but his height told me that it was Barrymore. He walked very slowly and circumspectly, and there was something indescribably guilty and furtive in his whole appearance.

I have told you that the corridor is broken by the balcony which runs round the hall, but that it is resumed upon the farther side. I waited until he had passed out of sight and then I followed him. When I came round the balcony he had reached the end of the farther corridor, and I could see from the glimmer of light through an open door that he had entered one of the rooms. Now, all these rooms are unfurnished and unoccupied, so that his expedition became more mysterious than ever. The light shone steadily as if he were standing motionless. I crept down the passage as noiselessly as I could and peeped round the corner of the door.

Barrymore was crouching at the window with the candle held against the glass. His profile was half turned towards me, and his face seemed to be rigid with expectation as he stared out into the blackness of the moor. For some minutes he stood watching intently. Then he gave a deep groan and with an impatient gesture he put out the light. Instantly I made my way back to my room, and very

shortly came the stealthy steps passing once more upon their return journey. Long afterwards when I had fallen into a light sleep I heard a key turn somewhere in a lock, but I could not tell whence the sound came. What it all means I cannot guess, but there is some secret business going on in this house of gloom which sooner or later we shall get to the bottom of. I do not trouble you with my theories, for you asked me to furnish you



"HE STARED OUT INTO THE BLACKNESS."

only with facts. I have had a long talk with Sir Henry this morning, and we have made a plan of campaign founded upon my observations of last night. I will not speak about it just now, but it should make my next report interesting reading.

(To be continued.)

A Queer Guide - Book.

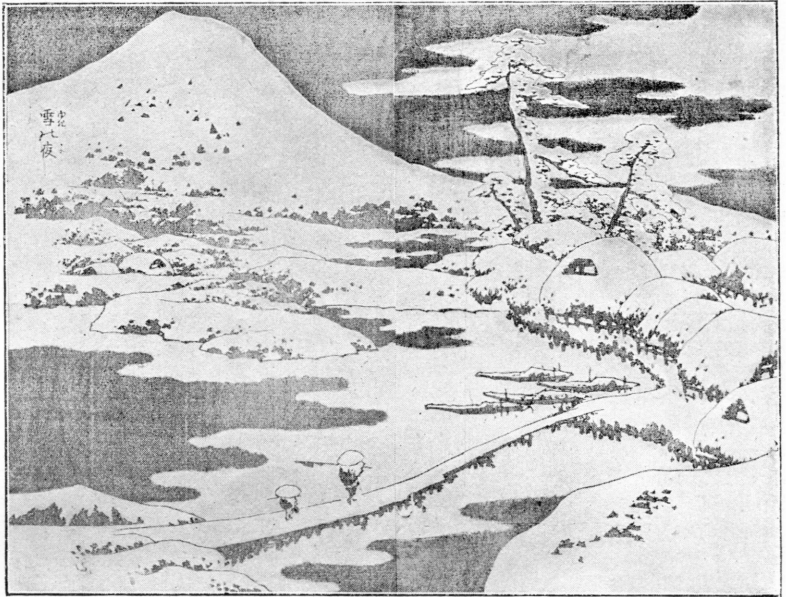
BY LEONARD LARKIN.



SIXTY miles from Tokio, the Japanese capital, lies the village and district of Hakoné, a much-favoured holiday resort, with its mountains, its mineral springs, its great lake, and its magnificent scenery. But though the scenery is magnificent, the mountains magnificent, the lake, the springs, and the rest all equally magnificent, it may be doubted if Hakoné has ever produced anything else quite so magnificent as a certain little "Guide" to the district, which was published a year or two ago. The little manual is in English, in quite correct, grammatical English, almost always, but in such English as you shall see, and shall read without a grin if you can. Come then, let us to Hakoné, under guidance of the accomplished Japanese gentleman who here makes his bow as a man of English letters.

We must climb, it seems, to get to Hakoné. Many difficulties must be endured by travellers, we are told, but then—"the result of toleration is pleasure." Just so. The phrase reads at first like a profound doctrine, needing much thinking out, but it only means that the fun is worth the trouble. The highest of the Hakoné mountains is Komaga-daké, once a flaming volcano; "but lately," says the guide, "its activity became quite absent." And the worst of it is that nobody seems to know where it has gone. But to come to the centre of the beauties of Hakoné, the village itself. "Although the village has not so much population," says Mr. Tsuchiya, the writer, "the degree of livelihood of the inhabitants is comparatively excellent"; and as you read it you are

inwardly delighted to find the population so excellently lively. But that is probably because of the air. "Draught of pure air," the report goes on, "suspends no poisonous mixture, and always cleanses the defilement of our spirit. During the winter days the coldness robs up all pleasures from our hands, but at the summer months they are set free." And here we perceive that gradual gliding into poetic enthusiasm that is to furnish us with the



"DURING THE WINTER DAYS THE COLDNESS ROBBS UP ALL PLEASURES FROM OUR HANDS."

purest delights of our little book; and though one may be afflicted with some doubt as to whether it is our hands that are set free in the summer months, or merely the pleasures that have been robbed up from them, or whether it is our hands that have set free the defilement of our coldness because the spirit has been robbed up from all this poisonous mixture—but there, let us pass on to consider the scenery.

"Whenever we visit this place"—I am quoting again—"the first pleasure to be longed is the view of Fuji Mountain, and its summit is covered with permanent undissolving snow, and its regular configuration hanging down the sky like an opened white fan, may be looked long at equal shape from several regions surrounding it. Everyone who saw

it ever has nothing but applause. It casts the shadow in a contrary direction on still glassy face of lake. . . . Buildings of Imperial Solitary Palace, scenery of Gongen, all are spontaneous pictures. Wind proper in quantity, suits to our boat to slip by sail, and moonlight shining on the sky shivers quartz lustre over ripples of the lake. The cuckoo singing near by our hotel, plays on a harp, and the gulls flying about to and fro seek their food in the waves. All these panorama may be gathered only in this place."

There — isn't it lovely? Delighted as I was with Hakoné when I saw it myself, I confess I didn't gather all these panorama. I fear I missed my opportunities. It never struck me to suspect the moonlight of shivering quartz lustre — or, indeed, of shivering at all — and not a soul informed me of the accomplished cuckoo that plays on a harp. But I shall ever bitterly regret that I never caught that cuckoo.

A little later in the book we are told of various excursions in the district. Travelling towards Hata we come to Oidaira, the name meaning "Old Man's Plain." And here we get a moral story. "There is a narrative now remained about the name Oidaira which I will tell you a little. At an ancient period, a youth called Urashima Taro ever passed here, and rested himself from his labour. Within his baggages he had a box which he was left from his wife with whom he had lived happily, and which he was strictly decreed never to open whatever be the case and that if it be opposed he will become old. But he forgot of his wife's decreative words. He opened the

box. The lid was cast into front mountain and the box into hind mountain. Suddenly his face wrinkled, his beard became white, his loins bent as shrimp, and all blessings disappeared at once. On that account, mountain to which he cast the box was called Bunko-yama which Japanese means 'Mountain of box' and that of lid was called Futago-yama of which pronunciation is in like sound with 'lid' in Japanese, and

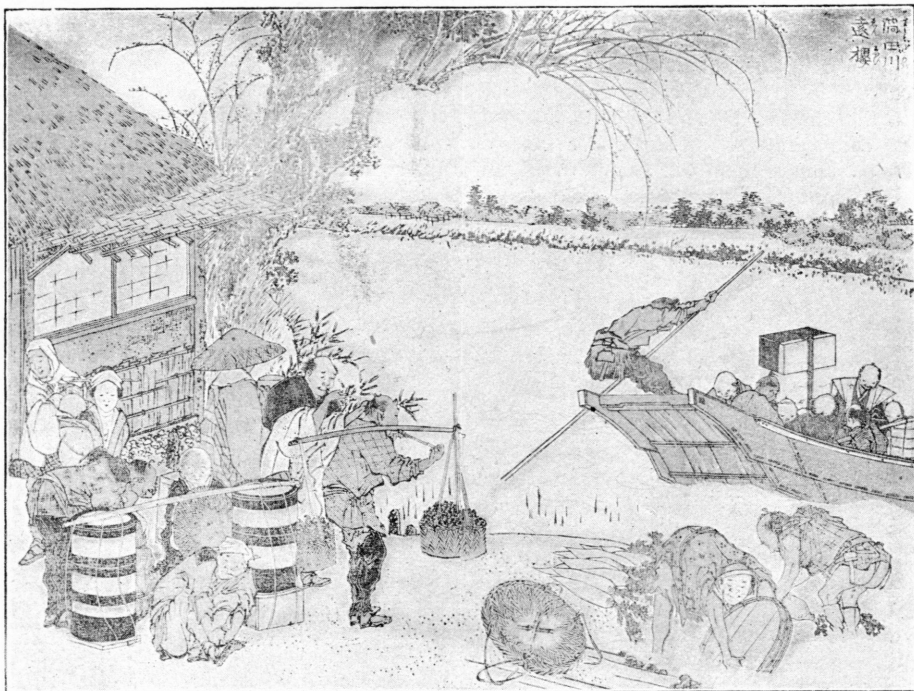
this flat place was named Oidaira as I have just spoken." A sad story, of which the chief moral is, no doubt, that you must not forget of your wife's decreative words, especially in the matter of baggages; and that, if you do, you must not be surprised if all blessings disappear at once, including the unshrimplike rectitude of your loins.

But if we leave Hakoné in the opposite direction to that leading to Oidaira we shall be on the road to Settai. "The more we go forward the lower the ground becomes." As to Settai, "in former ages the horses

passing through this place received bestowment of the bean" (clearly a case of "giving 'em beans"); "but at the present time the alms of tea are given to everyone who travels on this mountain instead of giving compassion to horses." So that it would seem that if you chose to travel on this mountain in preference to giving compassion (or beans) to horses, you may legally claim "alms of tea." Though why travelling on the mountains should be incompatible with giving compassion (or even beans) to horses is not made quite clear. "However, Mishima" (a place farther on the



"THE FIRST PLEASURE TO BE LONGED IS THE VIEW OF FUJI MOUNTAIN."



THE LAKE.

route) "is a small town busy of one's own occupation, and there may be the perfect convenience of all wants desired for."

This latter route was westward; but if we travel south of Hakoné, at about seven miles out we shall come to a high place where "unbounded prospects in every direction of land and sea may be looked down distinctly." On the whole the beautiful views about the neighbourhood are summed up thus: "It was already described that all the mountain sceneries in Hakoné are very agreeable to us, but especially there may be eight sceneries picked out. 1. The snow-crowned view of Koma-ga-daké. 2. The evening twilight of Togashima. 3. The flowing lanterns on the waves of Ashi Lake." (What is a flowing lantern, and how does it get on among the waves?) "4. The wild geese flying down near Sanada-yama. 5. The moonlight shining upon Kurakaké-yama. 6. The wild ducks swimming about Kasumiga-ura in light-hearted manner." (Perhaps they had been reading Mr. Tsuchiya's guide-book.) "7. The blossoms of azalea or tsutsuji flowering upon Byobu-yama. 8. The ship putting fire-woods into when the weather snows." Which last combined feat of nautical gymnastics and meteorological display ought to bring visitors from everywhere, stop the moonlight shivering, and even induce the

cuckoo to drop the harp on which he plays near our hotel.

Hakoné is well provided with religious institutions. In addition to the Shinto temple where, a few years ago, two Royal princesses came "on their amusing excursion," there are four Buddhist temples, while "for the Christian religion, there is a teaching hall to its devout." In the forest near the lake there is another Shinto temple, which has been instituted two thousand years. But, sad to relate, "seven hundred years ago the temples, halls, and other chambers were flamed up totally. After a few years all buildings are rebuilt as previous. Two hundred years had elapsed without an accident, and then the battle of Odawara happened, and the solemn places were placed into fire." But they were built once more, and still stand, and they contain many valuable and rare relics. "If you ask courteously to their keeper, you shall have an honour to look at them."

Speaking of the lake, our guide tells us (or asks us) this: "The old withered cedar-trees about 2ft. or 3ft. in diameter sink vertically or transversely on the bottom of the lake. Why are they immersing to the lake? A slight research will easily give you a reason."

As to the history of Hakoné, we learn most as to what happened at the revolution.

"Frequently the violent wars were battled here in ancient times. I will only describe the latest battle struggled at Hakoné. At May of the first year of Meiji about thirty years ago from the present, two feudal and military chiefs engaged in battle on Hakoné mountain. One of them was Okubo Kagano-Kami the lord of Odawara-han, and other

(Poor chap! I have almost missed my own over that sentence.) "He was defeated very badly, and retired to Yumoto. Secondly, he ran back to Hakoné, defeated by enemy. By violent pursuit of Imperial Army he was finally obliged to run to Ajiro about four miles south from Atami, and thence to escape to his own previous dominion.



"FREQUENTLY THE VIOLENT WARS WERE BATTLED HERE IN ANCIENT TIMES."

was Shonosuké Hayashi, lord of Boshu; and the former belonged to Imperial Army and the latter was in Shogun's side. One time, Hayashi staid at Numadzu and held a good many soldiers. Leading them, he passed Mishima and came to Hakoné."

Here, it seems, he wished to pass a certain barrier-gate, but Okubo wouldn't hear of it. "He durst to pass through it by military power"; and at once, it would seem, all was gas and gaiters, so to speak. "Then the battle was instigated, and instantly guns were fired." The civil population took to their heels and hid among the hills. The guardians of the gate were outnumbered and retreated to the castle of Odawara, followed by Hayashi. "Taking advantage of victory, he advanced his army to destroy them." But, alas! the destruction failed to come off. "He missed unexpectedly his cogitation."

Thenceforth the construction of perfect Imperial government by the revolution of Meiji placed the nation out of impetuous struggles of Feudalism. And this ruin was remained to endless fancy." Well, well, perhaps it was.

In taking an affectionate leave of Mr. Tsuchiya and his guide-book, let us not seem too censorious. It is a terribly difficult thing for a Japanese to learn to write even moderately good English, and Mr. Tsuchiya (who is properly modest in his preface) has made his meaning very clear through most of his little book, though, as we have seen, there are a few places here and there where he has missed unexpectedly his cogitation. And probably there are not a dozen Englishmen in the world who could have written the thing in Japanese half as well as Mr. Tsuchiya has written it in English.

The Friends' Trysting-Place.

By G. H. PAGE.



RAYMOND, the young English tourist, sat on the terrace of the only hotel of Etréport overlooking the sea, which, immeasurable, very calm, and of the positive blue which is never seen from our own shores, flowed in foamless and silent to press insatiable kisses upon a silver strand.

He had driven over from Bellefonds, which he had reached by the afternoon boat, and while he drank a glass of lager beer old Dupont, the landlord, who remembered him from his previous visit of two years since, stood and chatted to him with French cordiality and ease.

Dupont expected a very good season, in anticipation of which he begged Raymond to observe he had built an additional wing. But so far the season had not begun. Monsieur was the first English tourist to arrive. At present he had only French visitors—a family from Bellefonds and two or three people from Paris.

As he spoke the hotel omnibus—which goes when needed to meet the trains at Petit Charmettes—appeared round the corner of the house, and with tremendous whip-cracking, sharp and resonant as pistol-shots, drew up at the inn door.

Arthur, the cook's underling, climbed down from his seat behind the driver, who handed him from the roof two big baskets of food-stuff, while Dupont rushed over to open the omnibus door for the inside passengers. A gentleman and two ladies got out, and from their casual, unobservant manner, and the fact that they had no luggage, Raymond concluded these were some of the hotel guests, who had been away on a day's excursion.

After a few words with Dupont the new arrivals went indoors, and Dupont returned to Raymond.

"Your visitors?" inquired the young man.

"Yes, my Parisians," said the landlord. "They have been to-day into Gex on business, and terrible business, too. Ah, a sad tale!"

He took a chair opposite Raymond and leaned his arms confidentially upon the table, while his puckered old face blossomed out with the pleasure of finding a fresh ear into which to pour an oft-told story.

"You saw those two ladies in deep mourning, did you not? That is Mme. Maréchal and Mlle. Léonie, her daughter, a very beautiful girl, let me tell you, although at the present moment overwhelmed with crape and a natural grief. Why? For a



"YOU SAW THOSE TWO LADIES IN DEEP MOURNING, DID YOU NOT?"

very good reason. The only son of the elder lady, the only brother of the young one, disappeared six months ago—oh! but disappeared so utterly and so incomprehensibly that his death is morally certain. Nothing but his death could have prevented him during all these months from communicating with his family; and, as you see, his mother and sister have given up all hope and have put on mourning for him.

"Now," continued Dupont, moistening his lips to better relish that luxury of woe which the outsider enjoys in the tragedy which does not touch him personally, "the worst of it is that I—I who speak to you—am in some degree responsible for the death of that young man!"

Raymond took care to look suitably

astonished and impressed, and the other proceeded with his tale.

"Six months ago Mr. Victor Maréchal was staying in this house, and I had given him No. 7, which is the room next to the one I have to-day given you. He was a charming young fellow, very gay and friendly, and just as fond of roaming in the forest as you are yourself, which ought to be a warning to you, if you'll excuse my saying so. He would be off at ten in the morning and not return till six at night, having had nothing but just a bar of chocolate and a hunch of bread taken with him in his pocket. And if it vexed me that he should miss his midday meal, it was certainly only for his own sake, since he paid me weekly full board at eight francs a day, wine included. But he would come home at six at night, as I have said, hungry as a wolf, and having dined, sipped a liqueur, and smoked a couple of cigarettes, would go to bed and sleep like one of God's blessed saints until the short hand of the clock got round to six again. Then up to sort, and prepare, and classify the plants and insects he had brought in the day before—for he was an entomologist and botanist, was poor Mr. Victor—and so off again."

"Now, one night he didn't return, and the rain having come on heavily in the afternoon—it was on the second Friday in October last year that this happened, and the thirteenth of the month too, as my wife afterwards pointed out to me—we supposed he had found himself weather-bound some miles away, and had sought shelter elsewhere. We didn't begin to get uneasy until next day, but when another night passed, and we got no word of him, we naturally set inquiries on foot. All, however, to no purpose. Not a trace of him could be found. Finally, although the authorities took the matter up, nothing definite has been discovered concerning his fate from that day to this."

"To be sure, very strong suspicions are entertained against a certain Leroy and his wife. Young Maréchal was last seen alive by a waggoner, going in at their door. In consequence the couple are this moment in prison at Gex, waiting their interrogations by the Public Prosecutor. And it is on this account that Mme. Maréchal and her daughter are here, while the gentleman whom you may have observed with them is Maître Puivert, their advocate, and a nephew by marriage of the old lady's."

"But who are these Leroy's?" Raymond wanted to know. "And for what reason are

they suspected of murdering an inoffensive young entomologist?"

Dupont was only too pleased to explain.

"During your wanderings in the forest," said he—"wanderings which, for the future, I should hope, you will not have the temerity to repeat, did you ever happen to come across a miserable little hovel of a dilapidated inn called by the sign of *The Friends' Trysting-Place*? A singularly inappropriate name surely, for the lair of such bandits as the Leroy's! But although they have enjoyed a bad reputation for years, nothing so far has been proved against them. Ha! You do know them, I see?"

For Raymond, with his glass at his lips, suddenly placed it down upon the table, and was leaning forward with animation in his eyes. Yet he answered with assumed indifference.

"I seem to remember such an inn. About five miles to the north-west of this, is it not, a whitewashed house, of two stories, standing back from the road in a sort of little clearing?"

"That's it," Dupont assented, and went on to give details of Leroy's appearance, of the appearance of his wife, of the stories already current to their discredit, and of the probable motives for the crime, if crime it was.

"Mr. Victor carried his money always about his person in bank-notes. Inadvertently he may have allowed these to be seen. Anyhow, he has been traced to the door of the inn. A wood-cutter has come forward to depose that he observed a young man answering to Maréchal's description enter the house on the night of October the 13th. The Leroy's admit that a young man had on that evening dined there. But they insist that he left them, after dinner, in spite of the rain, because the house was full, and they have produced two persons, waggoners, who have been able to prove that they actually occupied the only two guest-rooms which the inn contained on the night in question."

And Dupont divagated down this channel of surmise and that of suspicion, while Raymond appeared to be giving him his whole attention. But in reality he was listening to another voice, an infinitely more engrossing voice, the voice of memory, which, bit by bit, was bringing back to him every detail of a strange adventure, and of a still stranger dream, which he had experienced while staying in that part of the country, over two years ago.

Two years ago he was tramping through

the forest of La Lande, and wheeling before him his bicycle, which had come to grief. He had already ridden thirty miles out, and seventeen back towards Etréport, when the accident happened. He had walked another seven, and he was so utterly fagged out that had the night promised dryness he would have lain down there where he stood and slept till morning.

But the evening was misty and cold; the early spring foliage was not sufficiently thick to afford any protection overhead; and the ground, owing to rain on the previous day, was too damp for comfort underfoot. Besides, he was extremely hungry. The only thing to do was to plod on until he came to some human habitation where he could obtain food and at least a shake-down.

The dusk deepened, the road seemed to stretch out to eternity, his leaden feet held him to earth, but he walked on determinately, nevertheless.

All the same he was counting how many more steps he could take before giving in, when suddenly the forest trees seemed to draw together, to disclose a vacant space in which huddled some vague buildings, from one of which came a blessed gleam of light.

As he approached this light he saw that it shone from the unshuttered window of a low house, which, if he did not mistake the signs, was a wayside inn.

The discovery made him knock at the door with assurance, although he would have knocked with the resolution of having it opened to him in any case, for, with the rain beginning to fall again as the night advanced, it was no moment for standing on ceremony.

When, therefore, the door was partially opened by a burly, swart-faced man, Raymond pushed in without waiting for the welcoming word which did not come.

He leaned his cycle against the wall and looked round an apartment—half eating-room, half kitchen, and wholly unattractive.

Some stained tables and wooden benches, a floor covered with grey dirt which once might have been clean sand, and a large number of spittoons comprised the entire furniture and decoration. A couple of logs



"HE LEANED HIS CYCLE AGAINST THE WALL AND LOOKED ROUND."

smouldered on the hearth, and an evil-smelling kerosene lamp, with an opaline shade, hung from the ceiling.

Two persons occupied the room, the man who had opened the door—evidently the innkeeper—and a stout, dark, squat little woman of repellent visage.

Raymond wondered what sort of a living these two could make, since surely direful necessity alone such as his was could ever keep them a customer. Even so, he hesitated a moment as to whether he would not merely ask for something to eat and take leave again.

But a rain-gust flinging itself against the windows made him dismiss the fastidious idea.

At his request the woman brought him food—of a sort—hesitated when he asked for a bed, and consulted her husband with furtive eyes. The couple had a most disquieting habit of speaking to each other in silence. Most of the time they kept their

gaze suspiciously fixed upon their guest, but every now and then they turned to interlock glances, and it was impossible not to suspect that some unspoken communication passed between them.

Now, after her pause, the woman, instructed evidently by her husband, replied that if the gentleman could put up with a very poor bedroom they had one at his disposal, but that they did not lay themselves out to accommodate visitors for the night, and the only decent room the house contained they occupied themselves. The one which they could give monsieur had a bed in it certainly, but it was over the stable, it was very bare, it was——

Raymond cut short her litany of its deficiencies by his cheerful assurance that it would do perfectly well, and having finished his supper announced his desire to go to bed at once.

Taking the lamp out of its swinging ring and leaving the room and her husband in more than semi-darkness, the woman led the way upstairs, then through a long and narrow passage, which now mounted a step or two, now descended again, to a small room at the farthest end of it; a lonely and dilapidated little room with a dormer window and a slanting roof.

There was no curtain to the window, no carpet on the floor, no furniture but one rickety, rush-bottomed chair, a pedestal table, a washstand holding a chipped basin and a handleless ewer, and a pallet bed. But Raymond noticed that the sheets were exquisitely white and clean, while the room was rain-proof at least. So, well disposed to make the best of the circumstances, he bade the woman a pleasant "good-night."

It was not until her retreating footsteps were no longer heard along the passage that he realized she had left him neither matches nor a candle, but had set the lamp down upon the table and gone away in the dark. However, it did not signify, since matches he had in his own pocket, and should he need the lamp again after extinguishing it, it would not be an affair of much difficulty to re-light it.

But first, by an instinct of prudence which surprised himself, he began by carefully examining the room and turning the key in the door.

The examination of the room led to the finding of a cupboard in which hung some frouzy garments, and on pushing these aside Raymond was startled to discover that in the back of the cupboard there was a second

door. To this door there was a lock, but no key or any other means of fastening it, and it opened inwards, though with difficulty, on account of the heavy winter clothes hanging over it.

Where it led to he felt too tired to investigate, almost too tired to care; yet he carried the washstand inside the cupboard and set it against the inner door, arranging the crockery in such a manner that the door could not be opened without causing clatter sufficient to awaken him, and then, satisfied with his precautions, he turned the lamp-flame down, let it flicker out, and in two minutes was fast asleep.

He awoke very suddenly.

For how long he had slept he could form no idea. The room was completely dark and the silence was profound.

Yet he had a conviction that he had been awakened by a noise within the cupboard. He listened attentively, and surely heard someone gently trying the handle of the inner door.

"Who's there?" he shouted, and struck a match.

All was still.

With some difficulty he removed the lamp's chimney, re-lighted the wick, and when it burned steady took it over to the cupboard. Everything remained as he had arranged it—no sound broke the silence, not a mouse stirred.

He came to the conclusion that he had dreamed the noise of the turned handle, and with sufficient vividness to wake himself up.

Nevertheless, he now added the table and chair to the barricade within the cupboard, put the lamp down on the floor by the window to burn itself out, and went back to bed, to again fall asleep.

But now he dreamed a dream which was so consequent in its happenings, and which remained so clearly impressed upon his mind next morning, that he could call it up with absolute accuracy of detail across the intervening years.

In this dream he stood in the sordid attic, and a man, either himself or another, lay sleeping in the bed. And while he looked curiously at the sleeper, trying to make out his identity, there came again the noise at the cupboard's inner door.

Raymond fixed his eyes upon the door and saw it begin to move slowly inwards, until it stood wide open. Now a flash of yellow light showed the top rungs of a ladder leading up to the threshold, and a black abyss beyond. The innkeeper's head

appeared, then his shoulders ; then he stepped through the aperture and, treading softly on list slippers and carrying a stable-lantern in his hand, came out into the room. Following him, equally soft-footed, came his sinister-looking wife.

The two went over and stood together by the bed, and the woman, taking the lantern from her husband's hand, held it so that its light streamed down upon the sleeper, and

grave, and he awoke in cold sweats of terror to find the sun streaming in through the curtainless window, and the innkeeper's wife at the door with his morning coffee. And he had no doubt that it was the sunlight upon his eyelids which had caused him to dream of the lantern, while the woman's preliminary rap upon the door had been the stimulating cause of the entire dream.

However, she was as repulsive-looking in the gay light of morning as she had been the night before. The coffee was vile and the appointments dirty.

Raymond hurried through his dressing, paid his bill without comment on its extortionate items, and gave a prolonged whistle of relief when he got away into the road.

Turning back to give a last look at the horrible inn, he now read its name, which he had not been able to do in the obscurity of the previous evening. And this name, painted in great brown letters from end to end of the whitewashed front, was "The Friends' Trysting-Place."



"THE TWO WENT OVER AND STOOD TOGETHER BY THE BED."

the man, drawing a knife from his belt, leaned over the unconscious victim and drove it into his heart.

Now the man and woman, taking up the corpse by the head and feet, prepared to carry it down the way they had come up ; but because they needed light, yet neither had a hand free, the man took the slender ring of the lantern between his teeth, and thus the two murderers lighted themselves down the ladder.

Next Raymond heard the sound of a pick, pick, pick, picking on the stones in the stable below preparatory to digging the victim's

is not listening to me?" complained old Dupont, somewhat piqued.

"On the contrary," Raymond replied, courteously, "I have listened with the deepest attention, since I have reason to be extremely interested in what you have told me. But there comes Maitre Puivert from the house. You would do me a service in introducing me to him."

It was not difficult to get the young barrister to talk of the case which was engrossing his whole attention and that of the entire countryside, and Raymond listened so intelligently, and showed so much genuine

sympathy with the bereaved relatives, that Puivert insisted on making him known to Mme. Maréchal and her daughter.

The elder lady was gentle, faded, and broken with grief. The young girl was beautiful, poignantly sad, yet at the same time full of energy and fire.

The mother had resigned herself to the mystery which shrouded her son's fate. The daughter rebelled against it.

"The Leroys are suspected by the police," Mme. Maréchal explained as she talked the affair over with Raymond and her nephew on the terrace after dinner. "But after all, it is a mere suspicion. And, indeed, how is it possible to believe that that man and his wife could have been guilty of so cold-blooded a crime?"

"I shall never have a moment's happiness again," said the girl, "until we have proved that Victor has neither deserted us nor committed suicide. These suggestions have been made. They are horrible. Victor adored us. He would never voluntarily have given those he loved one moment's anxiety. Why should he abandon us? And he was happy, honourable, prosperous. Why should he take his own life?"

"This gentleman," remarked Puivert, indicating Raymond, "has been telling me that he knows the inn, and that he fancies he knows the Leroys. It seems that he passed a night there himself a few years ago."

"Ah, monsieur!" cried Léonie, clasping her hands, "if you could help us!"

"My testimony, such as it is, only tells in the inn's favour, since I slept there, had money in my pocket, yet came away next morning unscathed."

He related the adventure over again as he had

already told it to Puivert, but neither then nor now did he touch upon the dream.

"I think I should like to see these Leroys," he said, aside, to Puivert, before parting that night. "If I were to come into Gex with you to-morrow, would it be possible to manage it for me?"

"Not only possible, but easy." And it was arranged that he should accompany the advocate into the examining judge's room, and be present at the interrogation of the Leroys.

Mlle. Léonie spoke to Raymond as the two men set off next morning. She and her mother, not being wanted in Gex, were going to spend a quiet day at Etréport.

"If you can help us in any way to solve this dreadful mystery," she told him, with swimming eyes, "you may reckon on our eternal gratitude."

"You may believe that I would do everything a man can," Raymond assured her, "merely to win from you one kindly thought."

He spoke so earnestly that she was surprised into a blush.

He referred enthusiastically to Mlle. Léonie when he and Puivert were in the train together on the way to Gex.



"YOU MAY BELIEVE THAT I WOULD DO EVERYTHING A MAN CAN," RAYMOND ASSURED HER.

"A very beautiful creature!" he said. "But for a young girl her face is too sad."

"Ah! You should have known her before this affair," answered the other. "Full of vivacity, blooming and smiling as Hebe. Well, we can do little for her but trust to time."

Raymond told himself he should like to aid time in winning her back to lightheartedness.

Arrived at Gex he was enabled, through the influence of Puivert, to slip into the judge's room, amongst the reporters and other minor officials, whence he might assist at the interrogations, himself unobserved.

How well he remembered the man who was now brought in between two prison warders! The burly, swart-faced man with the bull's throat, the small, suspicious pig's eyes, the muscular, hairy hands, every detail of whose appearance struck Raymond familiarly, as if not two years but two hours only lay between then and now. The rough voice in which Leroy answered the questions put him seemed never to have ceased snarling at Raymond's ear.

But the judge extracted nothing from these answers beyond a repetition of the already admitted facts.

Yes. A gentleman *had* visited the inn on the night in question, had asked for a bed, and had been refused it, as the only two rooms available were already occupied by two waggoners (whose separate testimony had confirmed the statement's truth). The gentleman, therefore, having eaten his supper, had paid and gone away, and that was all Leroy knew, so help him God!

He was removed that his wife might be introduced, and, brute-beast as was the man, about the woman there was something still more sinister. This stout, squat, dark little woman with the eyes set too close together, and the loose, cruel mouth, might well have served as the evil spirit of even such a ruffian as Leroy. If his was the hand to carry out their crimes, hers was the turpitude to suggest them.

But the story concocted to save their necks from those crimes' consequence had evidently been well rehearsed. Point for point, word for word, the woman repeated the asseverations of the man. The couple had been separated over two weeks, but not the discrepancy of a pin's head could be found between the two tales.

"No, my good monsieur," she whined, "we had no bed to give the gentleman. Besides our own room we have but two

others, which were occupied on that night by two waggoners, Hugues and Rebelle. This is God's truth, and they will tell you so themselves."

At this moment there was a movement among the reporters on the judge's left. Raymond had pushed back his chair, risen, and now came forward.

"Pardon me, monsieur," he said, bowing to the judge, "will you allow me to ask a question?"

Then, turning to the woman, "But your third room, the attic over the stable? Did you not put Victor Maréchal to sleep there?"

Her mouth fell open as she stared at the speaker, but no word came.

Raymond, however, answered for her, emphatically and fluently, as though he were become the mouthpiece of some superior force.

"Yes!" he cried, "you put the unfortunate young man to sleep in that little lonely attic room, separated from the rest of the house by a long passage, with nothing below him but the disused stable, so that his cries, if he should cry out, would not be heard."

"But you gave him no opportunity of crying out. You waited until he slept profoundly, and then you and your husband came up through the stable by the ladder leading to the cupboard's secret door, and while you held the lantern to guide the blow, Leroy stabbed the victim in his sleep."

"After which the two of you carried the body down the way you had come to bury it beneath the flags of the stable floor; but because you needed light on the way down, and neither of you had a hand to spare, Leroy carried the lantern by holding the ring between his teeth."

The woman's face had changed to the colour of ashes during this denunciation, while her eyes, globular and ringed with white, seemed to move forward from their sockets.

"What! You were there, then?" she exclaimed. "You saw everything? But how is that possible?"

A thrill ran through the room as these incriminating words were uttered and written down.

Recognising the next instant her fatal blunder, the woman now took refuge in a savage silence, except when refusing in violent language to sign her deposition presently read over to her.

But when it was read over to Leroy,

brought back to hear it after his wife's removal to the cells, he, believing that she had betrayed him, fell into such red fury, and swore such horrible oaths that he would do for her when he got out, that he had to be gagged and manacled.

He never, however, got out, for the charge was proved convincingly. The stable floor was taken up and the body of the victim discovered, as well as the bones of another unknown previous victim which had lain there for apparently four or five years. Leroy finished his career on the scaffold. His wife, the more guilty of the two, has also the harder doom, for she still lives in the convict prison for women at Noirlieu.

These events, of course, followed later.

The rest of the day on which Raymond had brought home the crime to its perpetrators was spent in animated discussion of the extraordinary means by which he had been enabled to do so.

As he and Puivert were on their way back to Etréport the barrister could talk of nothing but the dream which he had heard for the first time narrated by Raymond before they left the court-house.

"Do you suppose that they intended to murder you too?" he queried.

"I have never been able to decide. Did I frustrate their plans by my barricade at the cupboard-door or did I merely dream the attempted entrance, as I certainly dreamed the accomplished crime?"

"Then, again, was it a dream of premonition?" debated Puivert. "Was it my poor cousin whom you fore-saw in the bed? Or was it the spirit of the earlier victim still haunting the place, and communicating itself to your spirit?"

"Or mightn't it simply be that the evil intentions brooding in the Leroy's own minds, their mental rehearsal of the already familiar procedure, radiated out and entered my mind," Raymond suggested, "as the wire-

less message enters the receiver? In these days of wireless telegraphy, of the Röntgen rays, and of the still more wonderful Becquerel rays, I don't see how we are going to deny the possibility of telepathy too."

"Oh, we live in a world of marvellous possibilities," Puivert conceded. "And no one can say what hitherto undiscovered powers and properties are *not* lying close at hand. Indeed, the sum total of what we know, compared to all that is knowable, about equals, I suppose, the chicken's knowledge of the poultry-yard before he has chipped his way out of the shell!"

Raymond sat wrapped in thought, and Puivert confidently expected something stimulating and abstruse to be contributed to the subject. But when he did speak it was with surprising irrelevancy.

"Do you think," said he, "that Mlle. Léonie will ever recover her good spirits?"



"RAYMOND SAT WRAPPED IN THOUGHT."

Puivert was intensely disappointed, yet bore up gallantly.

"You and I will help my cousin to recover them," said he; and it would appear that Raymond's thought did here radiate out into the other's mind, for Maître Puivert received at that moment a clear mental picture of the not distant day when this pleasant-faced young Englishman would be able to claim him as cousin too.

Military Novelties.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES SCOTT.



WHEN any great matter affecting a nation's welfare arises it is sure to stir into action the latent potency of many individual minds. So it has proved in connection with the lamentable war which has for so long a period ravaged South Africa. As fast as disasters or inconveniences accumulated men were ready with schemes by the adoption of which future misfortunes of a like character might be avoided.

In the mechanical and inventive aspects of the matter keen and wonderful projects have been laid before military officers and others in kindred employment, patent agents, and journalists who interest themselves in these subjects. It has been my purpose to bring together for survey many objects of which the germs have proceeded from a variety of minds, and I think that the series embraces quite a unique assortment of ideas, to which without further prologue I will devote some attention.

In the natural course of things the outfit of Tommy Atkins acquires first importance, and perhaps boots might be regarded as deserving of initial consideration, especially as it was once reported that many soldiers were practically barefooted during certain periods of their protracted wanderings.

In Nos. 1 and 2 we have a boot which can claim many merits. Consisting essentially of a pivoted and detachable sole, furnished with springs at the front and back, it is supposed to reduce materially the exertion demanded in marching and to enable worn-out soles to be easily and quickly replaced by others. Between the proper and the extra heels is a coiled spring, whilst a horse-shoe spring occupies a portion of the area between the toes. As the boot stands when off a foot it would appear as in No. 1, both heel and toe being slightly elevated above the additional sole. In use the hinder spring would tend to soften the tread as the heel

met the ground, and during the lifting of the heel the expansion of the spiral would help to relieve the tiresome weight occasioned when the body is supported merely on the toes and a clear space necessarily exists below the heel. The effect of the front spring would be to lend assistance during the movements of the foot. Regarded from the cobbling point of view, it appears to offer substantial advantages. It is a weary and often impossible matter to attend to the repair of footgear during a march; and here we have a neat solution of the difficulty. A stock of extra soles of various sizes should be selected for transport, and as fast as they became destroyed through hard wear they could be immediately replaced by new ones pivoted into proper position.

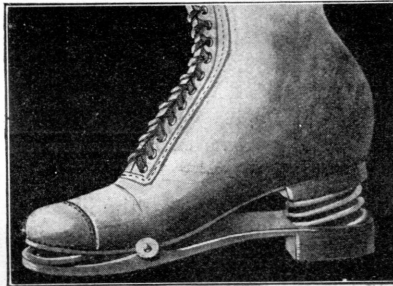
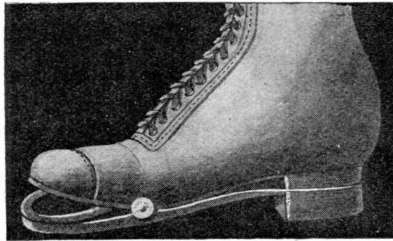
Having dealt briefly with the feet we will ascend to a discourse concerning a quaint helmet.

One of the acutest sufferings to which fighting men are subjected is undoubtedly the prolonged deprivation of that essentially necessary commodity, water. The awful parched throat is a most agonizing thing for a marching soldier to endure. The wounded warrior, too, knows how

frightful is the experience of an absence of water, for usually his first call is for something to quench his intolerable thirst. This being the case, all ideas which have for their object the alleviation of this form of suffering deserve due attention, however far-fetched they may appear at first sight.

The suggestion embodied in Nos. 3 and 4, for instance, appears at first to be an outrageous and ludicrous one; but the apparently repellent features disappear when we fully consider its claims.

The helmet may be so constructed that the lower portion of it really represents a narrow reservoir, this effect being produced by the addition of a secondary connection which fits over and outside the fundamental headgear, being joined to it only along the base line, thus providing an intervening space.



1 AND 2.—A SPRING-BOOT FOR MAKING MARCHING EASY.



3.—HELMET FOR COLLECTING RAIN.

Midway down this cunningly contrived cavity is to be a ring of carbon (or similarly suitable substance) entirely surrounding the helmet.

In districts where, during long marches, it was the exception to meet with water, but where an occasional shower of rain presented itself, a sufficiency of the liquid, in a purified condition, would be secured automatically, and without detrimental halting of the troops.

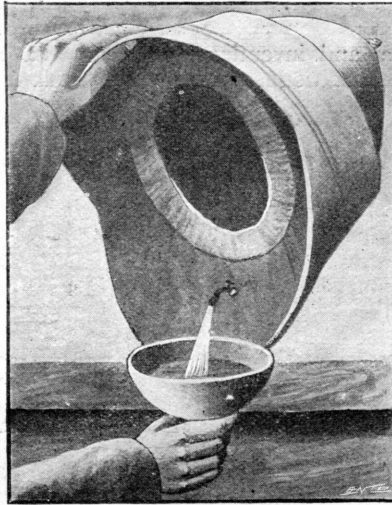
There is another merit borne by the contrivance, which is not an inconsiderable one. In hot countries a helmet so partially filled with water would serve as a beneficial cooling agent to the throbbing head of the soldier wearing it. The life-sustaining liquid would be accessible by means of a tiny tap inserted beneath the under-rear of the helmet. If the device be regarded impartially I think that it may justifiably be said to be worthy of adoption, either as it stands or in a modified form. A cup to hold the water might be screwed on to the top of the helmet, from which position it would be readily detachable.

Why the soldier's body should not be amply protected where possible, even at the sacrifice of dignity, is a question presenting a queer phase of mystery. Warriors, during battle, are not seen by spectators as they are

during a review, and mere outward appearance should be regarded as trifling compared with the opportunities offered by the provision of a shield of some kind or other, however grotesque it might be. After all, a living soldier, however ludicrous he might appear to the caricaturists and other people with an eye for comicalities, would be far more valuable to those whom he served than a dead one.

It may be argued that the use of shields would tend to diminish a soldier's personal courage; but I think we need fear no effects of this kind. As a

matter of fact, the recipient of a bullet does not know who fired it (as a rule), so that the pluck required to face a shower of bullets is far different from that demanded to meet a bayonet charge. This being a feature concerning which many arguments for and against could be adduced, I will refrain from continuing my meditations, and



4.—THE HELMET GIVING OUT PURE FILTERED WATER.

take the illustration No. 5 in hand.

There, the shield buckled to the front of the soldier's body covers the most vulnerable spots, and, if the surmise of the inventor be

correct, would prove a most beneficial protection. It is not intended to be composed merely of a sheet of netting, but is to be provided with small spiral coils at the junctions of the wires, the whole apparatus being overlaid with fine wire. The impact of the bullet would be toned down immediately it touched the resilient surface of the shield. In other words, the bullet would be thrust back by the springs.

The climbing of forts and steep declivities is one of the most dangerous and hazardous tasks which fall to the lot of soldiers during war time, and any ideas



5.—A SPRING-FITTED WIRE SHIELD.

which might be available for reducing difficulties of this nature deserve a warm welcome. Whether the strange notion pictured in No. 6 comes into a useful category or not is a point around which much difference of opinion will probably arise.

The leather belt now used by a military man acts as an indispensable adjunct to his outfit, enabling many articles to receive a secure and steady attachment, which would be impossible in the case of its absence from the fighter's waist. We will, therefore, regard the suggested item as a kind of *secondary* belt, to be composed of some strong and light metal. It is intended to be a kind of circular spring (somewhat similar to many patterns of ladies' bracelets) fitted so that its ends, when united, could be locked immovably together. The formation of the trellis-ladder would proceed by one belt or hoop being linked into a fellow one, and, after having been brought round as flat as possible with it, to be screwed up tight. In this manner each hoop would interlace with others in its own immediate vicinity, and, when several dozens had been so treated, a tolerably firm and convenient ladder would result, up which several men at once could swarm. Used as belts, extreme portability would, of course, be insured, in contradistinction to the nuisance occasioned by cumbrous ladders. An additional advantage may be cited on behalf of the contrivance. Being worn continually upon the person, no delay would be caused, as might happen when ladders went astray, or failed to be brought up in time to the spot where they were required. We will suppose that under cover of the darkness the troops had successfully reached

a coveted portion of the exterior of a fort. Silently the belts would be detached from the waists, and each soldier would quickly interweave his belt into position with those adjacent to him. When men had been efficiently drilled into the methods of attach-

ment the task of building up a trellis-ladder many feet high and several yards long would occupy only a few moments of time, and dozens of attackers be enabled to ascend to advantageous positions along the battlements.

Important and powerful improvements are continually being effected in rifles, and it may be reasonably expected that at some time in the near future the long range attainable will exceed the limit to which clear vision will be enabled to seek an object to aim at. In such a case something similar to the peculiar device illustrated in No. 7 may be used. It

consists, as will be seen, merely of a telescope affixed in an uplifted position to the rifle, so that sight and aim may be taken simultaneously at the otherwise invisible enemy. Of course, other parts of the rifle would need careful development in order to meet the alteration caused by the added features; but this would not prove a very formidable task for inventors of military contrivances.

While on the subject of rifles I should like to direct the reader's attention to a notion for the existence of which, in a materialized form, there would seem to be scarcely any justification,

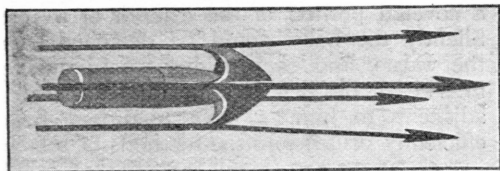
even when judged from the brutal point of view. It is suggested that an object like that depicted in No. 8, having barbed frontal extensions, should be placed loosely over the muzzle of a rifle preparatory to firing it. The conical portion of it would



6.—A TRELLIS-LADDER MADE OF BELTS.



7.—A TELESCOPIC RIFLE.



8.—A COMPOUND ARROW, TO BE DRIVEN FROM THE MUZZLE OF A RIFLE BY THE BULLET.

come immediately over the muzzle of the gun. It is anticipated that a discharged bullet, as it sprang from the rifle, would carry the object impaled upon it, and impart equivalent energy to it. Seeing that a bullet itself can inflict effectual damage upon arriving at its desired destination, such an addition appears to be somewhat superfluous; but it has been added to this catalogue on account of its unique formation and purpose.

The crossing of streams is one of the most formidable obstacles encountered during an army's progress, and the delay caused by the incidental awkwardness of the experience oftentimes results disastrously, giving undesired opportunities to the enemy.

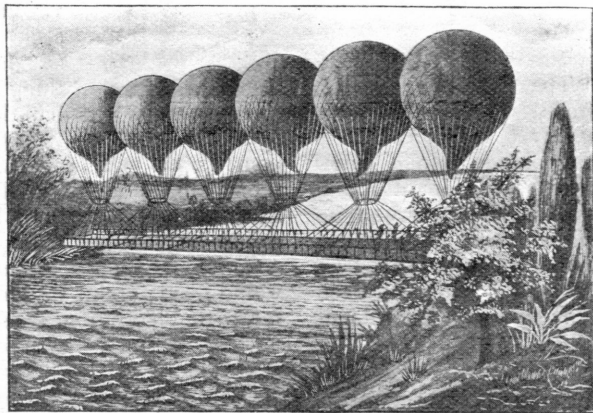
Much ingenuity has been developed in efforts having for their object the provision of some worthily serviceable contrivance with the aid of which quick, safe, and easy passage may be made across rivers; but I think that the suggested balloon bridge (No. 9) can claim novelty as a predominant feature of itself.

Let us examine the thing thoroughly. To small balloons would be suspended strong and light, open-ended, oblong cars, instead of circular ones, built in such a way that one could be bolted and locked to a companion car, which in its turn could be similarly treated in connection with a third car, and so on. Upon the arrival of the troops at a spot suitable for the purpose the balloons would be inflated and the cars attached. Extremely careful ballasting would necessarily be a most important requirement on the part of the operators; but such capabilities are not impossible. When one car had been

so securely and properly fixed to the river's bank that the floor of the car was tolerably steady and level, the operators would guide a second balloon into position, and rigidly fasten its car to that already prepared for use. At this point there would be practically a single car, twice the size of the normal ones, supported by *two* balloons. In like manner a third one would be joined in line with the first two; and then a fourth, fifth, sixth, and others successively until the opposite bank was reached, when the last one would require firm attachment to the land. During the construction of this quaint bridge the flooring or roadway, as it became resolved into shape, could be utilized as a platform for the continuance of the work. The very delicate and varying ballasting required could be considerably aided by means of ballast-bags suspended from the balloons and resting on the river's bottom, serving really as anchors. In this way it would be possible to hold a balloon stationary at any desired altitude. If needed a

few feet higher, the mooring-rope would be allowed to lengthen; whilst if the men wished to reach a lower elevation, the rope would be gathered in.

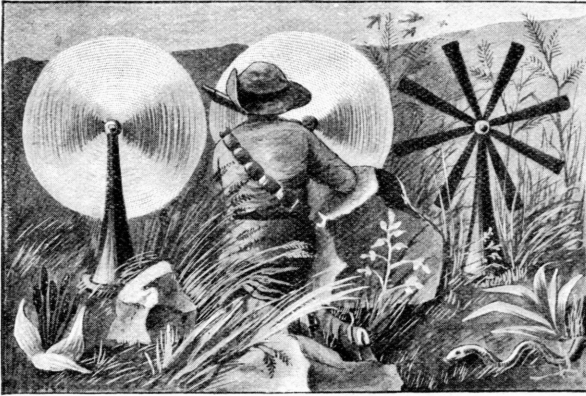
Once formed, there would exist a solid, compact gang-way over the river, the gas-bags having sufficed instead



9.—A BALLOON BRIDGE.

of scaffolding to support the various sections of the bridge during their manipulation. Torrential currents, which render pontoon bridge building unmanageable, would not prove very serious in connection with the kind of work with which I am now dealing, and this fact alone is worth some consideration. With modifications, not only rivers, but ravines, and gorges, and similar geographical torments, which are now regarded as absolutely impassable, could be negotiated. Strategical movements would thereby receive an advantageous impetus.

It would need actual experiment to demonstrate the efficiency or futility, as the case might be, of the extraordinary contrivance



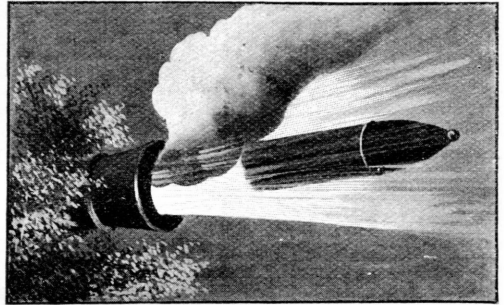
10.—A "BULLET-DEVIATOR," MADE BY A WHIRLING WHEEL.

depicted in No. 10, and naturally such experiments would demand a risk to which few people would care to voluntarily expose themselves. Theoretically, however, the invention seems to possess unusual merits, being destined to serve as an obstructor to sundry bullets whose billets would otherwise be the human body in proximity to the apparatus. It is a very simple affair—nothing more, indeed, than a rapidly rotating wheel. It is supposed that should a soldier occupying a position behind it be fired at, the bullet would, immediately upon arrival at the wheel, be struck aside by the revolving fans. Whether such a desirable result would really ensue in connection with such a thing as a swiftly travelling bullet cannot be definitely declared; but that apparently it would be quite possible may be understood by a simple experiment. If the reader will remove one of the wheels from a discarded clock (or, in fact, use any kind of open wheel), and spin it briskly upon a table, he will find that when a small object is dropped down on to the rotating wheel it is thrust violently aside, instead of falling through the meshes of the wheel. From analogy, something similar in effect might be expected on the part of a bullet coming into contact with one of the revolving wheels illustrated in No. 10, provided that the motions of the latter were made with extreme speed. The motive force operating a series of these barriers might reasonably be electricity, a power which will undoubtedly

be extensively utilized in future warfare. When quickly revolving this contrivance would not interfere with the view of a soldier, as there would appear before him seemingly a mere circular mist. His own bullet would, of course, be fired from between a pair of the wheels, in the angle caused by their close proximity one to the other.

Here, finally, is a newly devised shell of extreme originality. When fired from the gun it would resemble the object portrayed in No. 11. It consists of a hollow cone, to which are hinged a number of tubes like miniature cannons, each capable of

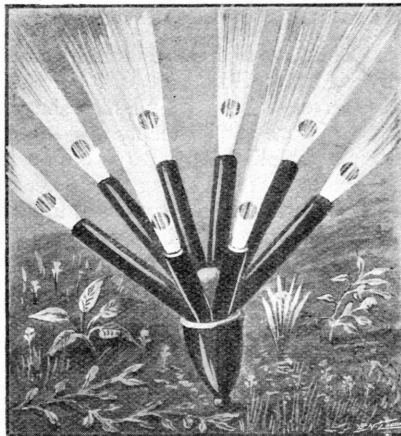
discharging an explosive shell on its own account. Upon the shell arriving at its destination it would fall point downwards, the tubes would open out and point in every



11.—A NOVEL COMPOUND SHELL.

direction, and from them would issue the explosive shells scattering to all points of the compass, as shown in No. 12. In this manner a more disastrous result could be secured than by using a single large shell to explode where it fell, for a vast area could be swept by these means.

A soldier fully equipped in a uniform comprising the helmet, belt, shield, and boots illustrated would certainly present a curious spectacle; but from a utilitarian aspect there can be no denying his increased efficiency, and, after all, the soldier exists for quite a different reason than that of gratifying the eyes of artistic people.



12.—THE SHELL BURSTING.

A LABOUR OF LOVE.

BY

Winifred
Graham



GOOD-BYE, darlings; I am so sorry to leave you on your holiday."

A very pretty woman bent down to kiss a pair of rosy-cheeked boys. They hung round her neck affectionately. She did not seem to fear their little brown fingers would soil her immaculate lace dress. The kisses had an evil effect on her large picture-hat, but she soon rectified the trouble before a mirror in the hall.

The day-school Teddy and Roy attended economized its holidays—a whole one proved a great event.

Mrs. Stuart's dainty little feet stepped into the victoria; Teddy caught a glimpse of very high bronze heels, the colour of his mother's hair in the sunlight.

"You have a treat in store to-day," she said. "Don't forget you lunch with Uncle Robert."

Sir Robert Dunbar was seldom at home; he lived in a great house a mile distant. The boys were devoted to him—perhaps the proverbial love of the cow for the haystack had something to do with their devotion.

As the carriage drove away Teddy followed the large picture-hat shielding its wealth of red-gold hair with big, wistful eyes.

"Isn't she pretty?" he said, sighing deeply.

Roy nodded assent, as he stooped to pat a shaggy poodle, whose thick winter coat gave him a hot, unfashionable appearance on this glorious spring morning.

"I wish we could do something for her," went on Teddy, continuing his line of thought. "I don't believe she wanted to go to that wedding—she would rather have been with us on our holiday, but the wedding was settled a long time ago. I wonder why people get married!"

Roy considered a moment.

"Oh, it is because they are in love," he said, proud of his superior knowledge on the subject. "When a man loves a girl, I've heard he always wants to do something to please her, so I suppose he marries her because girls like to get married."

"Then I expect I'm in love with mother," replied Teddy, with childish logic. "Roy, I've got an idea!"

He fixed his eyes on the chocolate-coloured poodle basking on the sunny steps.

"Mother said only yesterday she did want Pompey shaved. He feels the heat and looks so wintry. She asked father to do it, but he had not time. You remember how smart Pompey looked last year with half his back bare, and two little rosettes of hair left on each side? The horse-clippers are in the stables—suppose we do it for a surprise. Mother likes to take him out driving, with ribbons on his head to match her dress, when his coat is cut—she would be awfully pleased!"

Roy thought it a wonderful idea; in fact, it amounted to inspiration, and together they journeyed in search of the beautifying instrument.

Enticing with biscuits the unsuspecting poodle to a distant shed, the two amateur hair-dressers consulted seriously together.

"It was this half of his back that was shaved last year, from the middle to the tail," said Roy. "I suppose it would not do to have it the same two years running."

"No, I suppose not," murmured Teddy. "Mother likes change; she says fashions alter very quickly. The things in our house are not a bit like other people's, that is why visitors so often walk round, as if they were at a bazaar, and call out: 'Oh, what an original room!' when they ought to sit down and drink their tea. I guess mother would be quite grateful if we could make Pompey look 'original.'"

"Well, why not begin the other end; clip his head and the first part of his back, letting the last half hang long? It will be very hard, because the hair is so thick, but we must use the scissors first."

With many coaxing words and a renewed supply of biscuits Pompey was induced to submit to their well-intentioned operations. In deep earnest the small fingers set to work with astonishing skill. Love gave them patience, defying weariness, though their faces flushed hotter and their arms ached, while the boyish curls grew damp from the moisture on their foreheads. The horse-clippers were not easy weapons to wield, but Teddy

mastered the difficulty with a success that surprised himself and filled Roy's soul with reverent admiration.

Before the task was half finished the loud ringing of a hand-bell resounded through the garden. Roy let go of Pompey and danced to the door.

"It's Maria ringing for us to come in and wash our hands. It must be time for us to start for Uncle Robert's! It wouldn't do to be late; we want to be there as early as we can. I am longing to see the great big live monkey he has brought from Australia and the baby kangaroo."

Teddy did not stir. His face was very grave, and he looked Roy up and down with an expression of fine contempt.

"If we go out to lunch," he said, "we shall not have time to finish Pompey, and mother will come home to find—*this!*"

He gazed sadly at their incomplete work.

"Uncle Robert promised me cherry-tart, with cream on it," said Roy, convinced so strong an argument would justify desertion. The thought gave Teddy a pang, which he knew to be unworthy.

"So you wouldn't sacrifice a helping of cherry-tart—for—for mother's sake?" he muttered, growing very red.

"I should be sure to have two helpings, and perhaps three," answered Roy, stubbornly.

"But we started our work to please her," said Teddy. "I can't possibly finish alone, without you to help me. Only think what a tame ending! You would go away—now, in the very middle—and spoil everything. Because you want to amuse yourself you are willing to leave Pompey in patches, with one side of his head bare as my hand and the other just like a mop. It's a wicked idea! I really could not get on by myself, you know that—it would not be possible for one person to manage. See, Pompey won't stay still an instant! Instead of good, all we have done up till now will turn to harm. How can Pompey go out driving in such a state? Mother would not be the least proud of him. We are doing this to please her—you can't have forgotten that. Of course I want to go to Uncle Robert's just as much as you do, but we mustn't think of ourselves now. I did not know it would take so long; but if you love mother you will give up everything to get finished."

Roy still kept his hand on the door.

"Uncle Robert always gives us a shilling each. I had meant to buy a kite with mine," he said.

Teddy did not mention his intended purchase, though he knew it well enough, and the memory brought a wave of temptation which seemed calling him from his labour of love, from work-alluring pleasure. On one side he saw an unselfish task to please his mother, on the other hand rose visions of

"Yes, she knows we may do exactly what we like all to-day for a treat. Maria must walk to the hall and say we are too busy to come to lunch. She might tell Uncle Robert we are sorry, and give him our best love."

Roy obeyed, leaving Teddy in charge of



"UNCLE ROBERT ALWAYS GIVES US A SHILLING EACH. I HAD MEANT TO BUY A KITE WITH MINE," HE SAID.

gilded halls and cherry-tarts, of delightful gallops round the park mounted on the same horse with Uncle Robert.

He stood his ground staunchly. Roy must not see how great an effort it was for him to stick to his guns.

Teddy's unrelenting attitude had a strong effect upon Roy. He suddenly felt ashamed of himself. It was not a pleasant sensation to know his brother despised him.

The older boy's influence told on the younger. His example stood out clearly as a thing that must be followed. Ahead lay the path of sacrifice, and there could be no turning aside. It meant a holiday spoilt, but what matter? It was to please mother, to give her a happy surprise who so often arranged unexpected delights for them.

"Praps I'd better tell Maria we are not going," he said.

His voice shook slightly, and he stared through the open door very hard.

Pompey. The dog sat up and shook himself. Teddy put a small arm caressingly round his neck.

"You'll be so cool and comfortable, old chap!" he said, and Pompey licked his face in canine worship as the boy gently scratched him with a broken piece of comb.

The shed appeared to grow suddenly very misty as Teddy hummed a little defiant tune to try and keep up his spirits.

Roy heard it as he came slowly back—it seemed to give him fresh heart. He tried to pretend he was not disappointed; at any rate he would do his best to make Teddy think so. His quivering lips found it very hard to smile, and something in his throat made speech impossible. He paused outside the shed, bending down to tie the lace of his little canvas shoe. A hot tear dropped on his hand, a tear he brushed hastily aside. "I won't cry," he thought; "it isn't manly! Father never cries; but then, perhaps, he's

never disappointed. When I am grown up I shall arrange that these sort of troubles don't happen."

With set lips and only a few suspicious sniffs, which might possibly be put down to a slight cold, Roy returned to his post, holding his head very upright and keeping his childish features rigid as a mask. Only, now and again, an unaccountable moisture upon his eyelashes had to be reckoned with.

Teddy, for some unknown reason, kept his eyes turned away. Roy supposed it was from consideration.

So together they recommenced their arduous task without exchanging a word—each hoping the other did not notice the signs of emotion which were so difficult to control.

For quite a long time Teddy went on humming. What was a sacrifice worth unless it could be undertaken cheerfully?

"At last!" cried Roy, stretching his arms, as Pompey sprang from the table, gleefully reveling in freedom.

A shower of brown fluff and loose curls fell to the ground. The boys appeared almost as pleased to be released as the dog himself. The three bounded out to the garden for a wild race round the lawn. They expanded their cramped lungs by shouting as they ran, Pompey joining in with shrill barkings. He apparently forgot that flower-beds were made for ornament and borders demanded respect, for in the new glory of his hairless state he became like a puppy again.

It had seemed an eternity—those hours in the shed. The boys were reminded of it by aching muscles and strained nerves. Pompey's unwillingness to assist by lying

still made the labour momentarily more arduous as the afternoon advanced. Only very stubborn determination could have completed a task the magnitude of which they fully realized as difficulties increased and physical fatigue supervened. Now they flung themselves down on the grass, breathless and relieved, to survey their handiwork.

"I never imagined it could have taken so long!" said Teddy. "I think, don't you, it's a great success?"

"Yes," a little doubtfully from Roy. "I'm not quite sure I did not like last year's fashion best."

"But that was just the same as every other poodle."



"MARIA GREETED THE BROWN APPARITION WITH A SCREAM OF DISMAY."

"Suppose we go and show him to Maria. It must be tea-time, and I am awfully hungry."

They scampered back to the house, accompanied by a strangely grotesque object. The victim of their attentions suggested a poodle as seen in a nightmare, or the

illustration of some weird fairy tale on "topsy-turvydom!" Maria greeted the brown apparition with a scream of dismay, and shook her apron at him as he tried to jump up and lick her hands.

"Lor! Master Teddy—what have you been up to?" she cried, in accents of horror.

Teddy tried to look unconcerned as he answered, with pride:—

"We did it all ourselves, and we never hurt him once."

"Well, of all the hideous sights—but, there! You wait till your ma comes home! I can't think what she will say, for she is such a one to take a pride in the dog, dressing him up with ribbons and the like! I should guess it will go near to break her heart."

"Don't you think—er—he looks nice?"

"Nice! Well, I never—if that's your taste!" and a jeer cut the sentence short. "I don't know whether to laugh or cry, but to see a dog looking such a caution is enough to send a body into hysterics!"

"Come away," whispered Teddy to Roy. "She does not understand. We know mother likes uncommon things; I will try and explain it to Maria after tea."

But no amount of explanation had any effect upon Maria. She was "bourgeoise" to her finger-tips, and could see no beauty in the unique.

The boys quietly pitied her, happy with the delightful consciousness that they had triumphed over their natural desires and sacrificed their holiday for a great result.

Roy leant against a tree and stared at the sunset.

"But fancy if mother wasn't pleased, after all," he said, his lips trembling slightly.

The lugubrious suggestion sent queer little shivers down Teddy's spine.

"Oh! it couldn't be," he replied, stoutly. His young heart defied the first breath of misfortune, allowing the mere idea no place in his calculations. He felt the bitterness

would be too great to bear, such a thing was impossible in this bright world of spring! The very atmosphere was full of sweetness, and the promise of summer hovered round them like some unseen magic presence. The gold sun sinking slowly shed a benediction on the garden. "You'll see, it will be all right," he declared, with un-



"OH, ALFRED, JUST LOOK AT POMPEY!"

limited faith in the future, and Roy readily believed him.

When Mrs. Stuart returned the boys were having their supper upstairs. Lights had been lit in the hall, and Pompey, who barked loudly on principle whenever the front door bell rang, gave forth his noisy welcome, thus forcing attention instantly to his grotesque

personality. Husband and wife came together into the light. A cry of horror escaped Mrs. Stuart; her eyes dilated as she pointed to her pet.

"Alfred!" she gasped. "Oh, Alfred, just look at Pompey!"

Maria answered their startled questions in hushed accents. There was a funereal air about her, as if a death had taken place in the house.

"It was the young gentlemen's doing," she said, severely; "it kept them busy all day. They gave up going out to lunch, and told me, ma'am, it was to please you! Nothing I could say would persuade Master Teddy it wasn't a very good piece of work, and they are proud as peacocks, for all I've scolded them!"

Maria looked terribly forbidding as she gave the story.

Mr. Stuart was kneeling down examining the poodle.

"The young rascals," he said, as Maria retired, "they deserve a good whipping—and they shall get it, too—spoiling the dog for the whole season!"

As Mrs. Stuart gazed at the brown poodle his hideous appearance became suddenly transformed to her eyes, and she saw in the piteous object only a living monument of her boys' very genuine, though ill-expressed, affection.

"It was to please you!" Even the irate Maria had owned as much. Mrs. Stuart guessed with all a mother's intuition the kindly motive which inspired them, involving the sacrifice of their longed-for outing. They had talked for weeks of what they would do at the Hall when Uncle Robert returned from one of his many foreign tours.

She bent down over the dog and looked at Alfred from under her big picture-hat. One hand lay on Pompey's shaven head, the other rested detainingly upon her husband's arm.

"Dearest," she whispered, "I want you to do me a favour."

"What is it?" he asked, smiling. Her serious expression puzzled him.

"Those small creatures meant so well. Will you leave it in my hands? Will you rely on my judgment just this once?"

The pleading blue eyes were irresistible. Such eyes were made to gain their way.

"Of course, darling, you shall do as you like," he replied, gently, touched by the earnestness of her words. "Women, I know, have strangely keen intuitions, and if you feel strongly on any subject always follow your instinct, it is bound to be right."

She left him with a light laugh. "You are a dear!" she said.

Very softly she stole upstairs, but the boys heard the rustle of her dress and came running out to the passage.

In a moment her arms were round them both, and she was listening to the history of their love labour with smiles that spoke gratitude.

"It was a delightful surprise," she cried, "to find you had been thinking of me."

"We knew you would be pleased," declared Teddy, radiantly. "We don't mind anything now, only Maria could not understand."

"But I understood!" said the sweet, low voice.

And as she spoke all the relinquished pleasures of the day were a thousandfold repaid.

Things of Most Price in the British Museum.

BY RUDOLPH DE CORDOVA.



WHILE gathering the information for this article I met a couple of American acquaintances in one of the Egyptian galleries of the British Museum.

They had what has been called the typical museum expression on their faces—a combination of enfeebled interest and intellectual dulness, in curious contrast to what I knew was their vital temperament.

“Rather a depressing sort of an entertainment this,” said one; “but you have to do it all the same when you come to Europe.”

Here I thought was an opportunity to try whether the article I was contemplating would interest other people. Without seeming to have any set purpose I led the way to the case in which the mummy of Menkaura, that King of the Fourth Egyptian Dynasty who built the third of the pyramids of Gizeh, and who lived B.C. 3633, reposes with a publicity which His Majesty never dreamed of in his most imaginative moments. “If that specimen could be put up to auction,” I said, “the best judges believe that it would fetch a sum not less than £75,000. If you look at the knee-joints you will find that they are very much enlarged and thickened, proving that his defunct Majesty suffered very badly from gout or chronic rheumatoid arthritis.”

The effect was almost electrical. In an instant my two comrades had lost their listlessness and were all attention. I now felt certain that I was on the right track.

In the next case is an object not less remarkable, though it is no crumbling dust of King, but merely the remains of some unknown, unrecorded son of earth who has become immortal by the divine right of time. Placed on his left side, with knees drawn up to his chin, his hands before his face, this body was found in a grave hollowed out of sandstone, which the irreverent have called a “pie dish.” A dead body in a grave does not seem at first sight a valuable possession, yet this is the only one in so complete a form in Europe, and indeed, so far as experts know, in the whole world. It was found on the western bank of the Nile in Upper Egypt, and is all that remains of a man of the Neolithic age.

How many centuries ago that dead body was inspired with the breath of life and lived and moved and had its being on this earth

he would be a bold man who would dogmatize. Certain it is he lived thousands of years before the dawn of Egyptian history, long before the rule of Menes, the first historical King.

What price shall be set on such an object? Fifteen thousand pounds would be dirt cheap, for were it possible to put it up to auction, with all the adventitious aids of modern advertisement, representatives would come from every museum in the world, to say nothing of private collectors from America, to whom money is as water to be poured out in the acquisition of really valuable “things.”

The result of ten minutes with my friends, “spotting” various items in the gallery from their pecuniary point of view, convinced me of the enormous advantage it would be if the Museum authorities could be got to consider the advisability of putting a price on the most notable articles in the National Collection. That course would appeal with undoubted force to every visitor, though antiquarians may gnash their teeth and scientific men write homilies against the barbarism of appraising unique articles like an auctioneer’s clerk.

Auctioneer’s clerk, however, I propose to be in regard to the treasure store of the Museum, and to suggest the enormous source of wealth which lies within the walls of the stately building in Great Russell Street. One word only by way of preamble—though in this article one can necessarily touch only the fringe of the subject, so to speak—one word of assurance and good faith that the greatest pains have been taken to obtain something like an approximate value which the articles would fetch could they come into the market under favourable conditions. To get them into the market is, however, impossible, for, as most people know, anything which gets into the National Collection remains there, and can never afterwards be sold.

But, the question of good faith apart, the serious consideration of this subject is imperative, for £ s. d. crystallizes sentiment, and long after this article and its writer have been forgotten the figures quoted are, I have been assured, certain to be remembered by experts, and used in appraising the value of other treasures which may come into the market.

Perhaps the most universally-known of the great art treasures are the Elgin Marbles, those wonderful evidences of the skill of the immortal Phidias, whose career was cut short by death while he lay in prison under gross suspicion charged with stealing the gold intended to adorn the great ivory statue of Athena, and who was rendered further unpopular by the fact that he had introduced portraits of himself and Pericles on the shield of the statue of Athena. Evidences of the enormous value of the marbles, as of the fact that "doctors differ," is certainly to be found, in that they have been variously estimated as being worth £1,000,000, £2,000,000, and £3,000,000—in other words, they are priceless; although in 1816 the Government paid Lord Elgin only £35,000 for them. Yet to-day the single figure of Theseus would fetch at least some three times that sum could it be put up to auction.

Obtained from Greece by what foreign nations, doubtless inspired by jealousy at not possessing them, called "theft," the question was at one time raised by Mr. Frederic Harrison and other writers in the *Nineteenth Century* as to whether the marbles should not be restored to the country, to whose genius they are an everlasting monument and an unexampled glory.

Another famous and popular object in the Museum is the Portland Vase, to see which Americans come in hundreds and indeed thousands every year, so well known is its fame across the Atlantic. About roin. high, made of glass of a wonderful deep blue, ornamented in relief with a series of figures of opaque white glass, it was found in a marble sarcophagus under the Monte del Grano, some two and a half miles from Rome on the way to Frascati.

For a long time it was the chief ornament of the great Barberini Palace at Rome, but towards the end of the eighteenth century it was bought by Sir William Hamilton, who in

his turn sold it to the Duchess of Portland in 1785, and by the then Duke of Portland it was deposited in the British Museum in 1810. The Museum did not then occupy its present building, and in 1845, while it was still in Montague House, the vase was broken by an act of vandalism.

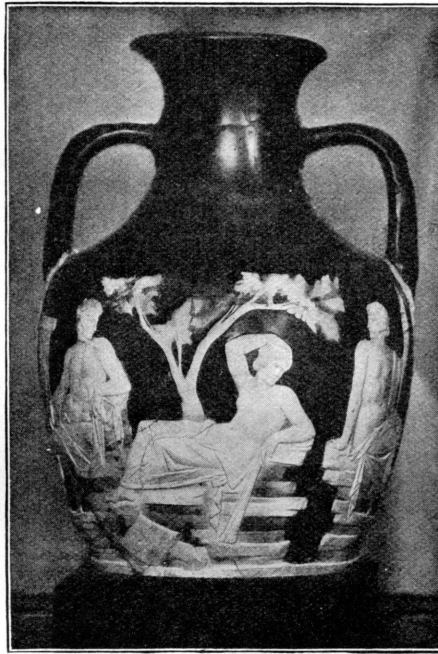
A man named William Lloyd, who was employed in the Museum, got drunk one day in the February of that year, and, picking up a Babylonian stone which lay on the ground, he shied it at the vase, which was placed under a glass case. There was a crash, and the case and the vase fell shattered to the ground. The Museum authorities approached the Duke of Portland with a view to

prosecuting the man, but, for reasons of his own, the Duke refused to appear, and the only thing the Museum could do was to bring the culprit before a magistrate on a charge of wantonly breaking the glass case! The magistrate fined him a couple of pounds, and the fine was considerably paid by an old lady with more sympathy than sense, so that the man got off scot-free. The pieces were put together again, and perhaps the romance which has thus clustered around the vase may have enhanced its value.

Certain it is that, could the United States get the opportunity, it would think nothing of paying anywhere from

£10,000 to £12,000 to possess it to-morrow.

In the same department of Greek and Roman antiquities are some of the objects which illustrate this article, the beautiful winged head of Hypnos (Sleep), the Siris bronzes, and the great cameos of Augustus. The Hypnos, which is one of the finest pieces of bronze in the world, has been said by a critic to "reveal the qualities of Praxiteles" perhaps better than any other ancient work. As will be seen, the Hypnos is merely the head which once belonged to a statue. It was ornamented with wings rising from the temples. Now, however, only the



THE PORTLAND VASE—ESTIMATED VALUE £10,000
TO £12,000.



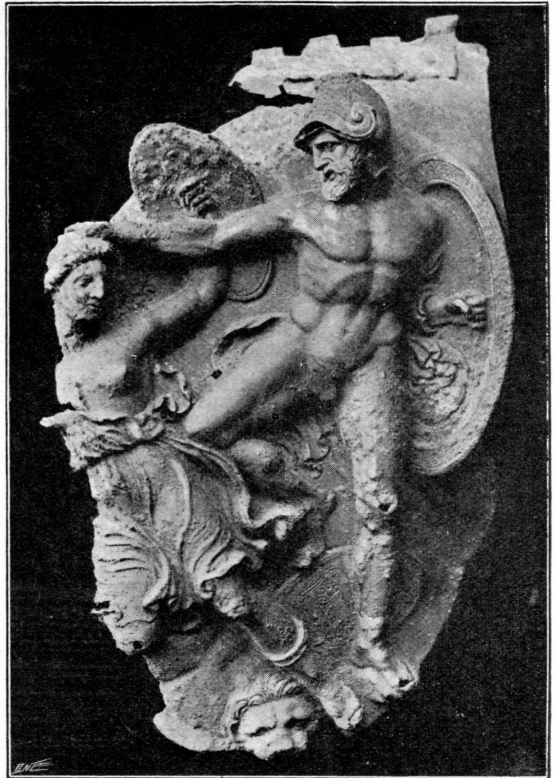
HYPNOS—ESTIMATED VALUE £5,000.

wing on the right side remains, though the base by which the left wing was soldered on may be distinctly seen. It is worth recording that the head was made separate from the statue, and was soldered on to the trunk, while the wing has been clearly recognised as that of the night hawk, and is therefore peculiarly applicable to a statue of Sleep. This head has been valued at £5,000, about £1,000 more than the bronzes of Siris, which derive their name from the fact that they were found in or near the River Siris, in Southern Italy. These two pieces, which are said to be the finest examples extant of toreutic or highly finished metallic work in relief, are respectively 6½ in. and 7 in. high, and were intended for the shoulder-piece of a cuirass.

They represent a combat between a Greek warrior and an Amazon, and some people have endeavoured to identify the Greek as Ajax, but no definite decision has been arrived at on this point. Brönsted, in describing them, says that while "the relief is extremely prominent, so that some of the most salient parts, as the hands, the thighs, the knees of the figures, the shields, and some portions of the draperies, appear to be almost detached from the ground; nevertheless, all is gained upon the plate itself." The relief is so strong in places—for example, in the heads—that the plate is only as thick as thin note-paper, and on the reverse side cavities may be seen nearly an inch deep. The beauty and value of these two pieces were

sufficiently recognised at the time of their finding to induce several people to band together to purchase them in 1835 for £1,000, a price considered enormous in those days, and to present them to the National Collection. They have since greatly appreciated in value, as all other great bronzes have, and it is probable they would each fetch from £2,000 to £3,000 could they be sold to-morrow. At a rough estimate one might certainly put down the Museum collection of bronzes at a round million sterling, without any fear of being found to overstep the bounds of propriety or exactness.

Another of our illustrations is the famous Marlborough Cameo, which has the reputation of being the third largest in the world, being exceeded in size only by one specimen in the museum at Vienna and one in the Louvre. When some few years ago the Blenheim collection was sold this was, it is understood, one of the chief articles desired by the Museum authorities, who eventually paid £3,500 for it. A bargain it must certainly be held to be, since there is a story told that until a day or two before the sale one of the richest collectors in the world was



ONE OF THE SIRIS BRONZES—ESTIMATED VALUE £2,000 TO £3,000.



THE MARLBOROUGH COME—FOR WHICH £7,000 WAS OFFERED.

anxious to purchase it, and was prepared to pay no less than £7,000 to secure it. What caused the change of mind no one knows, but the collector stood aside and allowed the treasure to be bought for the nation.

This cameo represents an Emperor and Empress. The white of the stone is one of the finest ever seen in such a gem, while its treatment is brilliantly correct in its detail and in showing the different layers of the sardonyx. It is true to the best traditions of the cameo-maker's art, but it was undoubtedly executed by a workman who, finished as he was, had not the genius of him who carved the other and better-known cameo of Augustus, which ignores the coloured layer of the sardonyx entirely, and relies for its effect on the keeping only of the white part of the stone, which is treated with a skill which baffles the imitation even of the workers of to-day. Indeed, all the great cameo work belongs to the Augustine age, as the large cameos were executed either in his day or in those of his immediate successor. Near the cameo is a relic of the great Napoleon which is worth many thousands of pounds—the snuff-box whose general outlines are sufficiently shown in the illustration. Its history is told by the inscription on the lid of the gold box in which it was contained. This box was given by the Emperor Napoleon of France to the Hon. Anne Seymour Damer as a "souvenir," the word he used, in consequence of her having presented him with a bust of Mr. Fox executed in marble by herself. The bust had been promised at the peace of Amiens, was finished in 1812, and sent to France, where it remained, but was not presented till May 1st, 1815, when by command of His Imperial Majesty Anne Seymour Damer had an audience for that

purpose at the Palais Elysée, where the Emperor then resided.

Downstairs, near the centre of one of the chief galleries, is the Rosetta Stone, whose value, measured by its scientific worth, must be acknowledged even by the most practical to vastly exceed any money which could be paid for it. As most people know, it furnished the basis of our present imperfect, but nevertheless great, knowledge of the life, civilization, and history of Ancient Egypt. It came into our possession as the result of one of those accidents which have so often favoured us, for it was loaded on to a French vessel which sailed from one of the Egyptian ports in the last year of the eighteenth century. On the way, so the story goes, the vessel was boarded and captured by one of our frigates, and the Rosetta Stone was sent home by the captain, who did a greater deed than he imagined, for his act opened up an unknown store of knowledge to the world—the Rosetta Stone having on one surface the same inscription in Egyptian hieroglyphs, demotic or cursive Egyptian writing, and Greek characters.

I have to acknowledge a difficulty in appraising its value, for one expert smiled at my idea of £50,000, while another voted for £100,000, and a third for a quarter of a million sterling, to which last figure it is by no means improbable the bidding could be forced.



THE NAPOLEON SNUFF-BOX—WORTH SEVERAL THOUSAND POUNDS.

Some little distance away are the great Nineveh Bulls with human heads. One of these, as is seen in the illustration, is represented with five feet, not because of any mythological idea that these bulls were endowed with an extra leg, but in order to increase the symmetrical appearance when viewed from the front or side.

These bulls, which have under their bodies cuneiform inscriptions recording the name and title of Sardon, King of Syria (B.C. 722

sorts, and in small articles to which most people give a cursory glance and pass on, merely because they have no knowledge of what they represent.

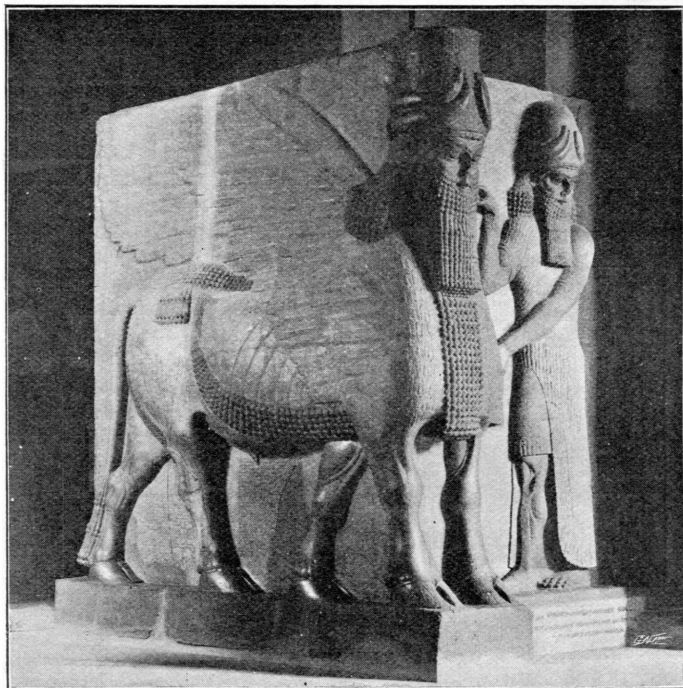
In the Nineveh Gallery downstairs are the Creation Tablets, as they are called, which record the history of the Creation and caused so much excitement when they were discovered by the late George Smith. One comes to them as to a dead wall of value, for they represent a

wealth of civilization and knowledge in rational thought which no mere consideration of money can possibly appraise. Whoever would buy them at the auction of the world, which may possibly take place when Macaulay's New Zealander comes on his memorable sketching tour, must bring with him a blank cheque and have a certified balance at his bank running into millions.

Upstairs another set of exceedingly valuable cylinders is a series of five, which cover a hundred years of the most important part of the second Assyrian Empire, and are certainly worth not less than £100,000. All the cuneiform tablets in the Museum are said to number at least 100,000, and, excluding the Creation Tablets and taking the big

with the small, could not be averaged at less than £10 each, so that their value is at least a round million. A quarter of this sum would in addition be probably fetched by the Egyptian Papyri of the Books of the Dead, of which there are at least twenty good ones dating back to 1500 B.C. Of the other papyri the Harris Papyrus, which records the reign of Rameses III. and is 130ft. long, is certainly worth £25,000.

In a large case along one side of the wall may be seen a lot of blue Egyptian porcelain. It covers a development in the art of at least a couple of thousand years, and is worth not less than £200,000. It is difficult to avoid the appearance of a catalogue when each article has an almost unique interest, but the seeker for the curious should certainly not omit to notice the model of a granary of the



ONE OF THE NINEVEH BULLS—ESTIMATED VALUE £25,000.

to 705), and briefly describe certain of his building operations and his wars and conquests, were supposed to represent supernatural beings, and were erected at the doors of palaces to "protect the footsteps of the King their builder," to quote the inscription. They would, undoubtedly, be cheap at £50,000; and, the Assyrian lions with wings and human heads, which may be seen not far off, would undoubtedly bring as much.

The great Sarcophagus of Nectanebus, made of black basalt, would fetch at least £50,000, while that of Ankh-nes-ne-fer-a-bra is even more valuable still—coffins expensive enough to satisfy even the yearnings of a multi-millionaire with Oriental tendencies.

Upstairs, in the rooms next to that in which the mummies are exhibited, there is a wealth of millions in the cylinders of various

Sixth Dynasty, which dates back to 3500 B.C., and is the only specimen to be found in any of the museums of Europe; while there is a weight in the shape of a bull with the name of a King of an early dynastic era engraved on it, for which one is compelled to decline to set any value, as it also is unique. A gate-socket of King Entemena, who reigned 4500 years B.C., must startle those who adhere to the strict chronology of the Bible. His record carries us beyond the Bible days, and many people have stood aghast at the hardihood of the authorities in thus putting themselves in conflict with Archbishop Usher, even though the mummied remains of the neolithic man are cause for still greater wonder.

In the Library, with its forty miles and more of bookshelves, no one even to-day has the faintest idea of the exact number of books. They certainly number at least two millions, and year by year they increase at a well-nigh incredible rate, seeing that close on, if not quite, 10,000 pieces of printed matter, using that objectionable term to cover all the books received by the department, are added every month to the collection.

Its great glory—certainly the most valuable book in the almost priceless list of the possessions under the control of the Chief Librarian—is the “Codex Alexandrinus,” one of the three great codices of the world, the other two being the “Codex Vaticanus,” in the library of the Vatican, and the “Codex Sinaiticus,” at St. Petersburg.

The Alexandrinus, whose name was derived from the fact that it was brought from Alexandria by Cyril when he was Patriarch of the See, an office he held from 1602 till 1621, was a present from the then Sultan of Turkey to Charles I. It is a wonderful piece of work, and the manuscript is now bound in four volumes. Three of them contain the Septuagint version of the Old Testament, in an almost complete form, while the fourth volume contains the New Testament, with, however, “several lamentable” defects. It is

in quarto form, 12¾ in. high by 10¼ in. broad, and consists of 773 leaves, of which 639 contain the Old Testament. Each page contains two columns of fifty or fifty-one lines; each line has in it twenty or more letters, which are written without any space between the words, and the only punctuation is a point at the end of a sentence, with a vacant space at the end of a paragraph. The value of the Codex would be at least half a million sterling, and there is no knowing but that the bidding might force it to an even larger figure than the conservative one I have named.

From half a million sterling to £5,000 may seem a ridiculous drop, but when one thinks of that sum as the price of a single book it is sufficiently startling even in these days of high prices. At that sum is valued the “Mainz Psalter,” the second book known to have been printed that bears a date.

Caxton’s “Game and Playe of Chesse,” which was supposed to have been the first book printed in England, is now believed to have been printed in Bruges about 1475, and the “Dictees and Sayngs of the Philosophers,” which is not accepted as having been the first book printed in England

after Caxton’s removal from Bruges in 1477, would be cheap at £1,000 each. At the same price the “Life of Our Lady,” by John Lydgate, dating back to 1484, and “Godfrey of Boulogne,” to 1481, are set down, while the “Fifteen Odes and Other Prayers,” the only one printed with ornamented borders, would fetch from £200 to £500 more. The Mazarin Bible would cost anyone £4,000, while Coverdale’s Bible, though valued at only a quarter of that sum, would need a pretty rich man to add it to his collection.

The books printed by Caxton, the father of printing in England, it need hardly be said, represent to the Museum a fortune in themselves, seeing that the “Recuyell of the Histories of Troy,” the first book printed in the English language, is valued at £2,000,



THE CODEX ALEXANDRINUS—WORTH ABOUT £500,000.

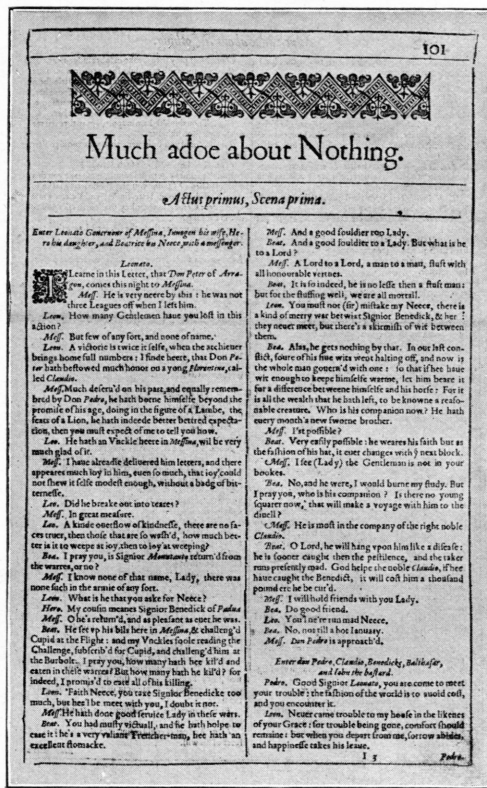
and might fetch £3,000, as might any of the Caxtons mentioned above, including the "Book of the Tales of Canterbury," printed at Westminster about 1478. There are something like sixty different books printed by Caxton in the Library, and as most of them are in duplicate they number in the aggregate between 100 and 120, so that even at £500 apiece, a very cheap average, they represent a total of considerably over £50,000.

Did anyone want an object-lesson of the way in which modern printing has enabled our generation to enjoy the greatest literature of the past one need go no farther than Shakespeare, all of whose works can be bought now for a shilling. The plays in quarto form, each a complete volume in itself, are all in the Museum, and each volume is worth from £200 to £500, while a first folio containing all the plays ranges in value from £800 to £1,500, a second folio from £100 up, and a third folio from £300 up. And what shall be said to a copy of "Æsop's Fables" which is priced at £1,000, and "Robinson Crusoe" and the "Pilgrim's Progress" at £100 each? In the matter of books, indeed, one might write on indefinitely, for one has only to recall such modern instances as the "Kelmscott Press," an enduring memorial of the genius of William Morris, as long as books and book-lovers live, a complete set of which is worth £500 to £600, and the sale of Rudyard Kipling's "School Boy Lyrics" at £131 within the last two or three years to suggest the enormous wealth of this department alone.

And what shall I say of the autograph collection of the Museum, with its examples of the writings of practically all the great names in the world's history? The gem of the collection, as will be universally admitted,

is the autograph of Shakespeare, the greatest name in the whole of England's history. The Museum boasts only one indisputable specimen of the writing of him who wrote more than most men in his life, and yet, of all that writing, only five or six specimens of his name are extant, one of which is at the Guildhall and three are at Somerset House. A copy of Montaigne's Essays, 1603, with an autograph of Shakespeare is also preserved here, but although its genuineness has been strenuously defended, among others by the late Sir Frederick Madden, it is not now believed to be genuine, as is certainly the signature of Ben Jonson in another copy of the same book. Could

one imagine an auctioneer in his pulpit saying to the assembled multitude, "The next lot is the autograph of William Shakespeare," the excitement in the room would be extraordinary. Indeed, were such a sale probable, it would no doubt have to be conducted in the Albert Hall, or some similar place, in order to accommodate not only the bidders from all over the world, but those who would be drawn to see the sale. Expert opinion leads to the belief that the bidding would begin at not less than £1,000, and when one reflects that Stratford-on-Avon is the Mecca of thousands of rich Americans every year, because it contains the—to them—most hallowed dust in the world, it needs



SPECIMEN PAGE OF SHAKESPEARE'S FIRST FOLIO—
THIS VOLUME IS WORTH FROM £800 TO £1,500.

SHAKESPEARE'S AUTOGRAPH.

Battery Fifteen.

A STORY OF GIBRALTAR.

BY FRANK SAVILE.

BIRVANEFF laughed without any trace of a sneer. He was cock-sure, that was all, but none the less irritating. I pulled him up sharply.

"You are only bluffing," I said. "You may know about our guns at home; all the world does, I suppose, since nowadays half of them come from Germany; I daresay you have plans and specifications of our ships—we have of yours; but there are still a few secrets that Britain keeps to herself—just a few."

He only laughed again and lit a cigarette. He was quite pleasant about it, but still most annoyingly confident.

"Not one!" he declared, "not a single one!! We know you inside and out."

Harbours, ships, railways, batteries, rifles, and men—we have information of everything, down to the boots and clothing in store. I believe I could tell you within a hundred pairs how many 'bullswolls,' as you call them, have been returned as imperfect within the last month to your army clothing department. I'll inquire when I get back and write to you if you like. You can compare and see how near I come."

"Oh, hang your statistics!" said I. "You can get those from any clerk, who may or may not be a foreigner, and in the clothing dépôt often is. Numbers of saddles and horses and men and rifles are not hard to come at. London is a sieve of information. But here in Gibraltar things are a trifle different. Could you give me the armament of Battery 15 in the second gallery, upper tier, for instance?"

He didn't answer me at once. He looked at me with a sort of meditative inquiry.

"I dare say I could—if you gave me time," he said, slowly. "But, then, you couldn't check the information yourself."

"Oh, but I could!" said I.

"You could?"

"Yes—with infinite exactness."

He stared at me thoughtfully.

"I thought the information was kept secret even in your own army. *We* know, of course; we make it our business to know. But I understand that the upper tier armament is entirely in the hands of the superior officers of the artillery and engineers. I will flatter you by saying that they, as a rule, are not to be corrupted."

I nodded and grinned.

"We are not flattered," I answered, "but



"WE KNOW YOU INSIDE AND OUT."

we take your compliment in the spirit in which it is offered. As a member of the incorruptible body I thank you."

"But how will you check my information, then?" he asked.

"It's my own battery," said I, simply.

Ferrers and Thring laughed, for I certainly had scored. Birvaneff was not put out.

"That, of course, is conclusive," he agreed. "But all the same, when I return home I'll see if I can't surprise you with my accuracy. I have not the information at my fingers' ends, and can't give it off-hand. We don't in the least mind your knowing how much *we* know. It is because we can gauge your strength so exactly that we don't pick a quarrel. But it must come in time, you see. We are growing steadily. We shall be ready one day. Then——"

"Then?" said Ferrers.

"Well, let us hope it will mean promotion for us all," answered Birvaneff, sweetly.

He settled down to play sixpenny nap with three of the fellows after that, and as one of my sergeants was ill in hospital I strolled over to see after him. When I got back an hour later Birvaneff was gone and the chaps were discussing him.

"I see you propose him as honorary member of the mess?" said the Colonel.

"Yes, sir."

"Where did you pick him up, Strange?"

I explained that he was in the Prince's suite, and that he brought a letter from my brother in England. "You will see for yourself, sir," said I, as I drew it from my pocket-book and handed it to him.

The letter said that the bearer, Hetman Birvaneff, of the 31st Regiment of Oural Cossacks, had been attaché at the Russian Embassy, was everybody's friend, and a thorough sportsman. He spoke English like a native, liked a good dinner, and knew a horse and a cigar. He had given my brother famous introductions last winter in St. Petersburg, and the former therefore hoped that I would return this hospitality vicariously for him while the Cossack captain, who was attached to Prince Basil's staff during his Mediterranean tour, sojourned at Gibraltar. Anything that I could do to give Boris Birvaneff a good time would be thoroughly appreciated by the writer, who trusted I kept fit, was seeing good sport with the Calpe, and remained my affectionate brother, Ninian Strange.

The Colonel handed it back with a nod of approval.

"Why, certainly," he said.

So for the next fortnight we saw a good deal of the Hetman of the 31st Regiment of Oural Cossacks, and the more we saw of him the less reason we had to dislike him. For a Russian, as the Colonel put it, he seemed a thoroughly good sort. He talked, he thought—apparently—and, lastly and especially, rode like an Englishman. He got two days' leave from his Prince, and we took him over to the Tent Club camp at Tangier. The next day he took "first spear" out of Ferrers's mouth, so to speak, with a hoary old grey-back of a boar in a decisive fashion that made us fairly blink. "Good Lord!" was the only remark Ferrers made; but he looked from Birvaneff to the boar and from the boar to Birvaneff as if he thought there was some extraordinary mistake somewhere. Ferrers is rather our topline man at pig-sticking, and got unmercifully chaffed for many days after.

But what we liked particularly about Birvaneff was that with all this sort of thing he carried no side. He treated his own riding and our riding—we had all been members of the Tent Club for over a year, you must remember—as a simple matter of course.

"Ride?" he said, with a sort of wonder, when somebody hinted that his horsemanship was something above the average. "Why, of course I ride! I am a soldier—a cavalry man."

We pondered that if the God of Battles ever sent the 31st Regiment of Oural Cossacks full tilt against one of His Majesty's batteries of R.H.A. there would be some fine swordsmanship—that is to say, if the troopers rode like their Hetman.

We liked him even better after that, and, in some ways, I think he returned the liking. He wandered in and out of the ante-room of the mess all day long. Most evenings found him there, unless the Prince had need of his society, or when he dined with the Governor, which he did once or twice. He was good enough to take a special interest in me, and was always darting professional questions at me. Some of these were a bit awkward to answer.

"I can't see how you can keep a very tight supervision over your guards and sentries through all those miles of galleries," he remarked one evening. "You come in at the gates with a rattle of keys. The guard turns out. Of course the sentries pass the word along that the officer of the day is on his rounds. He must be signalled from post to post long before he gets to them.

Between whiles they must do much as they like."

I grinned.

"Yet we do prevent it," I said.

"How?"

"I thought you knew as much about these things as we do?" said I.

He laughed good-naturedly.

"Yes, you score there," he answered. "I spoke too confidently. Still, I don't see how you can avoid the thing happening as I say."

"Well, we don't go in with a rattle of keys and turn out the guard, that's all," said Ferrers, who should have known better. I saw the Colonel frown.

Birvaneff stared at him with that look of musing inquiry which he often wore. Then he nodded.

"Why, of course," he said. "I should have thought of that. There are secret entrances known to certain of the officers alone?"

We all laughed at his artless way of putting it.

"I think a hand or two of nap will be better than all this professional shop," said the Colonel, quietly. "Have you time for a game before you go, Strange?" For I was officer of the night.

When I left for my rounds an hour later Birvaneff came with me. We walked for a few hundred yards together before we reached the point at which we had to separate — he for the town and I for—well, for a point on Flagstaff Hill, which many field officers (but none below that rank) know well. It is rather lonely there on the plateau where the roads divide, one going down past Ragged Staff towards the Alameda, the other turning along towards Europa Point and the Monkey Cave.

"You are confirming my hypothesis, my dear Strange," said Birvaneff as we shook hands. "Where is the guard that accompanies the officer of the day? You are going to surprise these dear gunners of yours, as I said."

"I don't think I am ever much of a surprise to them," said I.

"I should like to come with you and prove it," he mused.

I laughed. "Good-night," said I. "See you to-morrow?"

He seemed lost in a fit of meditation.

"Good-night," he answered, looking up with a start. "Yes—to-morrow, if you're not tired of my ceaseless company. Halloo!"

He was staring out seaward, pointing to something over my shoulder. "What can that be?"

I wheeled round, gaping southward towards Africa. In the misty darkness I saw nothing but the twinkle of the stars and the riding lights of the shipping in the bay. They were dim and growing dimmer. A heavy fog was closing in from the Atlantic.

Two hands whipped sharply past my cheeks, and something soft, stuffy, and smelling sickly sweet was pressed over my mouth and nostrils. I struggled, I fought, I choked; the breath seemed to drown my lungs in a flood of molten lead. I kicked convulsively with my heels behind me, but nothing

loosened by a hairsbreadth the grip of the strong arms that were locking my head and shoulders. I might have been clamped by iron bands. Then a sort of weakness, a deadening paralysis, seized my muscles. My arms fell against my sides. My head drooped to my chest. There was a rushing murmur



"SOMETHING SOFT, STUFFY, AND SMELLING SICKLY SWEET WAS PRESSED OVER MY MOUTH."

like the drone of a torrent in my ears. I slept.

I woke reluctantly and drowsily. I tried to mutter words, but my tongue refused its office. There was a terrible pulse of pain at its tip. It was skewered—by a silver tooth-pick, I afterwards found—to my lips outside my teeth. I was dumb, and the dull pressure that was at my wrists and elbows told me that I was bound. A dead weight was pressing my ankles to earth.

My eyes grew accustomed to the darkness and I realized my position. We were in the shadow of the cliff beside the private entrance to the galleries.

Sitting across my legs, Birvaneff was leaning forward to peer into my face. I saw that he was examining me to discover if I had regained consciousness. His lips dropped to my ear and he whispered:—

“Are you awake? Move your right foot if you are.”

For a moment I hesitated, but what was the good of deceiving him? I shuffled my right foot.

I could tell by the gleam of his teeth that he grinned.

“You see, I know the secret of the entrance,” he said. “My question in the mess was to find out if *you* did. But unfortunately I do not know the key-word to this lock. You must open it, my friend.”

The blood flushed to my face with rage. I shook my head violently. The wicket lock is opened by a different word every night, known only to the Governor, the town major, and the officer of the day. The scoundrel! I open it! I’d see him most particularly and completely hanged first!

His right hand moved towards my breast. Something gleamed silkily in the dull shadow and I felt a sharp prick of pain.

“This stiletto is exactly over the centre of your heart, my good Strange,” he whispered, quietly. “Think, if you please, a little more discreetly. Life is good—very, very good. You stand well in your profession. The Calpe are showing capital sport. It would be dark and squalid and unnecessary to end it all here. Think of the warmth and the light and the jollity of the Tent Club campings for instance. And they tell me, too, that you are going to get married.”

A vision of Nellie’s face seemed to rise from the darkness to tempt me. Oh, it was a dark and terrible trap in which I was taken. You who hear my tale in the light, and with not an hour of your

life at stake, can hardly understand the agony of that moment. To be flung out of life suddenly, treacherously; to die, not like a man, but like a cornered rat; to have no time to think, to drop as in a moment into the abyss of eternity—eternity. God forgive me. I shuffled my foot again.

He nodded as he rose warily off my legs.

“I had a notion you would think better of it,” he whispered, and propped me against the rock behind us, my bound hands touching the stone. “Scratch the word in the dust with your finger,” he commanded.

I scratched patiently, wearily, but not the word.

“You will only kill me after all,” he spelled, as he bent down to read it.

“You fool!” he muttered, savagely.

“What good is the word to me without you? You are going to guide me through the galleries, which, I don’t mind owing to you, I know absolutely nothing about. But make no mistake, my friend. That stiletto will never leave my hand; so do your best to avoid guard-houses and sentries. I am going to wear your overcoat, and my English is quite good enough to pronounce the word of the night; so if we must pass one or two, as I suppose we must, there is no need for any explanation. No; I am not going to kill you if you are sensible. When we get back I shall send you to sleep again—for four and twenty hours. By the time you wake I shall be half-way to Madrid by way of Algeciras. I swear to give you your life—on the honour of a soldier I swear it—if you behave well. But let me repeat again very distinctly, that that stiletto will always be within twelve inches of your heart.”

“It will be utter ruin,” I scratched, laboriously.

He snarled like a disappointed wolf when he saw that I still hesitated. His cruel Tartar blood was up, and he took me by the hair and drew back my head till the torture of my tongue was inexpressible.

“Ruin!” he hissed. “Isn’t death ruin too? Give me the word on the instant or by all the saints I’ll stab you where you lie!”

And then—but only because an idea, a tiny hope—had begun to sprout in my heart, I did it. For I knew by the face of the man that he would not keep his oath. He would glean his information, he would escape by my means, and then he would stab me and leave me dead and dishonoured out there in

the dark on the cliff-side. "Sevastopol," I dinted slowly into the dust—was ever such a coincidence as that being the word of the night?—and I heard him swear again as he read it. He clicked the letters as he framed them together on the dial and swung back the door.

He thrust me in front of him as he closed it. One hand he placed upon my sword-belt, one he held with the stiletto in it against my back beneath my shoulder-blade. So we marched forward, with death ceaselessly pricking at my heart, and dishonour—unless I carried out the wild plan I had matured—my only goal.

Ah, that long walk through those gloomy galleries! The stoppages, the examinations, the notes he made! The questions he asked which I had to answer laboriously by tracing in the limestone dust! The thrill of desperate fear that pulsed through my brain when we passed a sentry or a guard-room! Sometimes yet I rise from nightmare in my sleep, groaning and catching my breath as I tread that awful road in dreams. I feel the prick of the stiletto. The torture of my skewered tongue throbs again. Birvaneff is behind me. Death beckons me on. Despair is about me, black as the silent night.

One thing I had made up my mind to. He should not escape—no; he should not escape. My life might have to go; but I swore that my honour should be left unstained. There was one hope. Somehow I must get him undiscovered to my own battery—to that range of portholes that grinned upon the north-western face of rock, which I knew as the palm of my own hand, and which contained the one chance of escape from this net of cruel cunning which had me enmeshed. So on we drifted silently through the corridors of rock, avoiding as far as possible the fighting galleries, and using only the communication tunnels. Villain that he was, Birvaneff had nerve. Muffled in my overcoat he gave the word of the night to sentry after sentry in faultless English, and without having turned out a single guard we arrived at last in that stretch of gallery where my 6in. beauties grin at Spain.

I stopped slowly. I did not want that stiletto through my heart before I made my one bid for life and honour.

"What is this?" he asked. He put the flat of his palm against my forefinger. "Draw the letters against my hand," he explained.

"MINE," I dinted slowly against his flesh with my nail, and I could see the gleam of his teeth again as he grinned. His hand found and fondled the breech of the nearest gun. He patted it appreciatively.

"Yours!" he said, with the ghost of a chuckle in his whisper. "Well, my friend, I have answered your question already. How many of this calibre in the gallery?"

I drew a number against his skin again, lying stolidly. I was going to give him no opportunity to count.

"We have twice as many in Kronstadt, besides our 135-ton gun," he whispered, boastfully. I knew then for a certainty that he meant to kill me at the last. Would he have told as much to one to whom he was going to allow life?

He passed his hand here and there across breech and muzzle. He fingered the levers. He satisfied himself that they were what I described them to be. Then he whispered "Lead on," and with the blood pulsing up from my heart in great throbs I led on—to Death.

Outside on the great sheer face of limestone that hangs above the town my gunners had cut a ledge a hand's breadth wide from porthole to porthole. For hand-hold they had scooped a groove 3ft. above it. They had learned to scamper like monkeys across this perilous path from gun to gun. Our practice fire, in consequence, beat the other batteries by fifty seconds or more. The other men saw, swore, and in spite of what their officers said, did not imitate. It was hardly to be wondered at. Before enlistment they had been only ordinary earth-walking mortals.

To dance 800ft. above nothing at all, as one of them expressed it, was more than they could stomach. But in my battery a dozen men were Northumbrians, trained cragsmen, educated to every trick of fowling and climbing along their wild coasts. It was they who had conceived this device for swift travelling from gun to gun, and to avoid returning from the casemate into the gallery after each discharge. I had reaped many compliments on the smartness of my team that were due to them alone.

I could feel Birvaneff start slightly and hesitate as I led forward towards the porthole instead of back into the gallery. His grasp upon my sword-belt tightened. I held it tight, also, in my manacled hands. During the long journey down the dark aisles of rock I had managed to pick at the buckle. It was loose in my grip.

He breathed a doubting question into my ear.

"Secret exit" I drew painfully upon his palm, fearful that he could not help noticing the trembling of my finger. He nodded, and I stepped forward again towards the porthole.

The mist was closing up to it like a very blanket—a curtain of night and fog that seemed almost palpable to the touch, and only I could tell that where mist met rock the drop was sheer into the abyss.

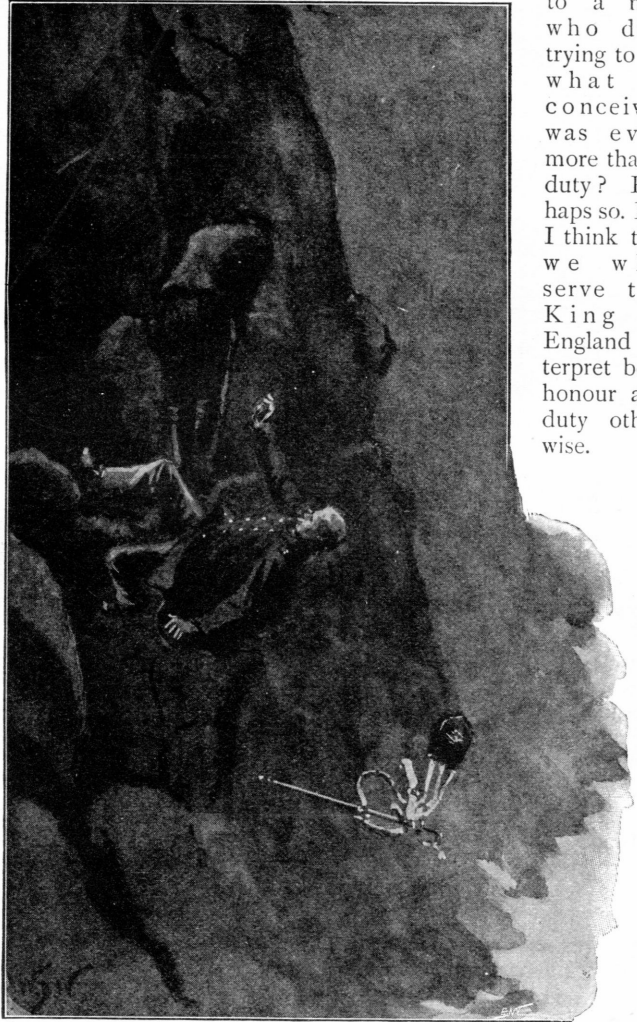
I drew a deep breath and breathed a prayer. A second more and it would be decided one way or another. A rush of sudden fear surged up to my brain; I hesitated. God be thanked I had the manhood to thrust it back. I stepped forward resolutely over the edge, turned my foot sharply, and—found the ledge. By God's providence, too, my chained hands fell upon the grooved hold. I dropped the sword-belt from my grip.

At the very last I think he must have grown suspicious, but too late. As he put his foot over that great step of 800ft. and more he staggered and his hands caught at the empty air. As his sole met nothingness he shrieked. For one terrible second his fingers clutched my tunic, but my hold was good. He jerked me, it is true; I swayed as the cloth tore in his grasp, but my feet were firm. I looked over my shoulder to see him pass with outflung arms into that fathomless well of night.

It was an hour later that I staggered into the Colonel's quarters to tell him, with bleeding lips and tongue, my tale of peril.

He is a man of cool nerve. With me alone he sought the rubble slope beneath the northern cliffs, found the shapeless thing that had once been Birvaneff, and went with me to rouse the Governor. What explanation those two offered to Prince Basil when the bearer party laid that shattered body down in the hotel I never knew. One thing was told me not long after. The "Official Gazette" that announced the death of the Hetman of the 31st Oural Cossacks did so in the simple words, "killed in action." Would they claim that as an

honour due to a man who died trying to do what he conceived was even more than a duty? Perhaps so. But I think that we who serve the King of England interpret both honour and duty otherwise.



"I LOOKED OVER MY SHOULDER TO SEE HIM PASS WITH OUTFLUNG ARMS INTO THAT FATHOMLESS WELL OF NIGHT."

Confessions of a Caricaturist.

BY HARRY FURNISS. WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR.

The "Confessions" of Mr. Harry Furniss, which are to appear in two handsome volumes in the course of the present month, comprise the richest assortment of personal experiences, anecdotes, gossip, and good stories about well-known people that has been set before the public for many a long day. We have made arrangements to quote from the advance sheets of these volumes for the entertainment of our readers, and to reproduce a selection from their scores of illustrations. We should like to recount at length the very interesting narrative of Mr. Furniss's early life and experiences, but in these pages we must be content with a few characteristic specimens of his work with pen and pencil, which may be left to tell their own story without comment.



From a Photo. by]

MR. HARRY FURNISS.

[Mr. Barnett, Falk Studio, Melbourne.

THE poor Saxon "towrist"—
A SPECIMEN what he may suffer in the
ANECDOTE. Emerald Isle! There is a story
on record of three Irishmen
rushing away from the race meeting at
Punchestown to catch a train back to
Dublin. At the moment a train from
a long distance pulled up at the station,
and the three men scrambled in. In the
carriage was seated one other passenger.
As soon as they had regained their breath
one said:—

"Pat, have you got th' tickets?"

"What tickets? I've got me loife; I
thought I'd have lost that gettin' in th'
thrain. Have you got 'em, Moike?"

"Oi, begorrah, I haven't."

"Oh, we're all done for thin," said the
third. "They'll charge us roight from the
other soide of Oireland."

The old gentleman looked over his news-
paper and said:—

"You are quite safe, gentlemen; wait till
we get to the next station."

They all three looked at each other.
"Bedad, he's a directhor—we're done for
now entoirely."

But as soon as the train pulled up the
little gentleman jumped out and came back
with three first-class tickets. Handing them
to the astonished strangers, he said, "Whist,
I'll tell ye how I did it. I wint along the
thrain—"Tickets, plaze; tickets, plaze," I
called, and these belong to three Saxon
towrists in another carriage."

Sir Henry Irving, like his dear
TOOLE'S old friend Mr. J. L. Toole, has
PENCIL found relief in occasional harm-
less fun. Toole, however, was
irrepressible.

I was one day walking with him in Leeds
(where he was appearing in the evening on
the stage and I on the platform). A street

hawker proffered the comedian a metal pencil-case for the sum of a halfpenny. Toole made this valuable purchase. As soon as I left the platform that night I found a note for me, inviting me to the theatre directly after the performance. Toole came back on to the stage and, making me an elaborate and complimentary speech, referring to me as "a brother artist in another sphere," etc., presented me with the pencil! I made an appropriate reply, and we went to supper.

The following paragraph from the pen of Mr. Toole appeared in the Press the next day in London as well as in the provinces:—

"Brother artists, even when working in different grooves, do not lack appreciation of each other's work. After Mr. Harry Furniss's lecture in Leeds the other night he and Mr. Toole foregathered; and the popular and genial actor presented the 'comedian of the pencil' with a very neat and handsome pencil-case, just adapted for the jotting down, wherever duty takes him, of those graphic sketches with which the caricaturist amuses us week by week."



A PRESENTATION.

I recollect, when I first saw him in Waterloo Place, I had just read an article of his in which he gave a recipe for getting rid of callers, which was to bring the conversation to an abrupt termination, say absolutely nothing, but steadfastly stare at your visitor until he left. I can vouch for its being a simple and effective plan.

When I entered his editorial sanctum the genial essayist received me most cordially, and looked the picture of comfort, surrounded as he was by a heterogeneous collection of pipes. Presently he knocked the ashes out of his finished pipe and mutely stared point-blank at me till I, like the pipe, went out also. But before making my exit I reminded him that I had read the article I refer to, and up to which he was no doubt acting, and that I was pleased and interested that he practised the doctrine he preached. Possibly this remark of mine was unexpected, and therefore somewhat disconcerted him for a moment, for he quickly replied, "Not at all!

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Not at all! Fact is, I was rather upset before you came in by a miserable man who called to see me, and at the moment I was, *à propos* of him, thinking of a funny story about Theodore Hook I came across last night I never heard of before. Poor Hook was at a smart dinner one evening, but instead of being as usual the life and soul of the party, he proved the wet blanket on the merry meeting, despite the fact that he, in all probability, had imbibed his stiff glass of brandy to get him up to his usual form before

entering the house at which he was entertained. This most unusual phase of Hook's character surprised everybody present, so much so that his host ventured to remark that the volatile Theodore did not seem so merry as usual.

"Merry? I should think not! I should like to see anyone merry who has gone through what I have this afternoon!"

"What was that?" asked everyone, with one voice.

"Well, I'll tell you," said Hook. "I have just come up from York in the stage coach, and I

was rather late in taking my seat; the top was occupied to the full, so I had no alternative but to become an inside passenger. The only other occupant of the interior was a melancholy individual rolled up in a corner. He had donned his great-coat, the collar of which was turned right up over his ears. He stolidly sat there, never uttering a word, until I became fascinated by his weird appearance. By-and-by the sun sank below the western horizon, the inside of the coach became darker and darker, and more ghastly seemed the cadaverous stranger as the blackness increased. The strain was too much for me. I could not keep silent another minute.

"My good sir," I said, "what ever is the matter with you?"

"I'll tell you," he slowly muttered. "Some months ago I invested in two tickets in a great lottery, but when I told my wife of the speculation I had indulged in she nagged and nagged at me to such a frightful extent that at last I sold the tickets."

"Well?"

"Well, do you know, sir, to-day those two numbers won the two first prizes, and



"THAT'S JUST WHAT I HAVE DONE."

those two prizes represent a sum of money of colossal magnitude!"

"“Goodness gracious me!” I shouted. “If that had happened to me it would have driven me to desperation! In fact, I really believe that I should have been frantic enough to have cut my throat!”

““Why, that’s just what I have done!” replied the stranger, as he turned down his collar. “Look here!””

A stoutly-made little fellow of AN APT eight, to his mother, who happened to be extremely thin:

“Oh, mother, I do believe you must be the very sweetest woman in the world!”

“Thanks, very much, Lawrence. But why so affectionate? What do you want?”

“I don’t want anything. I only know you must be the very sweetest woman in the world.”

“Really, you are too flattering. Why this sudden outburst of affection?”

“Well, you know, I’ve been thinking over the old, old saying, ‘The nearer the bone the sweeter the meat.’”

There are a number of ARTISTS’ MODELS. girls who go the round of the studios, but have no right whatever to do so. They generally hunt in pairs, and this habit surely distinguishes them from the real model. They are more easily drawn than described. Two of this class once called on Barnard.



BARNARD AND THE MODELS.

“What do you sit for?” he asked.

“Oh, anything, sir.”

“Ah, I am a figure man—you are no use to me; but there is a friend of mine over there who is now painting a landscape—I think you might do very well for a haystack; and your friend might try studio No. 5 and sit for a thunder-cloud, the artist there is starting a stormy piece—oh, good morning.” Tableau!

A wretched individual once called upon me and begged me to give him a sitting. I asked him to sit for what I was at work upon: this was a wicket-keeper in a cricket match bending over the wicket. I assured the man he need not apologize, as he had really turned up at an opportune moment; the drawing was “news,” and it had to be finished that day. When I had shown my model

the position and made him understand exactly what I wanted, I noticed to my surprise that he was trembling all over. I immediately asked him if he were cold.

“No.”

“Nervous?”

“No.”

“Then why not keep still?”

“Well, that’s just what I can’t do, sir! I had to give up my occupation because, sir, I am afflicted with the palsy, and when I bend I do tremble so. I only sit for ‘ands, sir—for ‘ands to portrait painters. I close ‘em for a military gent; I open ‘em for a bishop; but when the hartist is him a ‘urry I know as ‘ow to ‘ide one ‘and in my pocket



"I SIT FOR 'ANDS, SIR."

and the hother hunder a cocked 'at."

Hiding hands recalls to me a fact I may mention in justice to our modern English caricaturists. We never make capital out of our subjects' deformities. This I pointed out at a dinner in Birmingham a few years ago, at which I was the guest of the evening, and as I was addressing journalists I mention this fact in justice to myself and my brother caricaturists. It so happened that afternoon I had heard Mr. Gladstone making his first speech in the opening of Parliament, 1886, after being returned in Opposition. Turning round to his young supporters, he used for the first time the now famous expression, "an old Parliamentary hand," hold-

the same benches, for years, assured me that they had never noticed his hand before I made this matter public. So that when I am told that I misrepresent portraits of prominent men I always point to this fact.

Mr. Gladstone was careful to hide the deformity in his photographs, but in his usual energetic manner in the House the black patch in place of the finger was on many occasions in no way concealed.

The first house I occupied after I married faced one occupied by a well-known and worthy, fiery-tempered man of letters, and it so happened that one evening my wife and I were dining at the house of another neigh-

A DIS-
AGREEABLE
NEIGHBOUR.



THE GRAND OLD HAND AND THE YOUNG 'UNS.

"I stand here as a Member of the House, where there are many who have taken their seats for the first time upon these benches, and where there may be some to whom possibly I may avail myself of the privilege of old age to offer a recommendation. I would tell them of my own intention to keep my

counsel, and reserve my own freedom, until I see the occasion when there may be a prospect of public benefit in endeavouring to make a movement forward, and I will venture to recommend them, as an old Parliamentary hand, to do the same. (Laughter.)"—From Gladstone's Speech.

BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF THE PROPRIETORS OF "PUNCH."

ing up at the same time a hand on which there were only three fingers. Now, what if I had drawn that hand as it was minus the first finger, showing the black patch? It would have been tempting on the part of a foreign caricaturist, because it had a curious application under the circumstances. (But it would be noticed that in my sketch in *Punch* the first finger, which really did not exist, is prominently shown.) This was the first time the fact was made public that Mr. Gladstone had not the first finger on the left hand; since then, however, all artists, humorous or serious, were careful to show Mr. Gladstone's left hand as pointed out by me.

Now, I had noticed this for years in the House, and I hold as an argument that men are not observant the fact that members who had sat in the House with Mr. Gladstone, on

bour. We were gratified to learn that our celebrated *vis-à-vis*, hearing we had come to live in the same square, was anxious to make our acquaintance. On our return home that night we discovered the latch-key had been forgotten, and unfortunately our knocking and ringing failed to arouse the domestics. It was not long, however, before we awoke our neighbours, and a window of the house opposite was violently thrown open, and language all the stronger by being endowed with literary merit came from that man of letters, who in the dark was unable to see the particular neighbours offending him, and he referred to my wife and myself in a way that could not be passed over. A battle of words ensued, in which I proved the victor, and my neighbour beat a hasty retreat. Before retiring I wrote a note to our friend we had just left to say that under the circum-



MY FIGHTING DOUBLE.

person, and to keep his eye on the house opposite. I went on with my work in peace. Presently a note came:—

"DEAR FURNISS,—Your neighbour has sent round to ask me what you are like. He has never seen you till this morning, and he is frightened to leave his house. He implores me to apologize for him."

He departed from the neighbourhood shortly afterwards.

stances I refused to know my neighbour, and he had better inform him that I would on the first opportunity punch his head. By the same post I wrote for a particular model—a retired pugilist. As soon as he arrived next morning I placed him at the window of my studio facing the opposite house, now and then sending him down to the front door to stand on the footstep to await some imaginary

of Mr. Sambourne trying the same thing on with the overworked bank clerk.

I sent my *Punch* friend a cheque, here reproduced, for the sum of 5½d., payable to "Lynnlay Sam Bourne, Esqre.," signed by me backwards, crossed "Don't you wish you may get it and go?" Sambourne indorsed it "L. Sam. Bourne," and sent it to his bank. The clerk went one better, and wrote "Cancelled" backwards across my reversed signature. It passed through my bank, and the money was paid. This is probably unique in the history of banking.

A propos of writing backwards, in days when artists made their drawings on wood everything of course had to be reversed,

SIR HENRY IRVING'S
ATTEMPT TO WRITE
HIS AUTOGRAPH
BACKWARDS.

MR. J. L. TOOLE'S FIRST ATTEMPT.

so writing backwards became quite easy. To this day I can write backwards nearly as quickly as I write in the ordinary way. One night at supper I was explaining this, and furthermore told my friends that they them-



A CHEQUE FOR 5½d., SIGNED BACKWARDS.

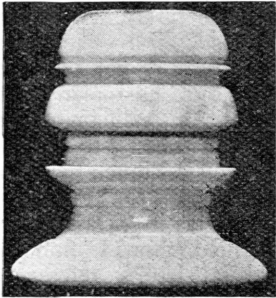
A REMARK-
ABLE
CHEQUE.

It is bad enough to purposely puzzle the overworked letter-carriers—they are too often tried by unintentional touches of humour emanating from the most innocent and unsuspected members of the public—but I confess that I was once the innocent cause

selves could write backwards—in fact, they could not avoid doing so. Not, of course, on the table, as I was doing, but by placing the sheet of paper against the table underneath, and writing with the point upwards. Perhaps my readers will try—and see the effect. For encouragement, above are a

couple of the first attempts on that particular evening.

A
GLADSTONE
MATCH-
BOX.



THE GLADSTONE MATCH-BOX.

Mr. Gladstone's portrait has been adopted by others besides caricaturists. It is carved as a gargoyle in the stonework of a church, and the head of the Grand Old Man has been turned into a match-box. The latter I here reproduce. It was shown to me one evening when I was the guest at the Guards' mess at St. James's Palace. A clever young Guardsman, who had a taste for turning,

worked this out in wood from my caricatures of Mr. Gladstone, and I advised his having it reproduced in pottery. The suggestion was carried out by the late Mr. Woodall, the member for the Potteries, and was largely distributed at the time the G.O.M. was politically meeting his match and thought by some to be a little light-headed.

Perhaps there are not two men with surnames so similar and yet so different in every other way than that great man of business, Sir Christopher Furness, and myself. He has an eye for business, but not one for his surname—I have an "I" in my name, and two for art only. When Mr. Furness was first returned to Parliament, plain Mr., then neither a knight nor a millionaire, he asked to see me alone in one of the Lobbies of the House of Commons. He held a note in his hand, *strangely* and nervously—so I knew at once it was not a bank-note.

"I—ah—am very sorry—you are a stranger to me, I—a—stranger to the House. This note from a stranger was handed to me by a strange official. I read it before I noticed the mistake. It is addressed to you."

"Oh, that is of no consequence, I assure you," I said.

"Oh, but it is—it must be of consequence. It is—of—such a private nature, and so brief. I feel extremely awkward in having to acknowledge I read it—a pure accident, I assure you!"

He handed me the note and was running away, when I called him back. It read:—

"Meet me under the clock at 8.—LUCY."

"I must introduce you to Lucy."

"No, no! not for worlds."
But I did. Here he is.



"LUCY."

INTRO-
DUCTION
TO
"PUNCH."

It was not until Tom Taylor had passed away that Mr. Punch would deign to give me a chance. I had then been seven years in London hard at work for the leading magazines and illustrated papers, and I may truly say that my work was the only introduction I ever had to Mr. Burnand.

When I first entered the goal of my boyish ambition—that is to say, the editorial sanctum of Mr. Punch—I had never met the gentleman who, for a number of years afterwards, was destined to be my chief, and I fully expected to see the editor turn round and receive me with that look of irrepressible humour and in that habitually jocose style which I had so often heard described. I looked in vain for the geniality in the editor's glance, and there was a remarkably complete absence of the jocose in the sharp, irritable words which he addressed to me.

"Really," said he, "this is too bad! I wrote to you to meet me at the Surrey Theatre last night, and you never turned up. We go to press to-day, and the sketches are not even made."

"I don't quite understand you," I replied, "for I never heard from you in my

life, and I don't think that you ever saw me before."

"But surely you are Mr. —?" (a contributor who had been drawing for *Punch* for some weeks). "Are you not?"

"No," I said. "My name is Furniss, and I understood that you wanted to see me."



MY FIRST MEETING WITH THE EDITOR OF "PUNCH."

This was in 1880, and from that period up to the time of my resignation from the staff of *Punch* I certainly do not think that I have ever seen Burnand's face assume such a threatening and offended expression as it wore that day.

I was then twenty-six. Strange to say, Charles Keene and George du Maurier were exactly the same age when they first made their *début* in *Punch*, but not yet invited to "join the table."

As I was leaving my house one summer evening a few years afterwards, the youngest member of my family, who was being personally conducted up to bed by his nurse, inquired where I was going.

"To dine with Mr. Punch," I replied.

"Oh, haven't you eaten all his hump yet, papa? It does last a long time!" And the little chap continued his journey to the arms of Morpheus, evidently quite concerned about his father's act of long-drawn-out cannibalism.

It is a curious fact that I really never had a seat allotted to me at the *Punch* table. I always sat in du Maurier's, except on

the rare occasions when he came to the dinner, when I moved up one. It was always a treat to have du Maurier at "the table." He was by far and away the cleverest conversationalist of his time I ever met—his delightful repartees were so neat and effective, and his daring chaff and his criticisms so bright and refreshing.

For some extraordinary reason du Maurier was known to the *Punch* men as "Kiki," a friendly sobriquet which greeted him when he first joined, and refers to his nationality. In the same way as an English schoolboy calls out "Froggy" to a Frenchman, his friends on the *Punch* staff called him "Kiki," suggested by the Frenchman's peculiar and un-English art of self-defence.

Du Maurier took very little interest in the discussions at the table; in fact, he resented informal debate on the subject of the cartoon

as an interruption to his conversation, although I was informed he once suggested a cartoon which will always rank as one of the most historical hits of Mr. Punch—a cartoon of the First Napoleon warning Napoleon the Third as he marches out to meet the Germans in the war of 1870.

Suggestions for *Punch* came to me from most unexpected quarters, but were rarely of any use.

LEWIS CARROLL.



LEWIS CARROLL'S SUGGESTION.

Lewis Carroll—like everyone else—got excited over the Gladstonian crisis, and Sir William Harcourt's head to Lewis Carroll was much the same as Charles the First's to Mr. Dick in "David Copperfield," for I find in several letters references to Sir William. "*Re Gladstone's head and its recent growth, couldn't you make a picture of it for the 'Essence of Parliament'?*" I would call it 'Toby's Dream of A.D. 1900,' and

have Gladstone addressing the House, with his enormous head supported by Harcourt on one side and Parnell on the other."

This suggestion is the only one I adopted. Strange to say, neither Gladstone, Parnell, nor Lewis Carroll lived to see 1900.



MY SKETCH IN "PUNCH."

His eccentricity was a combination of absent-mindedness and irritableness. The latter failing, he told me, would at times take complete control of him. For instance, he had to leave a train before his journey was completed, as he felt it impossible to sit in the carriage and look at the alarm-bell without pulling it. I have watched him seated in the smoking-

room of the club we both attended, in which the star-light in the centre of the ceiling was shaded by a rather primitive screen of stretched tissue-paper, gazing at it for half an hour at a time, and eventually taking all the coins out of his pocket to throw them one after another at the immediate object of his irritation. He frequently succeeded in penetrating the screen, the coins remaining on the top of it, to the delight of the astonished waiters.

His eccentricity—perhaps I ought to say in this case his absent-mindedness—is illustrated by an incident which happened on the morning of the funeral of a great friend of his. As Cecil (his real name was Blount) was having his bath, he was suddenly inspired with some idea for a song; so, pulling his sponge-bath into the adjoining sitting-room, close to the piano, he placed a chair in it and sat down to try it over. A friend, rushing in to fetch him to the funeral, found him so seated, singing and playing, balancing the dripping sponge on the top of his head.

I sat for John Brown for the picture
A MODEL. Queen Victoria
had commissioned of Mr. Brown surrounded by her pet dogs, which she had in her private room. She was so delighted with the picture that she had a replica made of it, and placed it in the passage outside, so that it was the first picture she looked at as she left her room. Barber's animals and children were delightful, but he was weak with his men, and was in trouble over John Brown's calves—it was then that I posed for the "brawny Scot," but only for the portion here mentioned.

CROSSING
TO AMERICA
—THE
CAPTAIN OF
THE LINER.

Now, this commander was a captain from the top of his head to the soles of his feet. A stern disciplinarian, erect, handsome, uncommunicative, not a better officer ever stood on the bridge of an Atlantic or any other liner. He had a contempt for the "herring pond," and manipulated one of these floating hotels with as much ease as one would handle a toy boat. "When a navigator's duty's to be done" he was *par excellence* a modern Cæsar, but despite his sternness he had a sense of humour, and his unbending moments struck one with an emphasized surprise.

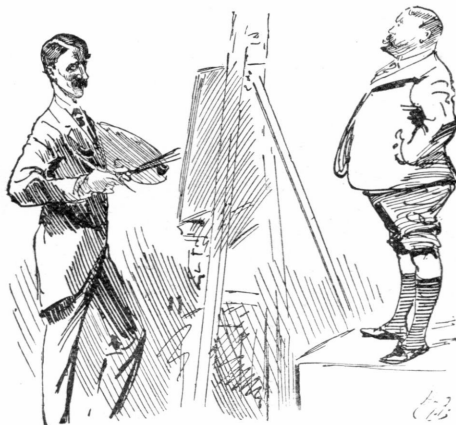
He could not bear a bore. Those fussy landlubbers who are always tapping the barometers, asking questions of every member of the crew, testing, sounding, and finding fault

with the weather chart, had better steer clear of the worthy captain, as, with hands thrust deep in his pockets, he strides from one end of the deck to the other during the course of his constitutional. It is on record that one of these fussy individuals, edging up to a well-known captain as he was going on to the bridge when a mist was gathering and the siren was about to blow as customary when entering on an Atlantic fog, remarked:—

"Captain, captain, can't you see that it is quite clear overhead?"

The captain turned on his heel to ascend to the bridge, and scornfully rejoined:—

"Yes, sir; yes, sir; but can't you see that I am not navigating a balloon?"



"I SIT FOR JOHN BROWN'S CALVES."

On one occasion the captain had been through a terribly stormy afternoon and night and had not quitted his post on the bridge for one minute, the weather being awful. Fogs, icebergs, and the elements all combined to make it a most anxious time for the one man in charge of the valuable vessel and her cargo of 1,700 souls, and during the whole period the un-

flinching skipper had not tasted a mouthful of food. The captain's boy, feeling for his master, had from time to time endeavoured, with some succulent morsel, to make him break his long fast; but the firm face of the captain was set, his eyes were fixed straight ahead, and his ears were deaf to the lad's appeal. It was breakfast time when the boy once more ventured to ask the captain if he could bring him something to eat. This time he got an answer.

"Yes," growled the captain, "bring me two larks' livers on toast!"

These Atlantic captains of the older school were a hardened and humorous lot of navigators, and many a story of their eccentricity survives them. One in particular of an old captain seeing the terror of the junior officer during that nervous ordeal of treading the bridge for the first time with him. This particular old salt, after a painful silence, turned on the young man and said, "I like you. I'm very much impressed by you. I've heard a lot about you—in fact,

my dear sir, I should like to have your photograph. You skip down and get it."

The nervous and delighted youth rushed off to his cabin and informed his brother officers of the compliment the old man had just paid him. He was in luck's way, and ran gaily up on to the bridge, presented his photograph, blushing modestly, to the old salt.

"Umph! Got a pin with you?"

"Ye—es, sir."

"Ah, see! I pin you up on the canvas here. I can look at you there and admire you. You can go, sir; your photograph is

thing but well. One mate after another would be dispatched with the strictest orders from the captain to search for the cheerless chessite; but after a time the captain's patience would be exhausted, his strident voice could be heard calling upon the caricaturist to come forth and show himself, and eventually he might be seen *en route* to his cabin with the box of chessmen under one arm and his opponent under the other.

I was cruel enough on more than one occasion to follow them and witness the sequel.



"CHESS!"

just as valuable as you appear to be on the bridge. Good morning."

The captain of the ship I was on had his chessmen pegged, and holes in the board into which to place them, so that, despite any oscillations of the ship, they would remain in their places; but the unfortunate part of the business was that although he could provide sea-legs for his chessmen it was more than he could do for his opponent, and it was as good as a play to see Signor "Lib" hiding from the captain when the weather was not all it might be, and he in consequence felt any-

"Your move, now—your move!"

"Ah, captain! I do veel zo ill! Ze ship it do go up and down, up and down, until I do not know vich is ze bishop and vich is ze queen!"

"Nonsense, sir, nonsense! Your move—look sharp, and I'll soon have you mated!"

The poor artist *did* move, and quickly too, but it was to the outside of the cabin!

The captain was triumphant at table, telling us of his victory; but his poor opponent could only point to his untouched plate and to the waves dashing against the

port-holes, and with that shrug of the shoulders so suggestive to witness but so difficult to describe, would thus in dumb show explain the cause of his defeat.

I remember well on one beautiful afternoon, the sky bright and the sea calm; just before the pilot came on board when we were nearing the States, Signor Prosperi (for that was his name) came up to me, his face the very embodiment of triumph:—

“Ah, I have beaten *ze* captain at last—but *ze* sea is smooth!”

MR.
EDWARD
LLOYD.

On the outward voyage we had a host in Mr. Edward Lloyd, but he was under contract not to warble until a certain day which had been fixed in New York, and no doubt his presence had a deterrent effect upon the amateur talent, with the exception of one lady, who came up to Mr. Lloyd and said:—

“You really *must* sing—you really *must*!”

“I am very sorry, madam, but I really can’t—I am not my own master in this matter.”

“Oh, but you must,” she rejoined. “I have promised that if you will sing, *I* will.”

AMERICAN
GIRLS AND
ENGLISH.

In face, I notice, the American girl is quite distinct from her English sister. I notice a difference in the way the upper lip sweeps down from the outer edge of the nostril; but more noticeable still is the fact that the cheek-bones of the American girls are not so prominent, and the smooth curve down the cheek to the chin is less broken by smaller curves. In social life the American girl charms an Englishman by her natural and

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“I HAVE PROMISED THAT IF YOU WILL SING, I WILL.”

unaffected manner. Our English girls are very carefully brought up, and are continually warned that this thing or that is “bad form.” As a result, when they enter society they are more or less in fear of saying or doing something that will not be considered suitable. As a matter of fact they are not lacking in energy or vivacity, but these qualities are suppressed in public, and only come to the surface in the society of intimates. American girls from childhood upwards are much more independent; they have much more freedom and en-

couragement in coming forward than ours. The vivacity and liberty expected of an American girl in social intercourse are considered—as I say—bad form for our girls. The observant stranger will, if an artist, also be struck by the fact that the face of an American girl, as well as the voice, is often that of a child; in fact, if one were not afraid of being misunderstood, and therefore thought rude, one could better describe the American girl by saying that she has a baby’s face on a woman’s body than by any word-painting or brush-painting either. The large forehead, round eyes, round cheeks, and round lips of the baby remain; and, as the present fashion is to dress the hair ornamentally after the fashion of a doll, the picture is complete.

The eyes of an American girl are closer together than those of her English cousin, and are smaller; her hands are smaller, too, and so are her feet, but neither are so well-shaped as the English girl’s.

Let me follow the American girl from her babyhood upwards. The first is the baby, plump, bright-eyed, and with more expression than the average English child; little older, see her still plump, short-legged, made to



“YOUNG AMERICA.”

look stout by the double covering of the leg bulging over the boots; older, but still some years from her teens, she is still plump from the tip of her toe to her eyebrow, with an expression and a manner ten years in advance of her years, and you may take it from this age onwards the American girl is always ten years in advance of an English girl; next the schoolgirl, then that ungainly age "sweet seventeen." She seems twenty-seven, and thenceforwards her plumpness disappears generally, but remains in her face, and the cheeks and chin of the baby are still with her.

Suddenly, ten years before the time, and in one season, happens what in the life of an English matron would take ten. The bubble bursts, the baby face collapses, just as if you pricked it with a pin, and she is left sans teeth, sans eyes, sans beauty, sans everything. This is the American girl in a hurry, and these remarks only apply to the exhausted New York, the sensational Chicago, the anxious Washington, and the overstrained child of that portion of America in a hurry.

THE TRIALS OF AN ENTERTAINER. I was once obliged to deliver a "lecture" on "Art" in a rough tweed suit. It so happened that I was giving a series

of lectures in the vicinity of Birmingham, and I was stopping with a friend of mine, the Curator of the Art Gallery and Museum there. He suggested my leaving my Gladstone bag, containing my change of clothes, in his office, while I spent my day rummaging about old book-shops for first editions and making calls on various friends. My host having had to go to London that day I was left to my own devices, and it was about five o'clock in the evening when I went to the Museum for my belongings. To my horror I saw a notice up: "Museum closed at three o'clock on Wednesdays," and this was Wednesday! I rang and knocked, and knocked and rang, but all in vain. I crossed over to some other municipal buildings to see if there was

anyone there who could help me out of my dilemma, but my spirits went down to zero when I was there informed that the custodian of the keys lived miles out of the town. Back I went to the Museum, fiercely plotting an ascent up the water-spout or a burglarious entrance through a back window, when, to my delight, I saw an attendant gesticulating to me from a window three or four stories from the ground. My time was running very short, so I rapidly explained to him the predicament I was in, and implored him to throw my bag out of the window. He told me that he was a prisoner, locked in to look after the building, that there were three or four double-locked doors between him and the private office in which my coveted bag was lying, and wound up with the cheering announcement that my case was hopeless.

I had only a few minutes left in which to catch my train. A glance at my cuffs showed me that one's linen has to be changed pretty frequently in a Midland town, so I made a frantic dive into a shirt-maker's.

"White shirt, turn-down collar! Look sharp!"

"Yes, sir. Size round neck, sir?"

"Oh, thirty, forty—anything you like, only look sharp!" Time was nearly up.

He measured my neck carefully. The size was a little under my estimate, so I got the shirt, bolted for the station, and jumped into the train as it was going off, my only luggage being my recent purchase. I got into this, and soon I was on the platform in my tweed suit. I apologized to the audience for



THE SURPRISE SHIRT.

making my appearance minus the orthodox costume, saying it might have been worse, and that it was better to appear without my dress clothes than without the lantern or the screen. I believe they soon forgot there was anything unusual about me, but I think that as I worked up to my subject, and became more and more energetic, they could see that I wasn't altogether happy. That wretched shirt certainly fitted me round the neck, but the sleeves were abnormally long for

me, and the cuffs being wide they shot out over my hands with every gesture. If I uplifted my hands imploringly, up they went, halfway up the screen; if with outstretched arms I drove one of my best points home, those cuffs would come out and droop pensively down over my hands; if I brought my fist down emphatically, a vast expanse of white linen flew out with a lightning-like rapidity that made the people in the first row start back and tremble for their safety; and when, after my final grand peroration, I let my hands drop by my side, those cuffs came down and dangled on the platform.

If my reader happens to be much under the medium height, and rather broad in proportion, I would warn him not to buy his shirts ready-made. I cannot understand the idea of measurement that leads a shirtmaker to cut out a shirt, taking the circumference of the neck as a basis. I know a man about six feet high who has a neck like a walking-stick. If he bought a shirt on the shirt-makers' system it would barely act as a chest-protector; and, on the other hand, this shirt in question, as I said before, certainly fitted me round the neck, but I nearly stepped on the sleeves as I went off the platform at the close of my lecture, and some of the audience must think to this day that I am a conjurer, and that on this occasion I was going to show them some card trick with the aid of my sleeves, which would have been invaluable to the Heathen Chinee. Indeed, this is not the only time I have been suspected of being a sort of necromancer.

A fly was the offender on one occasion in my experience. I was showing some serious portraits of Mr. Gladstone in my entertainment, "The Humours of Parliament," and was doing my level best to rouse an appreciative North Country audience to a high pitch of enthusiasm for the man they worshipped so. I was telling them that at one moment he looks like this, and at another moment he looks like that, when I was amazed to hear them go into fits of laughter! In describing Mr. Gladstone I dilate upon him first in a rhetorical vein, and then proceed to carica-

ture my own delineations, and it has always been flattering to me to find that the serious portraits have been received with a grave attention only equalled by the laughter with which the caricatures have been greeted. But not so on this occasion. I spoke of his flashing eye (titters!), his noble brow (laughter!), his patriarchal head (roars!), and a mention of his commanding aquiline nose nearly sent them into hysterics! Now, in my lecturing days mishaps may have occurred which were due to some fault of the lantern or operator provided by the society I lectured to; but with the splendid set of lanterns I had made for my entertainment, engineered by the infallible professor who exhibited for me, I never



THE FLY IN THE LANTERN.

troubled to look round to see if the picture was all right. But for a second it struck me that by some mischance he might be showing the caricatures in place of the serious portraits. Quickly I turned round, and the sight that met my eyes made me at once join in the general roar. There was a gigantic fly promenading on the nasal organ of the Grand Old Man, unheeding the attempts which were being made on its life by the professor, armed with a long pointed weapon. It had walked into the professor's parlour—that is to say, into his lantern—and taken up its temporary residence

between the lenses, whence it was magnified a hundredfold on to the screen! When I give an "entertainment" I have, of course, no chairman, but when I "lecture" (which I occasionally do still) I am sometimes "introduced."

A story is told of a distinguished irritable Scotch lecturer who on one occasion had the misfortune to meet with a loquacious chairman, the presiding genius actually speaking for a whole hour in "introducing" the lecturer, winding up by saying: "It is unnecessary for me to say more, but call upon the talented gentleman who has come so far to give us his address to-night." The lecturer came forward: "You want my address. I'll give it to you: 322, Rob Roy Crescent, Edinburgh—and I'm just off there now. Good-night!"

[The following extract requires a little explanation. Du Maurier told Mr. Furniss a story about Mr. G. A. Sala's rejection as an Academy student owing to his sending in a drawing of a foot embellished with six toes. Mr. Furniss repeated this joke, quite good - humouredly, at a supper, which, together with some other allusions to himself which were incorrectly reported, so roused Mr. Sala's ire that he brought the matter into the law courts, and the case excited much interest and amusement.]

Skits showing six toes
SALA'S were plentiful, jokes in
TOES. burlesque and on the
music-hall stage were
introduced as a matter of course, and
private chaff in letters was kept up for some
time. One private letter I wrote du Maurier:
"Sala has no sole for humour—you have
made me put my foot in it," and added the
Six Toes signature sketch. In this no doubt
du Maurier found inspiration for "Trilby."

I recollect an incident the
WHISTLER'S mention of which will, I fear,
LOLLIPOPS. send a cold
shudder through
any worshipper of "Nubian"
nocturnes and incomprehen-
sible "arrangements." On
one occasion after leaving the
banquet of the Guild I
beheld Whistler—"Jimmy"
of the snowy tuft, the martyred
butterfly of the "peacock
room"—to whose impression-
able soul the very thought
of a sugar-stick should be
direst agony, actually making
his way homewards hugging a
great box of lollipops!

It is said an Englishman
will find any excuse to give a
dinner, but my experience has
been that this is truer of
Americans. I have been the
guest of many extraordinary
dining clubs, but as the most
unique I select the Pointed
Beards of New York. To club
and dine together because one
has hair cut in a particular way is the *raison
d'être* of the club; there is nothing heroic,
nothing artistic or particularly intellectual.
It is not even a club to discuss hirsute
adornments; such a club might be made

as interesting as any other, provided the
members were clever.

THE CLUB OF POINTED BEARDS.



THE SIX-TOES
SIGNATURE.

That most delightful of *littérateurs*, Mr. James Payn, once
interested himself, and with his
pen his readers, in that charm-
ing way of his, on the all-important
question: "Where do shavers learn
their business? Upon whom do
they practise?" After most careful
investigation he answers the question:
"The neophytes try their prentice
hands upon their fellow-barbers."
That may be the rule, but every rule
has an exception, and I happened
once to be the unfortunate layman
when a budding and inexperienced
barber practised his art upon me. I

sat in the chair of a hairdresser's not a hundred
miles from Regent Street. I had selected a
highly respectable, thoroughly English estab-
lishment, as I was tired of being held by the
nose by foreigners' fingers saturated with the
nicotine of bad cigarettes. I entered gaily,
and to my delight a fresh-looking British
youth tied me up in the chair of
torture, lathered my chin, and began opera-
tions. I was not aware of the
fact that I was being made a
chopping-block of until the
youth, agitated and extremely
nervous, produced a huge piece
of lint and commenced dabbing
patches of it upon my counten-
ance. Then I looked at myself
in the glass. Good heavens!
Was I gazing upon myself, or
was it some German student,
lacerated and bleeding after a
sanguinary duel? I stormed
and raged, and called for the
proprietor, who was gentle and
sorry and apologetic, and ex-
plained to me that the boy must
begin upon somebody, and I
unfortunately was the first
victim! I allow my beard to
grow now.

Otherwise I should not have
been eligible for the New York
Pointed Beards, for no qualifica-
tion is necessary except that one
wear a beard cut to a point.

The tables were ornamented with lamps,
having shades cut to represent pointed
beards. A toy goat, the emblem of the
club, was the centre decoration. We had
the "Head Barber," and, of course, any



MR. J. M. WHISTLER.
Drawn with my left hand.

amount of soft soap. A leading Republican was in the barber's chair, and during dinner some sensation was caused by one of the guests being discovered wearing a false beard. He was immediately seized and ejected until

my obituary, and here I am as large as life!"

The editor looked up and coolly said: "Sur, I am vury sorry; I reckon there is a mistake some place, but it kean't be helped.



Italian Opera, with his beautiful pointed beard, and he had also a beautiful voice. But New York could not supply an accompanist with a pointed beard! So a false beard was preferred to false notes.

after the dinner, when he returned with his music. It so happened we had present a member of the

You are killed by the *Jersey Eagle*, you are to the world buried. We never correct anything, and we never apologize in Amurrican papers."

"That won't do for me, sur. My wife's in tears; my friends are laughing at me; my business will be ruined—you *must* apologize."

"No, si—ree, an Amurrican editor never apologizes."

"Well, sur, I'll take the law on you right away. I'm off to my attorney."

"Wait one minute, sur—just one minute. You are a re-nowned and popular citizen: the *Jersey Eagle* has killed you—for that I am vury, vury sorry, and to show you my respect I will to-morrow find room for you—in the births column."

Now, do not let any editor imagine these pages are my professional obituary—my autobiography. If by mistake he does, then let him place me immediately in the births column. I am in my forties, and there is quite time for me to prepare and publish two more volumes of my "Confessions" from my first to my second birth, and many other things, before I am fifty.

MY PREFACE IN BRIEF. In these volumes, if I have made some joke at a friend's expense, let that friend take it in the spirit intended, and—I apologize beforehand.

In America apology in journalism is unknown. The exception is the well-known story of the man whose death was published in the obituary column. He rushed into the office of the paper and cried out to the editor:—

"Look here, sur, what do you mean by this? You have published two columns and a half of



BY RICHARD MARSH.



YOU cannot keep on meeting the same man by accident—not in that way. To suggest such a possibility would be to carry the doctrine of probabilities too far. Miss Donne began herself to think that such might be the case. She had first encountered him at Geneva—at the Pension Dupont. There his bearing had not only been extremely deferential, but absolutely distant. Possibly this was in some measure owing to Miss Donne herself, who, at that stage of her travels, was the most unapproachable of human beings. During the last few days of her stay he had sat next to her at table, in which position it had seemed to her that a certain amount of conversation was not to be avoided. He had informed her, in the course of the remarks which the situation necessitated, that he was an American and a bachelor, and also that his name was Huhn.

So far as Miss Donne was concerned the encounter would merely have been pigeon-holed among the other noticeable incidents of that memorable journey had it not been that two days after her arrival at Lausanne she met him in the open street—to be exact, in the Place de la Gare. Not only did he bow, but he stopped to talk with the air of quite an old acquaintance.

But it was at Lucerne that the situation

began to assume a really curious phase. Miss Donne left Lausanne on a Thursday. On the day before she told Mr. Huhn she was going, and where she intended to stop. Mr. Huhn made no comment on the information, which was given casually while they waited among a crowd of other persons for the steamer. No one could have inferred from his manner that it was not his intention to end his days at Lausanne. When, therefore, on the morning after her arrival, she found him seated by her side at lunch she was thrown into a flurry of surprise. As he seemed, however, to conclude that she would take his appearance for granted—not attempting to offer the slightest explanation of how it was that he was where he was—she presently found herself talking to him as if his presence there was quite in accordance with the order of Nature. But when, afterwards, she went upstairs to put her hat on, she—well, she found herself disposed to try her best not to ask herself a question.

Those four weeks at Lucerne were the happiest she had known. A sociable set was staying in the house just then. Everyone behaved to her with surprising kindness. Scarcely an excursion was got up without her being attached to it. Another invariable pendant was Mr. Huhn. It was impossible to conceal from herself the fact that when the parties were once started it was Mr. Huhn

who personally conducted her. A better conductor she could not have wished. Without being obtrusive, when he was wanted he was always there. Unostentatiously he studied her little idiosyncrasies, making it his especial business to see that nothing was lacking which made for her own particular enjoyment. As a conversationalist she had never met his equal. But then, as she admitted with that honesty which was her ruling passion, she never had had experience of masculine discourse. Nor, perhaps, was the position rendered less enjoyable by the fact that she was haunted by misgivings as to whether her relations with Mr. Huhn were altogether in accordance with strict propriety. She was a lady travelling alone. He was a stranger; self-introduced. Whether, under any circumstances, a lady in her position ought to allow herself to be on terms of vague familiarity with a gentleman in his, was a point on which she could hardly be said to have doubts. She was convinced that she ought not. Theoretically, that was a principle for which she would have been almost willing to have died. When she reflected on what she had preached to others, metaphorically she shivered in her shoes. She was half alarmed by the necessity she was under to acknowledge that it was a kind of shivering which could not be correctly described as disagreeable.

The domain of the extraordinary was entered on after her departure from Lucerne. At the Pension Emeritus her plans were public property. It was generally known that she proposed to return to England by way of Paris and Dieppe. In Paris she was to spend a few days, and in Dieppe a week or two. Practically the whole pension was at the station to see her off. She was overwhelmed with confectionery and flowers. Mr. Huhn, in particular, gave her a gorgeous bouquet, and a box of what purported to be chocolates. It was only after she had started that she discovered the chocolates were a sham; and that, hidden in the very midst of them, was another package. The very sight of it filled her with singular qualms. Other people were in the carriage. She deemed it prudent to ignore its existence in the presence of what quite possibly were observant eyes. But directly she had a moment of comparative privacy she removed it from its hiding-place with what—positively!—were trembling

fingers. It was secured by pink baby-ribbon tied in a true-lover's knot. Within was a leather case. In the case was a flexible gold bracelet, with on one side a circular ornament which was incrustated with diamonds. As she was fingering this she must have touched a hidden spring, because all at once the



"SHE GAZED AT IT IN BEWILDERED AMAZEMENT."

glittering toy sprang open, revealing inside—of all things in the world—a portrait of Mr. Huhn!

She gazed at it in bewildered amazement. All the way to Paris she was rent by conflicting emotions. That a perfect stranger should have dared to take such a liberty! Because, after all, she knew nothing of him—absolutely nothing, except that he was an American; which one piece of knowledge was, perhaps, a sufficient explanation. For all she knew, the Americans might have ideas of their own upon such subjects. This sort of behaviour might be in complete accord with their standard of propriety. The contemplation of such a possibility made her sigh. She actually nearly regretted that her standard was the English one, so strongly did she feel that there was something to be

said for the American point of view. If, that is, it truly was the American point of view; which, of course, had still to be determined.

Had the bracelet been trumpery trash, costing, say, fifteen or twenty francs, the case would have been altered. Of that there could be no doubt. But this triumph of the jeweller's art, with its costly diamond ornaments! She herself had never owned a decent trinket. Her personal knowledge of values was nil. Yet her instincts told her that this cost money. Then there was the name of "Tiffany" on the case. She had a dim consciousness of having heard of Tiffany. It might have cost one hundred—even two hundred—pounds! At the thought she burned. Who was she and what had she done that wandering males—the merest casual acquaintances—should feel themselves at liberty to throw bank-notes into her lap? As if she were a beggar—or worse. There was a moment in which she was inclined to throw the bracelet out of the carriage window.

The mischief was that she did not know where to return it. She had Mr. Huhn's own assurance that he also was leaving Lucerne on that same day. Where he was going she had not the faintest notion. At least, she assured herself that she had not the faintest notion. To return it, by post, to Ezra G. Huhn, America, would be absurd. She might send it back to the person whose name was on the case—to Tiffany. She would.

Then there was the portrait—hidden in the bracelet—which he had had the capital audacity to palm off on to her under cover of a box of chocolates. It was excellent—that was certain.

The shrewd face, with the kindly eyes in which there always seemed to be a twinkle, looked up at her out of the little gold frame like an old familiar friend. How pleasant he had been to her; how good. How she had always felt at ease with him; never once afraid. Although he had never by so much as a single question sought to gain her confidence, what a curious feeling she had had that he knew all about her, that he understood her. How she had been impressed by his way of doing things; his quick resource; his capacity of getting—without any fuss—the best that was obtainable. How she had come to rely upon him—in an altogether indescribable sort of way—when he was at hand; she saw it now. How, in spite of herself, she had grown to

feel at peace with all the world when he was near. How curious it seemed. As she thought of its exceeding curiousness, fancying that she perceived in the portrayed glance the twinkle which she had begun to know so well, her eyes filled with tears, so that she had to use her handkerchief to prevent them trickling down her cheeks. During the remainder of her journey to Paris that bracelet was about her wrist, covered by her jacket-sleeve. More than once she caught herself in the act of crying.

She found it impossible to remain in Paris. The weather was hot. In the brilliant sunshine the streets were one continuous glare. They seemed difficult to breathe in. They made her head ache. She longed for the sea. Within three days of her arrival she was hurrying towards Dieppe. In Dieppe she alighted at the Hotel de Paris. The first person she saw as she crossed the threshold was Annie Moriarty—at least, she used to be Annie Moriarty until she became Mrs. Palmer. The two rushed into each other's arms—Mrs. Palmer going upstairs with Miss Donne to assist in the unpacking. When they descended Miss Donne was introduced to Mr. Palmer, who had been Annie's one topic in the epistolary communications with which Miss Donne was regularly favoured. Mr. Palmer, who was a husband of twelve months' standing, proved to be a sort of under-study for a giant, towering above Miss Donne's head in a manner which inspired her with awe. While she was wondering whether, when he desired to kiss his wife and retain his perpendicular position, he always lifted her upon a chair—for Annie was a mere pigmy in petticoats—who should come down the staircase into the hall but Mr. Huhn!

At that sight not only did Miss Donne's cheeks flame, but she was overwhelmed with confusion to such an extent that it was impossible to conceal the fact from the sharp-eyed person who was in front of her. Although Mr. Huhn merely raised his hat as he passed into the street, her distress continued after he was gone. She accompanied the Palmers—in an only partial state of consciousness—into the Etablissement grounds. While her husband continued with them Annie was discretion itself; but when Mr. Palmer, going into the building—it is within the range of possibility on a hint from her—left the two women seated on the terrace, she assailed Miss Donne in a fashion which in a moment laid all her defences low.

The whole story was told before its



"MR. HUNN RAISED HIS HAT."

narrator was conscious of an intention to do anything of the kind. It plunged the hearer into raptures. Although, with a delicacy which well became her, she concealed the larger half of them, she revealed enough to throw Miss Donne into a state of agitation which was half pathetic and altogether delightful. As she sat there, listening to Annie's innuendoes, conscious of her delighted scrutiny, the heroine of all these strange adventures discovered herself hazily wondering whether this was the same world in which she had been living all these years, and whether she was awake in it or dreaming. After all the miracles which had lately changed the whole fashion of her life, was the greatest still upon the way?

Eva Donne was thirty-eight and three-quarters, as the children say. For over twenty years she had been a governess—without kith or kin. All the time she was haunted by a fear that the fat season was with her now, and that the lean one was coming soon. She was not a scholar; she was just the sweetest woman in the world. But while of the second fact she had no notion, of the first she was hideously sure. She had strained every nerve to improve her mental equipment; to keep herself abreast of

the educational requirements of the day; to pass examinations; to win those certificates which teachers ought to have. Always and ever in vain. The dullest of her scholars was not more dull than she. How, under these circumstances, she found employment was beyond her comprehension. Why, for instance, Miss Law should have kept her upon her teaching staff for nearly thirteen consecutive years was to her, indeed, a mystery. That Miss Law should consider it well worth her while to retain in her establishment a well-mannered, dainty lady; possessed of infinite patience, kindness, and tact; the soul of honour; considering her employer's interests before her own; willing to work late and early; who was liked by every pupil with whom she came into contact, and so was able to smooth the head mistress's path in a hundred different ways; that the shrewd proprietress of St. Cecilia's College should esteem these qualifications as a sufficient set-off for certain scholastic deficiencies never entered into Miss Donne's philosophy. Therefore, though she said not a word of it to anyone, she was tortured by a continual fear that each term would be her last. Dismissed for inefficiency at her age, what should she do? For

she was growing old; she knew she was. She was grey—almost!—behind the ears; her hair was thinner than it used to be; there were tell-tale wrinkles about her eyes; she was conscious of a certain stiffness in her joints. A governess so soon grows old, especially if she is not clever. Many a time she lay awake all through the night thinking, with horror, of the future which was in store for her. What should she do? She had saved so little. Out of such a salary how could she save?—with her soft, generous heart which could not resist a temptation to give. She sometimes wondered, when the morning dawned, how it was that she had not turned quite grey, after the racking anxieties of the sleepless night.

And then the miracle came—the god out of the machine. A cousin of her mother, of whom she had only heard, died in America, in Pittsburg—a bachelor, as alone in the world as she was—and left everything he had to his far-off kinswoman. Eight hundred sterling pounds a year it came to, actually, when everything was realized, and everything had been left in an easily realizable form. What a difference it made when she understood that the incredible had come to pass, and what it meant. She was rich, independent, secure from want and from the fear of it, thank God. And she thanked Him—how she thanked Him!—pouring out her heart before Him like some simple child. And she ceased to grow old; nay, she all at once grew young again. She was nearly persuaded that the greyness had vanished from behind her ears; her hair certainly did seem thicker. The wrinkles were so faint as to be not worth mentioning, while, as for the stiffness of her joints, she was suddenly conscious of an absurd and even improper inclination to run up the stairs and down them.

Then there came the wonderful journey. She, a solitary spinster, who had never been out of England in her life, made up her mind, after not more than six months' consideration, to go all by herself to Switzerland. And she went. After the strange happenings which, in such a journey, were naturally to be expected, to crown everything, here, on the terrace at Dieppe, sat Annie Moriarty that was—and a troublesome child she used to be—telling her—her!—the young woman's former and ought-to-be-revered preceptress—that a certain person—to wit, an American gentleman—was in love with her—with her! Miss Eva Donne. Not the least extraordinary part of it was that, instead of

correcting the presumptuous Annie, Miss Donne beamed and blushed, and blushed and beamed, and was conscious of the most singular sensations.

A remark, however, which Mrs. Palmer apparently inadvertently made, brought her back to earth with a sudden jolt.

"I suppose that whoever does become Mrs. Huhn will become an American."

It was just a second or so before she comprehended. When she did it was with a quick sinking of the heart. Something, all at once, seemed to have gone out of the world. Perhaps because a cloud had crept over the sun.

Was it possible? A thing not to be avoided? An inevitable consequence? Of course, Mr. Huhn was an American; she did know so much. And although—as she had gathered—this was by no means his first visit to Europe, it might reasonably be imagined that he spent most of his time in his native country. It was equally fair to assume that his wife would be expected to stop there with him. Would she, therefore, perforce lose her nationality, her birthright, her title to call herself an Englishwoman? To say the least of it, that would be an extraordinary position for—for an Englishwoman to find herself in. Mischievous Annie could not have succeeded better had it been her deliberate intention to make Miss Donne's confusion worse confounded.

She dined with the Palmers at a little table by themselves. Mr. Huhn was at the long table round the corner, hidden from her sight by the peculiar construction of the room. Mrs. Palmer announced that he had gone there before she entered. Miss Donne took care that she went before he reappeared. She spent the evening in her bedroom, in spite of Mrs. Palmer's vigorous protestations, writing letters, so she said. It is true that she did write some letters. She began half-a-dozen to Mr. Huhn. Among a thousand and one other things that bracelet was on her mind. Her wish was to return it, accompanied by a note which would exactly meet the occasion. But the construction of the note she wanted proved to be beyond her powers. It was far from her desire to wound his feelings; she was only too conscious how easy it is for the written word to do that. At the same time it was necessary that she should make her meaning plain, on which account it was a misfortune that she herself was not altogether clear as to what she did precisely mean. She did not want the bracelet; certainly not. Yet, while she did not

wish to throw it at him, or lead him to suppose that she despised his gift, or was unconscious of his kindness in having made it, or liked him less because of his kindness, it was not her intention to allow him to suspect that she liked him at all, or appreciated his kindness to anything like the extent she actually did do, or, indeed, leave him an excuse of any sort or kind on to which he might fasten to ask her to reconsider her refusal. How to combine these opposite desires and intentions within the four corners of one short note was a puzzle.

It was a nice bracelet—a beauty. No one could call it unbecoming on her wrist. She had had no idea that a single ornament could have made such a difference. She was convinced that it made her hand seem much smaller than it really was. She wondered if he had sent for it specially to New York, or if he had been carrying it about with him in his pocket. But that was not the point. The point was that, since she could not frame a note which, in all respects, met her views, she would herself see Mr. Huhn to-morrow and return him his gift with her own hands. Then the incident would be closed. Having arrived at which decision she slept like a top all night, with the bracelet under her pillow.

In the morning she dressed herself with unusual care—with so much care, indeed, that Mrs. Palmer greeted her with a torrent of ejaculations.

"You look lovelier than ever, my dear. Just like What's-his-name's picture, only ever so much sweeter. Doesn't she look a darling, Dick?"

"Dick" was Mr. Palmer. As this was said not only in the presence of that gentle-

man, but in the hearing of several others, Miss Donne was so distressed that she found herself physically incapable of telling the speaker that, as she was perfectly aware, she intensely disliked personal remarks, which were always in the very worst possible taste.

Nothing was seen of Mr. Huhn. She went with the Palmers to the market; to the man

who carved grotesque heads out of what he called vegetable ivory; to watch the people bathe, while listening to the band upon the terrace; then to lunch. All the time she had that bracelet on her person. After lunch she accompanied her friends on a queer sort of vehicle, which was not exactly a break or quite anything else, on what its proud proprietor called a "fashionable excursion" to the forest of Arques. It was nearly five when they returned. The Palmers went upstairs. She sat down on one of the chairs which were on the pavement in front of the hotel. She had been there for some minutes in a sort of waking

dream when someone occupied the chair beside her.

It was Mr. Huhn. His appearance was so unexpected that it found her speechless. The foolish tremors to which she seemed to have been so liable of late seemed to paralyze her. She gazed at the shabby theatre on the other side of the square, trying to think of what she ought to say—and failed. No greetings were exchanged.

Presently he said, in his ordinary tone of voice:—

"Come with me into the Casino."

That was his way; a fair example of his habit of taking things for granted. She felt that if, after a prolonged absence, she met him



"SHE BEGAN HALF-A-DOZEN TO MR. HUHN."

on the other side of the world, he would just ask if she liked sugar in her tea, and discuss the sugar question generally, and take it for granted that that was all the situation demanded. That was not her standpoint. She considered that when explanations were required they ought to be given, and was distinctly of opinion that an explanation was required here. She intended that the remark she made should be regarded as a suggestion to that effect.

"I didn't expect to see you at Dieppe."

He looked at her—just looked—and she was a conscience-stricken wretch. Had he accused her, at the top of his voice, of deliberate falsehood, he could not have shamed her more.

"I meant to come to Dieppe. I thought you knew it."

She had known it; all pretence to the contrary was brushed away like so much cobweb. And she knew that he knew she knew it. It was dreadful. What could she say to this extraordinary man? She blundered from bad to worse. Fumbling with the buttons of her little jacket she took out from some inner receptacle a small, flat leather case.

"I think this got into that box of chocolates by mistake."

He glanced at it out of the corner of his eye, then continued to draw figures on the pavement with the ferrule of his stick.

"No mistake. I put it there. I thought you'd understand."

Thought she would understand! What did he think she would understand? Did the man suppose that everyone took things for granted?

"I think it was a mistake."

"How? When I sent to New York for it specially for you?" So that question was solved. She was conscious of a small flutter of satisfaction. "Don't you think it's pretty?"

"It's beautiful." She gathered her courage. "But you must take it back."

"Take it back! Take it back! I didn't think you were the kind of woman that would want to make a man unhappy."

Nothing was farther from her desire.

"I am not in the habit of accepting presents from strangers."

"That's just it. It's because I knew you weren't that I gave it to you."

"But you're a stranger to me."

"I didn't look at it in just that way."

"I know nothing of you."

"I'm sorry. I thought you knew what kind of man I am, as I know what kind of woman you are—and am glad to know it. If it's my record you'd like to be acquainted with, I'm ready to set forth the life and adventures of Ezra G. Huhn at full length whenever you've an hour or two or a day or two to spare. Or I can refer you for them to my lawyer, or to my banker, or to my doctor, according to what part of me it is on which you'd like to have accurate information."

She could not hint that she would like to listen to a chapter or two of his adventures there and then, though some such idea was at the back of her mind. While she was groping for words he stood up, repeating his original suggestion.

"Come with me into the Casino."

She rose also. Not because she wished to; but because—such was the confusion of her mental processes—she found it easier to agree than to differ. They moved across the



"IT'S BEAUTIFUL—BUT YOU MUST TAKE IT BACK."

square. The flat leather case was in her hand.

"Have you found the locket?"

"Yes."

She blushed; but she was a continual blush.

"Good portrait of me, isn't it?"

"Excellent."

"I had it done for my mother. When she was dying I wanted it to be buried with her. But she wouldn't have it. She said I was to give it to—someone else one day. Then I didn't think there ever would be a someone else. But when I met you I sent it to New York and had it mounted in that bracelet—for you."

It was absurd what a little self-control she had. Instead of retorting with something smart, or pretty, or sentimental, she was tongue-tied. Her eyes filled with tears. But he did not seem to notice it. He went on.

"You'll have to give me one of yours."

"I—I haven't one."

"Then we'll have to set about getting one. I'll have to look round for someone who'll be likely to do you justice, though it isn't to be expected that we shall find anyone who'll be able to do quite that."

It was the nearest approach to a compliment he had paid her; probably the first pretty thing which had been said to her by any man. It set her trembling so that, for a moment, she swayed as if she would fall. They were passing through the gate into the Casino grounds. He looked at the case which she still had in her hand.

"Put that in your pocket."

"I haven't one."

She was the personification of all meekness.

"Then where did you have it?"

"Inside my jacket."

"Put it back there. I can't carry it. That's part of the burden you'll have to carry, henceforward, all alone."

She did not stop to think what he meant. She simply obeyed. When the jacket was buttoned the case showed through the cloth. Even in the midst of her tremors she was aware that his eyes kept travelling towards the tell-tale patch. For some odd reason she was glad they did.

They passed from the radiance of the autumn afternoon into the chamber of the "little horses." The change was almost dramatic in its completeness. From this place the sunshine had been for some time excluded. The blinds were drawn. It was garishly lighted. Although the room was large and

lofty, owing to the absence of ventilation, the abundance of gas, the crowd of people, the atmosphere was horrible. There was a continual buzz; an unresting clatter. The noise of people in motion; the hum of their voices; the strident tones of the *tourneur*, as he made his various monotonous announcements: all these assisted in the formation of what, to an unaccustomed ear, was a strange cacophony. She shrank towards Mr. Huhn as if afraid.

"What are they doing?" she asked.

Instead of answering he led her forward to the dais on which the nine little horses were the observed of all observers, where the *tourneur* stood with his assistant, with, in front and on either side of him, the tables about which the players were grouped. At the moment the leaden steeds were whirling round. She watched them, fascinated. People were speaking on their right.

"*C'est le huit qui gagne.*"

"*Non; le huit est mort. C'est le six.*"

Someone said behind her, in English:—

"Jack's all right; one wins. Confound the brute, he's gone right on!"

The horses ceased to move.

"*Le numéro cinq!*" shouted the *tourneur*, laying a strong nasal stress upon the numeral.

There were murmurs of disgust from the bettors on the columns. Miss Donne perceived that money was displayed upon baize-covered tables. The croupiers thrust out wooden rakes to draw it towards them. At the table on her right there seemed to be only a single winner. Several five-franc pieces were passed to a woman who was twiddling a number of them between her fingers.

"Are they gambling?" asked Miss Donne.

"Well, I shouldn't call it gambling. This is a little toy by means of which the proprietor makes a good and regular income out of public contributions. These are some of the contributors."

Miss Donne did not understand him—did not even try to. She was all eyes for what was taking place about her. Money was being staked afresh. The horses were whirling round again. This time No. 7 was the winning horse. There were acclamations. Several persons had staked on seven. It appeared that that particular number was "overdue." Someone rose from a chair beside her. Mr. Huhn made a sudden suggestion.

"Sit down." She sat down. "Let's contribute a franc or two to the support of this deserving person's wife and family. Where's

your purse?" She showed that her purse—a silver chain affair—was attached to her belt. "Find a franc." Whether or not she had a coin of that denomination did not appear. She produced a five-franc piece. "That's a large piece of money. What shall we put it on?"

Someone who was seated on the next chair said:—

"The run's on five."

"Then let's be on the run. That's it, in the centre there. That's the particular number which enables the owner of this little toy to keep a roof above his head."

As she held the coin in front of her with apparently uncertain fingers, as if still doubtful what it was she had to do, her neighbour, taking it from her with a smile, laid it upon five.

"*Le jeu est fait!*" cried the *tourneur*. "*Rien ne va plus!*"

He started the horses whirling round.

Then, with a shock, she seemed to wake from a dream. She sprang from her chair, staring at her five-franc piece with wide-open eyes. People smiled. The *croupiers* gazed at her indulgently. There was that about her which made it obvious that to such a scene she was a stranger. They supposed that, like some eager child, she could not conceal her anxiety for the safety of her stake. Although surprised at her display of a degree of interest which was altogether beyond what the occasion seemed to warrant, Mr. Huhn thought with them.

"Don't be alarmed," he murmured in her ear. "You may take it for granted that it's gone, and may console yourself with the reflection that it goes to minister to the wants of a mother and her children. That's the philosophical point of view. And it may be the right one."

Her hand twitched, as if she found the temptation to snatch back her stake before it was gone for ever almost more than she could bear. Mr. Huhn caught her arm.

"Hush! That sort of thing is not allowed."

The horses stopped. The *tourneur* proclaimed the winner.

"*Le numéro cinq!*"

"Bravo!" exclaimed the neighbour who had placed the stake for her. "You have won. I told you the run was on five."

"Shorn the shearers," commented Mr. Huhn. "You see, that's the way to make a fortune, only I shouldn't advise you to go farther than the initiatory lesson."

The *croupier* pushed over her own coin and seven others. Her neighbour held them up to her.

"Your winnings."

She drew back.

"It's not mine."

Her neighbour laughed outright. People were visibly smiling. Mr. Huhn took the pile of coins from the stranger's hand.

"They are yours; take them." Him she obeyed with the docility of a child. "Come; let us go."

He led the way to the door which opened

on to the terrace. She followed, meekly. It seemed that the eight coins were more than she could conveniently carry in one hand; for, as she went, she dropped one on to the floor. An attendant, picking it up, returned it to her with a grin. Indeed, the whole room was on the titter, the incident was so very amusing. They asked themselves if she was mad,



"YOUR WINNINGS."

or just a simpleton. And, in a fashion, considering that her first youth was passed, she really was so pretty! Mr. Huhn was more moved than, in that place, he would have cared to admit. Something in her attitude, in the way she looked at him when he bade her take the money, had filled him with a sense of shame.

Between their going in and coming out the sky had changed. The shadows were lowering. The autumnal day was drawing to a close. September had brought more than a suggestion of winter's breath. A grey chill followed the departing sun. They went up, then down, the terrace, without exchanging a word; then, moving aside, he offered her one of the wicker-seated chairs which stood against the wall. She sat on it. He sat opposite, leaning on the handle of his stick. The thin mist which was stealing across the leaden sea did not invite lounging out of doors. They had the terrace to themselves. She let her five-franc pieces drop with a clinking sound on to her lap. He, conscious of something on her face which he was unwilling to confront, looked steadily seaward. Presently she gave utterance to her pent-up feelings.

"I am a gambler."

Had she accused herself of the unforgivable sin she could not have seemed more serious. Somewhere within him was a laughing sprite. In view of her genuine distress he did his best to keep it in subjection.

"You exaggerate. Staking a five-franc piece—for the good of the house—on the *petits chevaux* does not make you that, any more than taking a glass of wine makes you a drunkard."

"Why did you make me, why did you let me, do it?"

"I didn't know you felt that way."

"And yet you said you knew me!"

He winced. He had told a falsehood. He did know her—there was the sting. In mischievous mood he had induced her to do the thing which he suspected that she held to be wrong. He had not supposed that she would take it so seriously, especially if she won, being aware that there are persons who condemn gambling when they or those belonging to them lose, but who lean more towards the side of charity when they win. He did not know what to say to her, so he said nothing.

"My father once lost over four hundred pounds on a horse-race. I don't quite know how it was, I was only a child. He was in business at the time. I believe it ruined him, and it nearly broke my mother's heart.

I promised her that I would never gamble—and now I have."

He felt that this was one of those women whose moral eye is single—with whom it is better to be frank.

"I confess I felt that you might have scruples on the point; but I thought you would look upon a single stake of a single five-franc piece as a jest. Many American women—and many Englishwomen—who would be horrified if you called them gamblers, go into the rooms at Monte Carlo and lose or win a louis or two just for the sake of the joke."

"For the sake of the joke! Gamble for the sake of the joke! Are you a Jesuit?" The question so took him by surprise that he turned and stared at her. "I have always understood that that is how Jesuits reason—that they try to make out that black is white. I hope—I hope you don't do that?"

He smiled grimly, his thoughts recurring to some of the "deals" in which his success had made him the well-to-do man he was.

"Sometimes the two colours merge so imperceptibly into one another that it's hard to tell just where the conjunction begins. You want keen sight to do it. But here you're right and I'm wrong; there's no two words about it. It was I who made you stake that five-franc piece; and I'd no right to make you stake buttons if it was against your principles. Your standard's like my mother's. I hope that mine will grow nearer to it. I ask you to forgive me for leading you astray."

"I ought not to have been so weak."

"You had to—when I was there to make you."

She was still; though it is doubtful if she grasped the full meaning his words conveyed. If he had been watching her he would have seen that by degrees something like the suggestion of a smile seemed to wrinkle the corners of her lips. When she spoke again it was in half a whisper.

"I'm sorry I should seem to you to be so silly."

"You don't. You mustn't say it. You seem to me to be the wisest woman I ever met."

"That must be because you've known so few—or else you're laughing. No one who has ever known me has thought me wise. If I were wise I should know what to do with this."

She motioned towards the money on her lap.

"Throw it into the sea."

"But it isn't mine."

"It's yours as much as anyone else's. If you come to first causes you'll find it hard to name the rightful owner—in God's sight—for any one thing. There's been too much swapping of horses. You'll find plenty who are in need."

"It would carry a curse with it. Money won in gambling!"

He looked at his watch.

"It's time that you and I thought about dinner. We'll adjourn the discussion as to what is to be done with the fruit of our iniquity. I say 'our,' because that I'm the principal criminal is as plain as paint. Sleep on it; perhaps you'll see clearer in the morning. Put it in your pocket."

"Haven't I told you already that I haven't a pocket? And if I had I shouldn't put this money in it. I should feel that that was half-way towards keeping it."

"Then let me be the bearer of the burden."

"No; I don't wish the taint to be conveyed to you." He laughed outright. "There—now you are laughing!"

"I was laughing because—" he was on the verge of saying "because I love you"; but something induced him to substitute—"because I love to hear you talking."

She glanced at him with smiling eyes. His gaze was turned towards what was now the shrouded sea. Neither spoke during the three minutes of brisk walking which was required to reach the Hotel de Paris, she carrying the money, four five-franc pieces, gripped tightly in either hand.

In his phrase, she slept on it, though the fashion of the sleeping was a little strange. The next morning she sallied forth to put into execution the resolve at which she had arrived. It was early, though not so early as she would have wished, because, concluding that all Dieppe did not rise with the lark, she judged it as well to take her coffee and roll before she took the air. It promised to be a glorious day. The atmosphere was filled with a golden haze, through which the sun was gleaming. As she went through the gate of the Port d'Ouest she came upon a man who was selling little metal effigies of the flags of various nations. From him she made a purchase—the Stars and Stripes. This she pinned inside her blouse, on the left, smiling to herself as she did so. Then she marched straight off into the Casino.

The *salle de jeu* had but a single occupant, a *tourneur* who was engaged in dusting the little horses. To enable him to perform the necessary offices he removed the steeds from

their places one after the other. As it chanced he was the identical individual who had been responsible for the *course* which had crowned Miss Donne with victory. With that keen vision which is characteristic of his class the man recognised her on the instant. Bowing and smiling he held out to her the horse which he was holding.

"*Vlà, madame, le numéro cinq! C'est lui qui a porté le bonheur à madame.*"

It was, indeed, the horse which represented the number on which she had staked her five-franc piece. By an odd accident she had arrived just as its toilet was being performed. She observed what an excellent model it was with somewhat doubtful eyes, as if fearful of its being warranted neither steady nor free from vice.

"I have brought back the seven five-franc pieces which I—took away with me."

She held out the coins. As if at a loss he looked from them to her.

"But, madame, I do not understand."

"I can have nothing to do with money which is the fruit of gambling."

"But madame played."

"It was a misunderstanding. A mistake. It was not my intention. It is on that account I have come to return this money."

"Return?—to whom?—the administration? The administration will not accept it. It is impossible. What it has lost it has lost; there is an end."

"But I insist on returning it; and if I insist it must be accepted; especially when I tell you it is all a mistake."

The *tourneur* shrugged his shoulders.

"If madame does not want the money, and will give it to me, I will see what I can do with it." She handed him the coins; he transferred them to the board at his back. Then he held out to her the horse which he had been dusting. "See, madame, is it not a perfect model? And feel how heavy—over three kilos, more than six English pounds. When you consider that there are nine horses, all exactly the same weight, you will perceive that it is not easy work to be a *tourneur*. That toy horse is worth much more to the administration than if it were a real horse; it is from the Number Five that all this comes."

He waved his hand as if to denote the entire building.

"I thought that public gambling was prohibited in France and in all Christian countries, and that it was only permitted in such haunts of wickedness as Monte Carlo."

"Gambling? Ah, the little horses is not gambling! It is an amusement."

A voice addressed her from the other side of the table. It was Mr. Huhn.

"Didn't I tell you it wasn't gambling? It's as this gentleman says—an amusement; especially for the administration."

"Ah, yes—in particular for the administration."

The *tourneur* laughed. Miss Donne and Mr. Huhn went out together by the same door through which they had gone the night before. They sat on the low wall. He had some towels on his arm; he had been bathing. Already the sea was glowing with the radiance of the sun.

"So you've relieved yourself of your ill-gotten gains?"

"I have returned them to the administration."

"To the — did that gentleman say he would hand those five-franc pieces to the administration?"

"He said that he would see what he could do with them."

"Just so. There's no doubt that that is what he will do. So you did sleep upon that burning question?"

"I did."

"Then you got the better of me; because I didn't sleep at all."

"I am sorry."

"You ought to be, since the fault was yours."

"Mine! My fault that you didn't sleep!"

"Do you see what I've got here?"

He made an upward movement with his hand. For the first time she noticed that in his buttonhole he had a tiny copy of the Union Jack.

"Did you buy that of the man outside the town gate?"

He nodded.

"Why, it was of that very same man that I bought this."

From the inside of her blouse she produced that minute representation of the colours he knew so well. They looked at each other, and . . .

When some time after they were lunching, he forming a fourth at the small table which belonged of right to Mr. and Mrs. Palmer, he said to Annie Moriarty, that was:—

"Since you're an old friend of Miss Donne you may be interested in knowing that there's likely soon to be an International Alliance."

He motioned to the lady at his side and then to himself, as if to call attention to the fact that in his buttonhole was the Union Jack, while on Miss Donne's blouse was pinned the American flag. But keen-witted Mrs. Palmer had realized what exactly was the condition of affairs some time before.



Wonders of the Polaroscope.

BY FRED W. SAXBY.



Of all the marvellous phenomena with which Nature abounds, probably none is so fascinating as that wonderful manifestation of energy we call light. The very mystery with which the subject is surrounded serves but to excite our curiosity—the ever-changing beauty of its endless phases charms the eye and delights the mind of all intelligent people. It is proposed to lay before the readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE something new and strange, something that light can do that has never before appeared in the public Press. We shall call to our aid the blinding glare of the lime-light, the most searching lens of the microscope, and the mystic prisms of the polarizer; we shall employ the wondrous eye of the sensitive plate in the dark chamber of the camera. It is only by the combined use of all these appliances that we can put upon paper the results of our experiments. There are embodied in the preparation of this brief article the patient work of many great minds and the results of many wonderful researches. Our apparatus has called forth in its construction the highest flights of mathematical skill, the profoundest knowledge of the chemist, the finest handwork of the mechanician.

Our work is to be among the crystals, not the big ones with which we are familiar in our everyday life, but the microscopic ones, such as we cannot see with our unaided eyes, for they cannot be produced of any appreciable size. We are to see them as the camera sees them, magnified by the most powerful lens that man can make, arrayed in a beauty new and strange by the subtle prisms of the polariscope. The crystals we

have to deal with are all extremely thin and perfectly transparent, and it is only by the aid of polarized light that we can hope to get a glimpse of their marvellous structure.

The inquiring reader will naturally ask, "What is polarized light?" Alas! a philosophical answer to that simple question would fill a book larger than the magazine in your hand; but we will endeavour, in a few simple words, to convey to the reader some idea of wherein "polarized" differs from "common" light.

Let us take a beam of common white light—a delicate shaft born on the glowing lime of our oxyhydrogen blowpipe. It launches

forth into space a lovely thing, pure and bright. Let us compare it to a bundle of wires, tightly stretched, each free to vibrate in all directions like the wires in a piano. There is music too in the beam, but we hear it only with our eyes. Let us pass it through the polariscope. That instrument consists essentially of two prisms cunningly prepared by trained fingers from a rare transparent

mineral. The light beam issues from the first prism, but, lo! its nature is entirely changed: it now resembles a bundle of thin flat tapes of light, packed so close together that we cannot see them, like the leaves in a newly-cut book. The prism has, in fact, flattened our wires into steel tapes, which can only vibrate in one direction or, more correctly, "in one plane." This beam of tapes, which does not visibly differ from its former self, is passed through the microscope and then through a second prism, identical with the first, and finally enters the camera as "polarized" light.

Let us now place on the stage of our microscope, and in the path of this won-

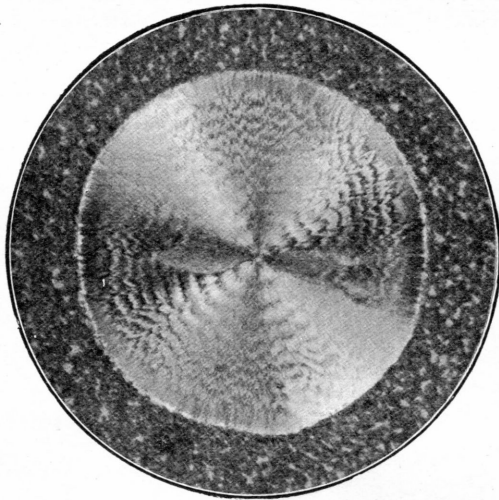


FIG. 1.—CINCHONIDINE CRYSTALLIZES IN DISCS.

derful beam, a thin glass slide, upon which those minute crystals we are so anxious to see have been deposited. We focus the lens of our microscope upon the glass slide, cross the prisms of our polarizer, and that strange crystal disc, glowing with iridescent light, leaps into being (Fig. 1). The disc is extremely small, the actual area represented in the photograph being less than that of the full-stop at the end of this sentence. How strange the figure, how unlike any crystal we have ever seen before! And the dark shadow of a cross upon it, what is that? If we remove one prism from the polariscope the cross and crystal will vanish into thin air. We had evaporated on our glass slide a solution of "cinchonidine"—a substance closely

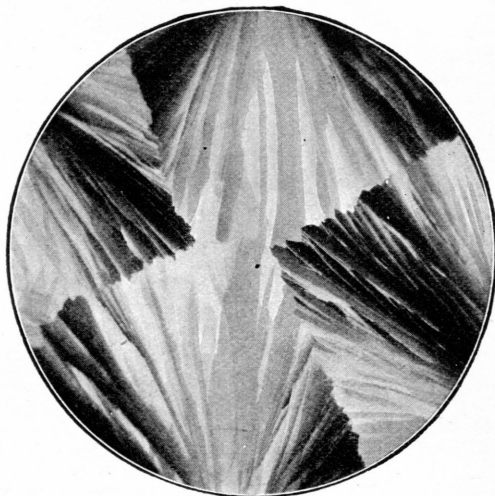


FIG. 3.—SALICIN FORMS VINE LEAVES.

with unerring truth by a pencil of light. Oh, thing of beauty! The more we magnify it the lovelier it would appear. Let man compare his choicest handiwork and sigh—but stay, has he not made the wondrous eye in our microscope? Did he not shape the magic prisms and prepare the cunning plate to see?

These curious crystals (Fig. 3) are obtained from salicin, which is extracted from the bark of willows. They remind us a little of the frosted pattern we sometimes see on tin-ware; the soft gradations of light and shade, so like a crumpled leaf, so unlike what they really are.

Brucine is a substance obtained from false

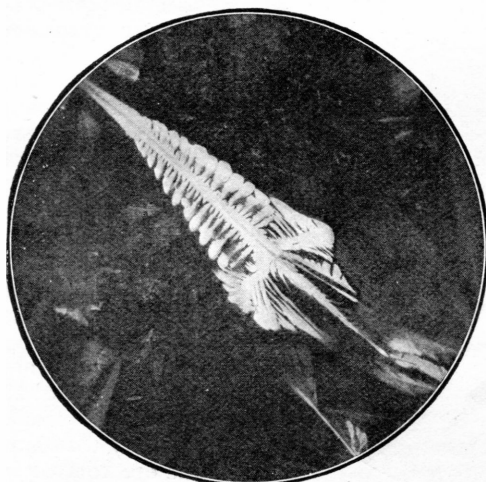


FIG. 2.—HIPPURIC ACID RESEMBLES FERN FRONDS.

resembling quinine, and, like it, obtained from Peruvian bark. Let us examine this curious wheel more closely; surely this is not a crystal? Not one, but tens of thousands—a figure built of tiny crystal needles, all with their points towards the centre, but so close together that they have become one mass. Such is the thin flat disc before you—a speck of matter the unaided eye can never behold! How rich the detail in so small a space!

This lovely frond-like crystal (Fig. 2) is obtained from a substance called hippuric acid. What hidden force has shaped that tiny speck? Think; it is not the one three-hundredth part of an inch in length, and yet what symmetry of form, what delicate grace in the tapering figure—drawn

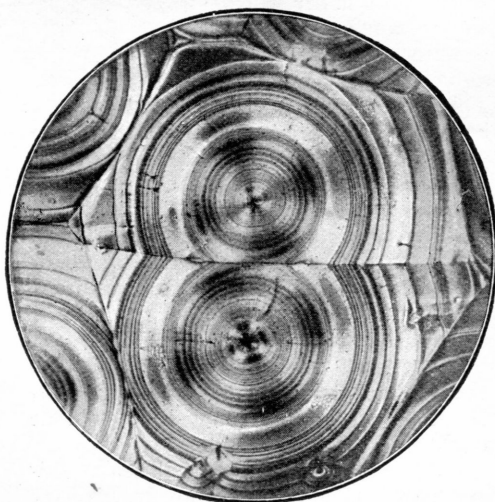


FIG. 4.—BRUCINE CRYSTALLIZES IN RINGS.



FIG. 5.—OXALATE OF CHROMIUM FORMS STARS.

angostura bark, and when crystallized under favourable conditions produces these extraordinary ring-like figures (Fig. 4).

In the centre of each series of rings there is a minute particle of dust, which forms the nucleus around which these ring-crystals gather. Most remarkable of all, the number and character of the rings are the same in both systems — twins they are. This curious likeness will be better seen by comparing the lines as they meet at the point where the discs unite. Those rings which are too far from the centre of the discs to be completed in the figure 8 will be seen to have joined with similar lines from other discs. It is quite evident, then, that similar conditions have produced similar results. There will also be observed a number of tiny specks evenly disposed over the entire mass. Do not forget that the whole of this elaborate drawing is contained within an area about equal to that of a pin's head.

Oxalate of chromium crystallizes in stellate clusters (Fig. 5). How lovely they look gleaming in the darkness with iridescent

light, like stars in the midnight sky. No ponderous orbs in the far-away are they, but tiny stars with mystery in their shining, sunk in the dark depths of the great unknown, like the spheres of evening. Ask of their birth, and they will tell you of the waters; they sprang into being in the twinkling of an eye as the gentle heat from the chemist's lamp drove the last vapours away.

A triangular piece of paper with a cross cunningly folded in its substance, you might guess of Fig. 6. No, dear reader, a thin compound crystal of saliginin. The peculiarities of its structure give rise to those soft folds which are all deception. The crystal is perfectly flat, and the strange dark cross is an optical effect that will revolve

with our prism like the arms of a spectre windmill. A piece of paper, be it ever so fine, would look like a doormat under the penetrating lens of a microscope; but no power we can bring to bear upon that crystal sheet will show us the inner secrets of its structure.

Whence came these graceful signs and scrolls (Fig. 7) that lead the eye from curve

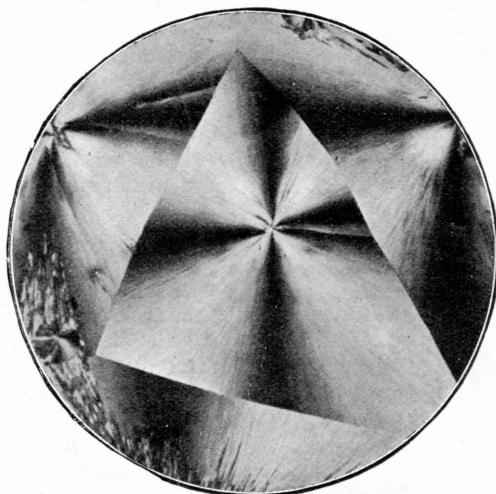


FIG. 6.—SALIGININ MAKES ANGULAR FIGURES.

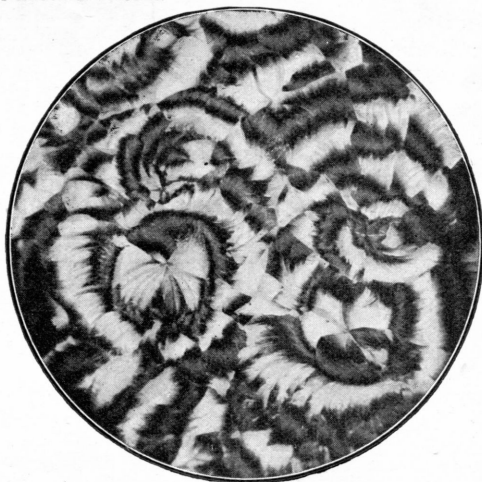


FIG. 7.—CARBAZOTATE OF CINCHONIDINE FORMS SCROLLS.

to curve, with feathered tufts and leaflets fringed with light? Have the fairies been at play, plucking down from off their wings wherewith to write a message from the gods? Nothing of the kind; they are simply microscopic crystals of carbazotate of cinchonidine—horrid fact. Remove one cunning prism from its place and the fairy hieroglyphics are no more.

This pretty tree (Fig. 8), with winding trunk and branch and leafy bower, is nothing but a frost, a chemical frost. The tree measures one-twentieth of an inch in length, and the chemist tells us in cold blood it is a spray of crystals of nitro-prusside of sodium, for which the symbol is $\text{Na}_2\text{Fe}_2\text{Cy}_5\text{NO} + 4\text{HO}$. Help! help! where are the fairies?

And now our peep through the polariscope is over; it has shown us something on a new page in the wondrous Book of Nature. But as we close our STRAND a thought recurs to the mind—there is something we have

not seen. There must be something that fashioned those crystals into wheels and rings and sprays. What caused them so to be—each of its kind?

The same laws which cause the moon to turn her ever-watchful face to earth have drawn those mystic lines of force round the twins of Brucine, to weave their systems ever into one. The same laws which cause the sun and stars to move in silent grandeur through the sky have been at work grouping the tiny crystals that have formed the subject of this article. Matter, whether it be systems of worlds in space or of crystals under our microscope, is governed by the same laws of Nature. Gravitation, capillary attraction, rotation, and a host of other forces are ever at work on every atom in the universe. By the aid of those giant forces these tiny specks have been formed and arranged with the same perfection, truth, and beauty as the galaxies of night.

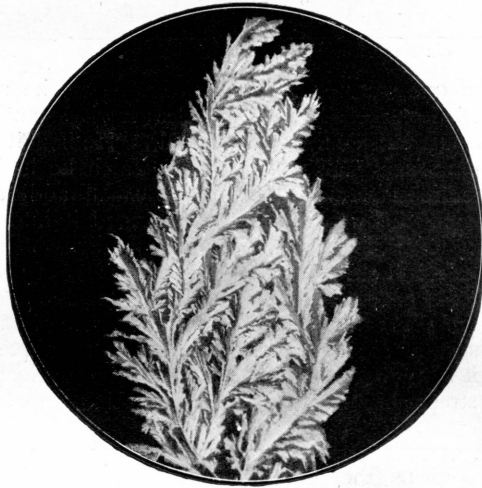
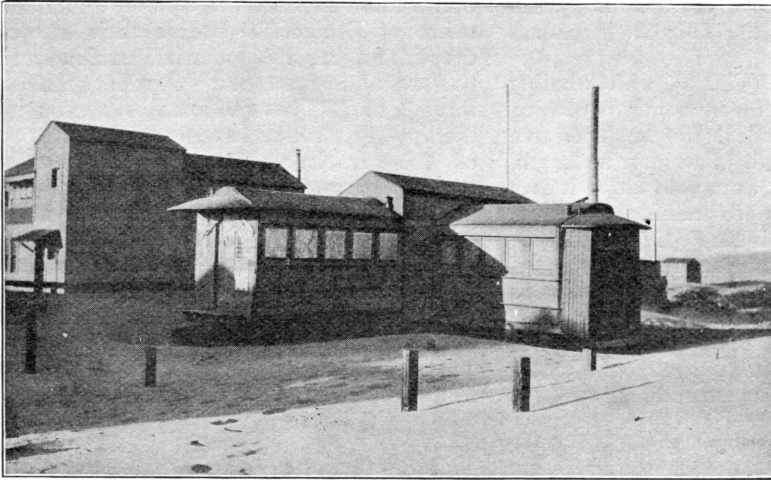


FIG. 8.—NITRO-PRUSSIDE OF SODIUM FORMS TREES.

Some Wonders from the West.

XXXIII. — "CARTOWN."

BY LESLIE E. GILLIAMS.



From a]

ONE CORNER OF "CARTOWN."

[Photo.



NE of the queerest towns in the United States of America is situated just outside the city of San Francisco, California. It is the most remarkable settlement in the world, not

from the view-point of its residents, but because of the strange-looking houses which line its streets.

"Cartown" is the name of this village built on the shifting sands of the beach of San Francisco Bay, and it is just what its title indicates—a town of street-cars, not cars on tracks, drawn by horses or sent skimming along by electric motors, however, but cars standing in orderly rows, with windows protected by awnings, doorways reached after traversing broad piazzas, and with a general air of well-being pervading the entire structure, they are the houses of the inhabitants of Cartown.

The birth of this singular village by the sea may be traced to an Italian immigrant

who found himself alone and without a home several years ago on the ocean beach on the shore end of the Golden Gate Park. He purchased a lot of land on this beautiful sea-facing coast, but had no money left with which to build a dwelling. Observing a lot of old cars in the outsheds belonging to one of the traction companies of

San Francisco, he negotiated for one of the useless carriages and finally purchased it for rods. He had it transported to the sandy lot in which he had invested, and by building a small addition to the obsolete car transformed it into a comfortable dwelling for his family.

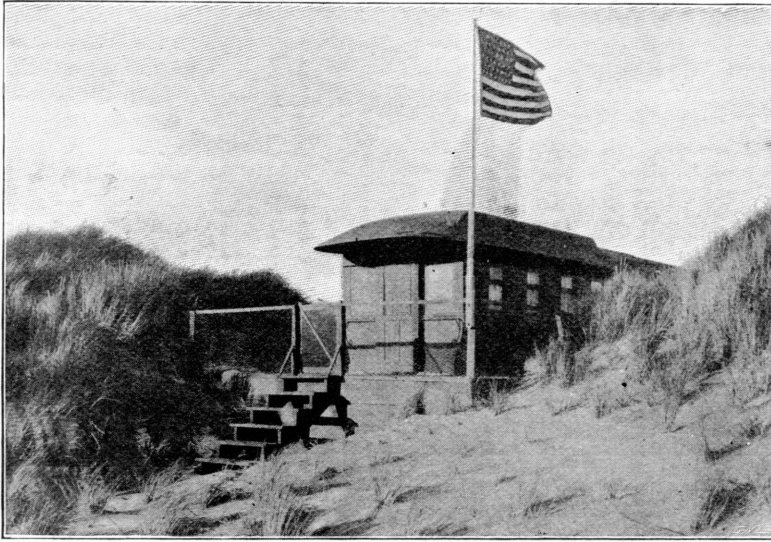
The owners of the Sutro property, always on the look-out for the novel and the unusual, were immediately captivated by the Italian's unique home, and in a few months the neglected street-cars regained their old-time popularity.



From a]

AN ISOLATED RESIDENCE.

[Photo.



From a]

THE HOME OF A WEALTHY RESIDENT.

[Photo.

There are now over fifty families living in car homes, many of them being fitted out with considerable elegance and numerous conveniences. The most modern have telephone connections with some of their neighbours, and a few even have long-distance 'phones in the house.

Nestling under a green bank, right on the edge of the grand Pacific, Cartown is indeed a picturesque spot. Perpetual summer reigns in this California village, and the cool ocean breezes make it a most delightful resort during the entire twelve months of the year.

The houses are mostly flats, a Cartown "skyscraper" being only two stories high. The homes are arranged upon a general plan affording their occupants the widest views, all fronting the sea. Streets intersect at right angles, and plank walks are laid to give the pedestrians access to their abodes without wading through the deep sands which slip and slide under your feet, making walking very difficult.

Few of these cars are adorned with a coat of paint. The exteriors are generally intact, and the conspicuous signs denoting the route over which the car once perambulated are not obliterated.

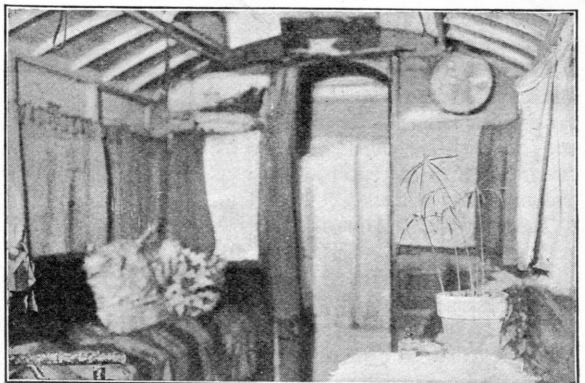
The platforms of the cars are often transformed into balconies and bay windows, and afford points of observation protected from the glare of the sun or the strong winds which sometimes blow across the land.

The arrangement of the interior of these dwellings is highly ingenious, the necessities of the case requiring the utmost economy of space, the average sleeping-car suggesting a model. As many as eight persons can have ample room in the sleeping apartments, which consist of one car divided off into snug little rooms, each having at least one window and a ventilator.

While there are many families permanent residents of Cartown, the larger number occupy the "vehicles" as house-boats are used during summer months—novel places in which to spend a vacation, and they afford original methods of entertainment for host and guest.

Confined and restricted as these dwellings are, there is compensation in the fresh ocean breeze and the charm of the glorious views which burst upon the dwellers of this queer village at every turn.

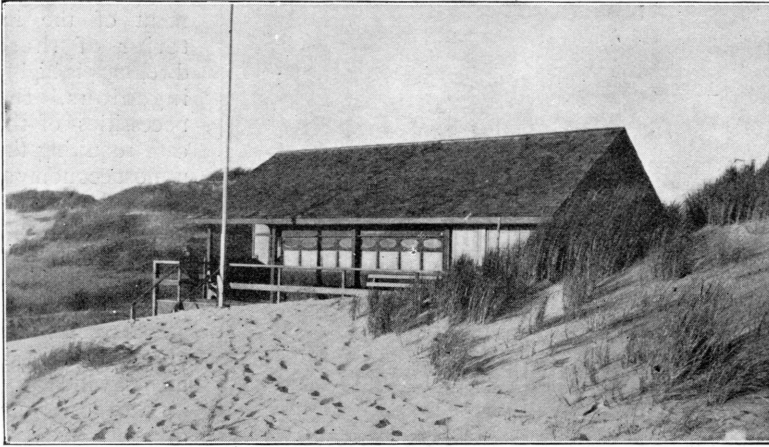
History and fiction have been turned to for names for these car "villas" suitable to the facetious idiosyncrasies of their various owners. "Villa Miramar," "Château Navarre," "Castle Chillon," and "Fortress Quebec" are among the most pretentious dwellings. These car-palaces have porches extending around the entire house, galleries



From a]

INTERIOR OF A LADY'S BOUDOIR.

[Photo.



A MODERN HOUSE IN CARTOWN, SO IMPROVED THAT THE ORIGINAL CAR IS ALMOST LOST SIGHT OF.
From a Photo.

extending around the front and sides of the dwellings, and many of them are covered with vines.

The cars that are for rent are simply furnished and are, for the most part, occupied by families composed largely of small children, who are brought here to gain the benefit of the health-restoring environment.

This village contains in all probably one hundred cars. They are clustered in groups of from five to twenty, while an occasional single car stands upon an eminence by itself, with perhaps a shed added at the back, a tent projecting in gallery fashion from one side, and a broad canvased porch across the front. These are the more pretentious abodes, and are tenanted by their owners. Many simpler folks own three cars, which, clustered together, are furnished respectively as dining-room and kitchen; bedrooms, dressing-room, and bath-room, the bath tub being sunk below the level of the floor, which lifts up trap-doorwise when the bath is in use, but when replaced and covered by a rug shows no sign of being other than the solid floor of a bedroom or dressing-room, as the case may be.

The third car is used as parlour, library, or living-room. A car in which the long seats, running the length of the sides, were retained has been purchased by seven young literary women of San Francisco.

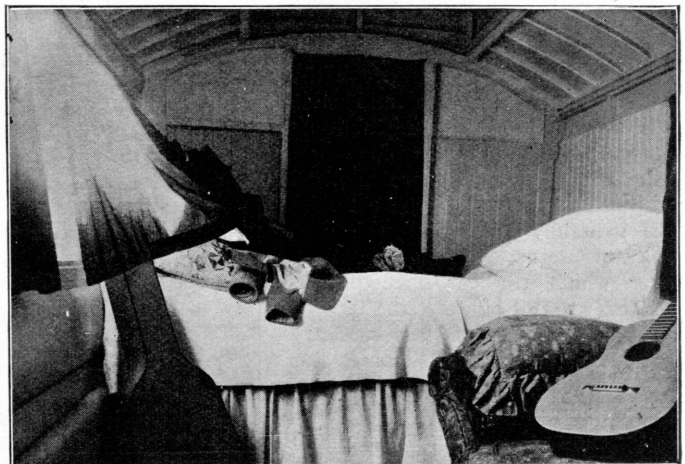
They call their place "A Haunt of Bohemia," and thither they betake themselves from Saturday evening to Monday noons. Invitations to the dinner parties which are given there are largely sought.

These young women have cushioned the long seats and heaped pillows upon them; a table has been arranged which can be moved out

when not in use. They have divided the back vestibule into convenient pantries, and added a stove—water is piped to all the cars—and when they choose to cook, every modern appliance is at hand. Bookshelves have been built along one end, on each side of the door; and an upper story of wooden boards has been built above the car—this does service as a dormitory for the young chatelaines. Large windows open to the sea, and afford an excellent view of the out-going and in-coming fishing smacks.

To many of the cars a second story has been added, some flat and picturesque, looking with their overhanging eaves like a bit from a Dutch painting; others with a roof as sharp as that of a Swiss chalet, each one characteristic of the whim or fancy of its owner.

Large and small are provided with water,



From a

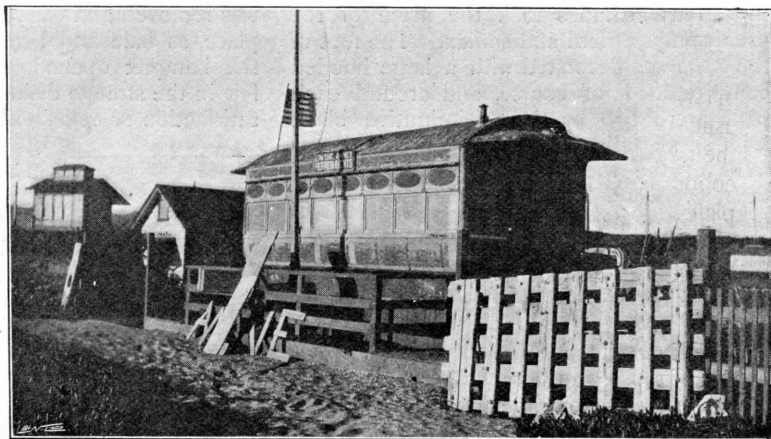
A COLLEGE-GIRL'S ROOM IN CARTOWN.

[Photo.]

piped from Sutro Heights. The ice-man, the grocer, butcher, and baker call daily for orders, and though the dwellers in Cartown live on the fringe of the Western hemisphere, half an hour in an electric car, which may be taken a block away, will take them to the business centre of San Francisco.

A new car which has recently been added to the town may do away with the jaunts to a regular Japanese tea-house which some progressive visitor from the Orient opened some time ago, and where it has ever since been the proper thing to spend a forenoon or an early evening.

This innovation is a restaurant-car, and



From a]

CARTOWN'S NEW RESTAURANT.

[Photo.

the proprietor promises everything of the daintiest and the best.

Although Cartown is principally a place in which to idle away a few happy months, there are many kinds of trades pursued in this odd settlement, restaurant and bars being the most numerous and profitable.

XXXIV.—A RATTLESNAKE BANQUET.

ROCHESTER, New York, U.S.A., was the scene, a few days ago, of the most remarkable banquet on record, gruesome in name, but delightful when put into effect.

Peter Gruber, known all over the United States from the Atlantic to the Pacific as "Rattlesnake Pete," was the host of this unique social function, and he gave the "rattlesnake banquet" in honour of Harry Davies, of Denver, Colorado, the only man outside of Pete himself who so fearlessly handles rattlesnakes and other poisonous reptiles.

Davies entertained Gruber some months ago when the latter was visiting Colorado, and Rattlesnake Pete decided to repay past favours in a most novel manner. He first intended to pay a little compliment to his friend with a specially prepared dinner of rattlesnake, served in various toothsome ways, but becoming more and more enthusiastic over the idea, he enlarged the scope of the menu, adding watersnake stew, boiled python with egg sauce, and as the *pièce de résistance* served a large platter of roast boa-constrictor.

The following is the complete menu of the banquet:—

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	Watersnake Stew.	
Olives.	Radishes.	Cucumbers.
	Fried Rattlesnake with Butter Sauce.	
	Boiled Python.	Egg Sauce.
Cold Turkey.		Cold Tongue.
	Roast Boa Constrictor.	
	Rolls.	Sandwiches.
New Potatoes.	Green Peas.	Young Beets.
	Young Onions.	Chicken Salad.
	Ice Cream.	Fancy Cakes.
Champagne.	Coffee.	Cigars.
	Snake Tails.	

Eighteen guests sat down to the banquet. Peter Gruber proved a very genial host. He was anxious that his friends should know and appreciate snake in all its forms, but still he provided many other delicacies. The feast was served in Peter's own particular den, an odd little room off his place of business, for Pete, in the hours he can spare from playing with his pets, runs a saloon and restaurant, a quiet, pleasant place. Only a favoured few are allowed to pass the door of the sanctum sanctorum where the snakes, sometimes more than a dozen, sometimes several score, live, watched over by their proud owner.

The table decorations were striking and appropriate. A big rattler, caged in glass, served as a centrepiece, and stuffed reptiles

in various attitudes took the place of the usual sprays of fern and smilax. The foot of the table was decorated with a large hooded cobra, stuffed, of course, and around each plate were two or three diminutive black snakes, all alive. The walls of the room kept their everyday hangings of snake skins, rattlers' rattles, canes made from wrigglers' skins, and many other curios.

There was plenty of good ordinary fare for the benefit of those who were not brave enough to tackle snake, for Pete wished no one to go away hungry. Very little of this ordinary food was eaten. A generous plate of watersnake stew was put before every guest as a starter. The ordinary guests proved rather nervous at first and made half-hearted motions with their spoons, but the two experts soon inspired them with more enthusiasm.

The host calmly dipped into his stew, and was quickly seconded in the action by Professor Davies, who fairly beamed with delight after taking the first spoonful.

"Pete, your watersnake stew is delicious," he exclaimed, enthusiastically; "it goes far ahead of the finest clam-chowder" and he passed his plate for a second helping.

Encouraged by the Professor's trustfulness in the unusual dish, the other guests commenced to taste the stew, and one by one acknowledged it was good. A few finished their plateful, others took only a few spoonfuls, and the Professor and host were the only ones who called for a second helping. It was early, however; this was only the first course, and the guests had not yet become accustomed to the idea of partaking of the meat of the thing which when alive was obnoxious to them.

When the watersnake stew

was removed and each guest was still in his place, as hale and hearty as he was before the banquet opened, more confidence was felt in the strange dishes, and with a sigh of satisfaction or relief each began to comment upon the dish they had just tasted.

"Seemed like some sort of fish chowder," remarked one. "It was better than frogs' legs," commented another. "I don't believe it was anything but eels," ventured one sceptic who had pushed his plate aside and given a frightened glance around after the first mouthful.

All called upon Pete for the recipe, but he only shook his head and looked wise, preferring to keep his secret a little longer.

As the dinner progressed and snake in every style was dished up the guests entered into the fine spirit of the occa-

sion and ate heartily of each course. With hardly an exception they pronounced the rattlesnake excellent. The verdict on the dinner was that this typical American product is the king of table snakes. The diners were divided in opinion as to whether rattlesnake meat is more like chicken or veal.

Probably it is somewhere between the two. Professor Davies enjoyed himself hugely. He filled himself so full of snake that some of those present began to fear for his safety. With each new dish he went into raptures.

"Fine! exquisite! delicious!" were some of his comments.

When the boiled python with egg sauce came on some of the guests had almost had enough, but Professor Davies easily polished off all the python in sight. The roast boa-constrictor met with a similar enthusiastic reception. Pete kept up with his guests as



"RATTLESNAKE PETE"—HE IS WEARING HIS FAMOUS COAT OF RATTLESNAKE SKINS.
From a Photo.



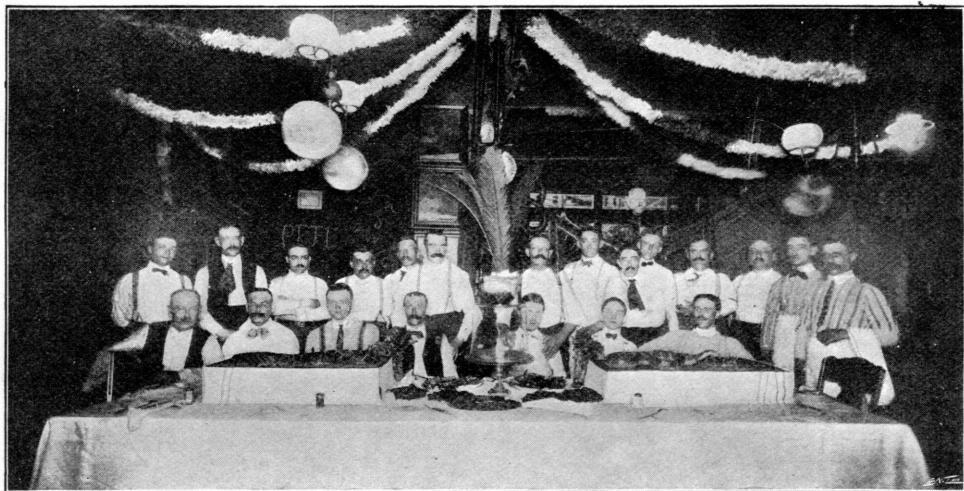
HARRY DAVIES, IN WHOSE HONOUR THE BANQUET WAS GIVEN. [Photo.]

well as he could, while seeing that everybody's plate was well filled. When cigars had gone around the Denver Professor did tricks with the big rattler in the centre of the table. He hung the writhing thing around his neck, twisting it in knots and laying its head playfully in the palm of his hand. Then he opened his shirt and the head darted in and rested there. In a couple of minutes he carefully drew it out. Mr. Davies explained his carelessness as to consequences by saying that he had no fear of being bitten when he was able to take his time handling a rattler. All one had to do was to use care, in order not to stir the snake's temper. If this is aroused the snake will strike.

"But the rattler needs five or six inches in which to strike," said Professor Davies. "If

because he never irritated or disturbed his game more than was necessary. He told of one trip when he captured nearly sixty without being in danger of a bite. He ran across them all in a bunch. They were sunning themselves, and were lying crosswise and languidly slapping one another with their tails. He gathered them in one at a time, just as a man would put potatoes into a bushel basket, being careful not to pinch or squeeze any of them in the operation.

Rattlesnake Pete then entertained his guests with some of his interesting experiences with the reptiles, how he had frequently waged fierce wars with them, always coming off victorious, and how he always succeeded in becoming friends with the snake he conquered. He gave good advice about the handling of snakes, to which Professor Davies



From a]

THE RATTLESNAKE BANQUET.

[Photo.

I hold him close to me there is no danger, for he hasn't room enough to get in his work."

There was a doubting Thomas present, and the Professor asked Mr. Gruber to show that the snake had deadly qualities. Thereupon the Rochester man gently shoved a penknife between the snake's jaws, and two fangs darted out. Slight pressure forced several drops of a light greenish substance upon the tip of the knife-blade.

"There is enough venom to kill a houseful of men," remarked Mr. Gruber.

Mr. Davies told some experiences he had had out in the Rockies hunting rattlers. He said he had been successful in his search

paid great attention, while the majority of the other guests shuddered. As the champagne went the rounds and the guests felt the glow of a satisfied hunger they lost all their inherited and long-held animosity toward creeping things, and commenced to have a friendly feeling for the reptiles that had proved such delicious edibles. Snake stories were swapped, and the merriment continued into the wee small hours of the morning. As each guest warmly shook his host's hand at parting he said something in praise of the most remarkable banquet that has ever been held in America, if not in the world, and complimented its originator upon the success of his novel scheme.

XXXV.—A CEMETERY FOR HORSES.

By HAROLD J. SHEPSTONE.

BOTH London and Paris can boast of their dog cemeteries, but Palo Alto, a little town in the State of California, U.S.A., can go one better in the possession of a burial-ground for horses. Indeed, it is without doubt the most curious cemetery in the world.

Palo Alto is a pretty little town a few miles south of San Francisco, and its unique cemetery is to be found in the famous Palo Alto Stock Farm. Entering the farm by the main road you cannot possibly miss the burying-ground, for one's attention is immediately attracted to it by the tall tombstone

galore and pushed California to the front as a stock-raising State. To the employés about the farm this graveyard is sacred, and when one of the attendants comes to tell you about the wonderful unrecorded deeds of the horses he scarcely speaks above a whisper.

Altogether twelve graves have been laid out in this odd cemetery, but before describing them in detail it is interesting to recall the history of the graveyard. The cemetery was founded thirteen years ago, when several horses of the farm met their deaths by fire. Amongst them was the champion yearling



From a Photo. by]

THE MONUMENT IN THE CEMETERY.

[C. J. Franklin.

in the centre of a group of wide-spreading oak trees. Here lie interred the remains of several of the record-breaking horses of the farm.

On reaching the spot you are at once impressed by the little row of mounds that rise on either side of the monument. In an instant you realize that you are walking on sacred ground, and as you read the epitaphs on the little headstones you feel like doffing your cap out of respect to the dead animals that during their lifetime smashed records

filly, Norlaine. Norlaine was a beautiful creature, and much prized by the proprietors of the establishment. She once trotted a mile in 2min. 31 1/2 sec., and although this is by no means a record there was no horse of her age at the time capable of performing a similar feat. Being a champion and naturally a very valuable creature, the most beautiful spot on the farm was selected for her burial-place. Her remains were interred under the spreading oak trees. A few months later another famous trotting horse died and

was buried close to the grave of Norlaine, so the latter's resting-plot created for all time a memorial burying-ground for the famous horses that die at the Palo Alto Farm.

One by one new graves appeared, and as they grew in number the little mounds attracted the attention of Mrs. Stanford, a wealthy resident of Palo Alto. On inquiry she learned that it was the burial-place of horses that had made Palo Alto great. At that time there was nothing on the graves to indicate to the stranger the name of the horses buried beneath the little mounds. To know in what grave a certain horse was interred it was necessary to

ask one of the employés. Immediately Mrs. Stanford gave instructions that tablets should be placed on all the graves showing the names of the horses, dates of birth, death, and records. She also had a monument erected in memory of the famous trotting horse, Electioneer 125, the son of Rysdyks Hambletonian 10 and Green Mountain Maid. The plot was then lengthened and surrounded by a neat iron rail fence, and some flowers and shrubs planted.

Through the kindness of Mrs. Stanford, who attends to the graves, the writer is enabled to give some interesting facts about the horses whose remains have been interred in this quaint cemetery. First of all, there is the monument to Electioneer 125. The inscription on it reads:—

To the Memory of Electioneer 125.
Foaled May, 1868.
Died December 3, 1890.
By Rysdyks Hambletonian.
Dam, Green Mountain Maid.
History of the World Contains
The Names of None so Great.
Number of Performers and
Champions Sired by Him
In the Golden State.

Although this horse has been dead since 1890 he still has to his credit the largest

number of 2min. 30sec. trotters ever accredited to any sire. At one time his sons and daughters held all the world's records. Here are a few of his most famous offspring: Adbell (yearling), who trotted a mile in 2min.



From a Photo. by]

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE CEMETERY.

[C. J. Franklin.

33sec. ; Arion (two-year-old), 2min. 10¾sec. ; Fantasy (three-year-old), 2min. 8¾sec. ; and The Abbot, who once covered a mile in 2min. 3¼sec., the world's trotting record. Many others could be named whose feats have astonished the racing world. The name of Electioneer will live long in the history of the trotting turf as the greatest progenitor of the century just passed.

One of the most curious things about the cemetery is that some of the graves are reserved for the remains of certain fast horses. For instance, no horse has been interred in the first grave, for it is being reserved for the grand old mare, Beautiful Bells, the greatest of American brood mares, who is now twenty-nine years old, but a hale and hearty old lady. Every time she is taken out of the stable she passes within a stone's throw of her intended resting-place. For her last colt the farm were offered £5,500.

Grave No. 2 contains the remains of Sontag Mohawk, one of the celebrated brood mares of America. The tablet on her grave reads: "Sontag Mohawk. Foaled 1875. Died 1898. Dam of Sallie Britton, 2.17¾, world's champion four-year-old in 1884. She was also dam of Eros, 2.29½" (meaning, of course, that this horse trotted a mile in

2min. 29½sec.); "Sport, 2.22¾; Sonoma, 2.28; Colma, 2.25½; Conductor, 2.14¾; Norhawk, 2.15½; and Serenata, 2.25."

The next grave, No. 3, is a very interesting one, for it contains the flesh only of the famous horse Palo Alto. His skeleton was mounted and set up in the University Museum. Of all the horses owned by the late Senator Stanford, Palo Alto was his favourite. Many fast trotters were sold from the farm for large sums of money, but no price was large enough to tempt the owner to part with this magnificent creature. Palo Alto was the champion stallion of his day. He was foaled in 1882 and died in 1892. He died the king of stallions, and his record, a mile in 2min. 8¾sec., is still the world's record for the high-wheel sulky.

Lying alongside Palo Alto, in grave No. 5, is his mother, Dame Winnie, so in death they are not parted. The tablet on her grave reads: "Dame Winnie. Foaled 1871. Died 1892. Dam of Palo Alto, 2.08¾, the world's record." She not only produced the champion stallion, but also Lone Pine, 2.18; Altivo, 2.18½; Gertrude Russell, 2.23½, by Electioneer; and Big Jim, 2.23½, by Gen. Benton. She was by far the greatest thoroughbred mare producing trotting speed, and died the queen in that respect.

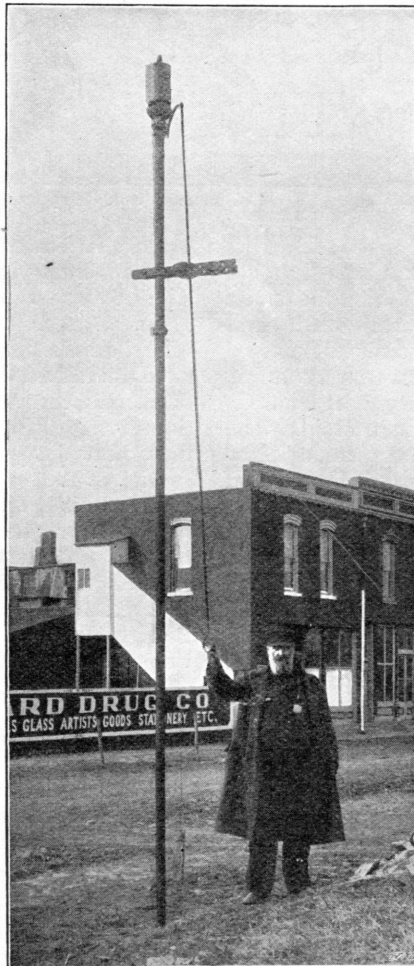
Grave No. 6 is also reserved for the great Elaine, while in No. 7 is buried one of the early brood mares of Palo Alto, the famous Mayflower, who held a mile record of 2min. 30½sec. The inscription on her tombstone is: "Mayflower, 2.30½. Foaled 1864. Died 1895. Dam of Wildflower, 2.21, and Manzanita, 2.16, world's champions." Mayflower in the thirty years of her life proved a remarkable brood mare. She produced eleven daughters, eight of them showing

marked speed. In 1881 her two-year-old daughter electrified the world by trotting a mile in 2min. 21sec., which was the world's record for seven years. In 1886 her daughter, Manzanita, trotted a mile as a four-year-old in 2min. 16sec., the record for that age. Undoubtedly this beautiful animal did her share in making Palo Alto famous as the nursery for producing fast trotters.

The remains of Josie, famous for producing the champion racehorse of his day, are buried in grave No. 9. In grave No. 10 lies the charred remains of Norlaine, who was burned to death at the farm at the age of two years. When only one year old she trotted a mile in 2min. 31½sec. She was the champion yearling of her time, and promised to develop into a phenomenal colt trotter, when her career was cut short by a disastrous fire. It was through her sudden and lamentable death that the horse cemetery sprang into being.

XXXVI.—A WHISTLE BLOWN BY MOTHER EARTH.

THE extraordinary contrivance which we reproduce in the adjoining photograph is probably the most powerful whistle in the world. It is blown by means of a natural gas pressure obtained from Mother Earth herself. The gas "spring" which supplies this unique alarm free of cost is situate at Lawrence, in Kansas, and is used as a fire alarm for the fire brigade. That it fulfils its object right worthily may be guessed by the fact that it may be heard as far as ten miles away, while the sound near at hand is well-nigh deafening. The old gentleman with one hand on the lever of this novel device is a veteran of the local fire brigade, the badge of which can be seen on his coat. We are indebted for this photo. to Mr. Charles W. Kimball, of Lawrence, Kansas.



From a] THE NATURAL-GAS WHISTLE. [Photo.

At Sunwich Port.

By W. W. JACOBS.

CHAPTER XII.



FOR some time Mr. Wilks stood gazing at this unexpected apparition and trying to collect his scattered senses. Its face was pale and flabby, while its glassy eyes, set in rims of red eyelid, were beginning to express unmistakable signs of suspicion and wrath. The shock was so sudden that the steward could not even think coherently. Was the captain upstairs? And if so, what was his condition? Where was Nathan Smith? And where was the five pounds?

A voice, a husky and discordant voice, broke in upon his meditations; Jack Nugent was also curious.

"What does all this mean?" he demanded, angrily. "How did I get here?"

"You—you came downstairs," stammered Mr. Wilks, still racking his brains in the vain effort to discover how matters stood.

Mr. Nugent was about to speak, but, thinking better of it, turned and blundered into the kitchen. Sounds of splashing and puffing ensued, and the steward going to the door saw him with his head under the tap. He followed him in and at the right time handed him a towel. Despite the disordered appearance of his hair the improvement in Mr. Nugent's condition was so manifest that the steward, hoping for similar results, turned the tap on again and followed his example.

"Your head wants cooling, I should think," said the young man, returning him the towel. "What's it all about?"

Mr. Wilks hesitated; a bright thought occurred to him, and murmuring something about a dry towel he sped up

the narrow stairs to his bedroom. The captain was not there. He pushed open the small lattice window and peered out into the alley; no sign of either the captain or the ingenious Mr. Nathan Smith. With a heavy heart he descended the stairs again.

"Now," said Mr. Nugent, who was sitting down with his hands in his pockets, "perhaps you'll be good enough to explain what all this means."

"You were 'ere last night," said Mr. Wilks, "you and the cap'n."

"I know that," said Nugent. "How is it I didn't go home? I didn't understand that it was an all-night invitation. Where is my father?"

The steward shook his head helplessly. "He was 'ere when I went out last night," he said, slowly. "When I came back the room was empty and I was told as 'e was upstairs in my bed."

"Told he was in your bed?" repeated the other. "Who told you?"

Mr. Wilks caught his breath. "I mean I told myself 'e was in my bed," he stammered, "because when I came in I see these bed-clothes on the floor, an' I thought as the cap'n 'ad put them there for me and taken my bed 'imself."

Mr. Nugent regarded the litter of bed-clothes as though hoping that they would throw a little light on the affair, and then shot a puzzled glance at Mr. Wilks.

"Why should you think my father wanted your bed?" he inquired.

"I don't know," was the reply. "I thought p'r'aps 'e'd maybe taken a little more than 'e ought to have taken. But it's all a myst'ry to me. I'm more astonished than wot you are."

"Well, I can't make head or tail of it,"



"HE PUSHED OPEN THE SMALL LATTICE WINDOW AND PEERED OUT INTO THE ALLEY."

said Nugent, rising and pacing the room. "I came here to meet my father. So far as I remember I had one drink of whisky—your whisky—and then I woke up in your bedroom with a splitting headache and a tongue like a piece of leather. Can you account for it?"

Mr. Wilks shook his head again. "I wasn't here," he said, plucking up courage. "Why not go an' see your father? Seems to me 'e is the one that would know most about it."

Mr. Nugent stood for a minute considering, and then raising the latch of the door opened it slowly and inhaled the cold morning air. A subtle and delicate aroma of coffee and herrings which had escaped from neighbouring breakfast-tables invaded the room and reminded him of an appetite. He turned to go, but had barely quitted the step before he saw Mrs. Kingdom and his sister enter the alley.

Mr. Wilks saw them too, and, turning if anything a shade paler, supported himself by the door-post. Kate Nugent quickened her pace as she saw them, and, after a surprised greeting to her brother, breathlessly informed him that the captain was missing.

"Hasn't been home all night," panted Mrs. Kingdom, joining them. "I don't know what to think."

They formed an excited little group round the steward's door, and Mr. Wilks, with an instinctive feeling that the matter was one to be discussed in private, led the way indoors. He began to apologize for the disordered condition of the room, but Jack Nugent, interrupting him brusquely, began to relate his own adventures of the past few hours.

Mrs. Kingdom listened to the narrative with unexpected calmness. She knew the cause of her nephew's discomfiture. It was the glass of whisky acting on a system unaccustomed to alcohol, and she gave a vivid and moving account of the effects of a stiff glass of hot rum which she had once taken for a cold. It was quite clear to her that the captain had put his son to bed; the thing to discover now was where he had put himself.

"Sam knows something about it," said her nephew, darkly; "there's something wrong."

"I know no more than a babe unborn," declared Mr. Wilks. "The last I see of the cap'n 'e was a-sitting at this table opposite you."

"Sam wouldn't hurt a fly," said Miss Nugent, with a kind glance at her favourite.

"Well, where is the governor, then?"

inquired her brother. "Why didn't he go home last night? He has never stayed out before."

"Yes, he has," said Mrs. Kingdom, folding her hands in her lap. "When you were children. He came home at half-past eleven next morning, and when I asked him where he'd been he nearly bit my head off. I'd been walking the floor all night, and I shall never forget his remarks when he opened the door to the police, who'd come to say they couldn't find him. Never."

A ghostly grin flitted across the features of Mr. Wilks, but he passed the back of his hand across his mouth and became serious again as he thought of his position. He was almost dancing with anxiety to get away to Mr. Nathan Smith and ask for an explanation of the proceedings of the night before.

"I'll go and have a look round for the cap'n," he said, eagerly; "he can't be far."

"I'll come with you," said Nugent. "I should like to see him too. There are one or two little things that want explaining. You take aunt home, Kate, and I'll follow on as soon as there is any news."

As he spoke the door opened a little way and a head appeared, only to be instantly withdrawn at the sight of so many people. Mr. Wilks stepped forward hastily, and throwing the door wide open revealed the interesting features of Mr. Nathan Smith.

"How do you do, Mr. Wilks?" said that gentleman, softly. "I just walked round to see whether you was in. I've got a message for you. I didn't know you'd got company."

He stepped into the room and, tapping the steward on the chest with a confidential finger, backed him into a corner, and having got him there gave an expressive wink with one eye and gazed into space with the other.

"I thought you'd be alone," he said, looking round, "but p'raps it's just as well as it is. They've got to know, so they may as well know now as later on."

"Know what?" inquired Jack Nugent, abruptly. "What are you making that face for, Sam?"

Mr. Wilks mumbled something about a decayed tooth, and to give colour to the statement continued a series of contortions which made his face ache.

"You should take something for that tooth," said the boarding-master, with great solicitude. "Wot do you say to a glass o' whisky?"

He motioned to the fatal bottle, which still stood on the table; the steward caught his



"TAPPING THE STEWARD ON THE CHEST WITH A CONFIDENTIAL FINGER, HE BACKED HIM INTO A CORNER."

breath, and then, rising to the occasion, said that he had already had a couple of glasses, and they had done no good.

"What's your message?" inquired Jack Nugent, impatiently.

"I'm just going to tell you," said Mr. Smith. "I was out early this morning, strolling down by the harbour to get a little appetite for breakfast, when who should I see coming along, looking as though 'e 'ad just come from a funeral, but Cap'n Nugent! I was going to pass 'im, but he stopped me and asked me to take a message from 'im to 'is old and faithful steward, Mr. Wilks."

"Why, has he gone away?" exclaimed Mrs. Kingdom.

"His old and faithful steward," repeated Mr. Smith, motioning her to silence. "'Tell 'im,' he says, 'that I am heartily ashamed of myself for wot took place last night—and him, too. Tell 'im that, after my father's 'art proved too much for me, I walked the streets all night, and now I can't face my injured son and family yet awhile, and I'm off to London till it has blown over.'"

"But what's it all about?" demanded Nugent. "Why don't you get to the point?"

"So far as I could make out," replied Mr. Smith, with the studious care of one who desires to give exact information, "Cap'n Nugent and Mr. Wilks 'ad a little plan for giving you a sea blow."

"Me?" interrupted the unfortunate steward. "Now, look 'ere, Nathan Smith——"

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"Them was the cap'n's words," said the boarding-master, giving him a glance of great significance; "are you going to take away or add to wot the cap'n says?"

Mr. Wilks collapsed, and avoiding the indignant eyes of the Nugent family tried to think out his position.

"It seems from wot the cap'n told me," continued Mr. Smith, "that there was some objection to your marrying old—Mr. Kybird's gal,

so 'e and Mr. Wilks, after putting their 'eads together, decided to get you 'ere and after giving you a little whisky that Mr. Wilks knows the trick of——"

"Me?" interrupted the unfortunate steward, again.

"Them was the cap'n's words," said Mr. Smith, coldly. "After you'd 'ad it they was going to stow you away in the *Seabird*, which sailed this morning. However, when the cap'n see you overcome, his 'art melted, and instead o' putting you aboard the whaler he took your feet and Mr. Wilks your 'ead, and after a great deal o' trouble got you upstairs and put you to bed."

"You miserable scoundrel," said the astonished Mr. Nugent, addressing the shrinking steward; "you infernal old reprobate—you—you—I didn't think you'd got it in you."

"So far as I could make out," said Mr. Smith, kindly, "Mr. Wilks was only obeying orders. It was the cap'n's plan, and Mr. Wilks was aboard ship with 'im for a very long time. O' course, he oughtn't to ha' done it, but the cap'n's a masterful man, an' I can quite understand Mr. Wilks givin' way; I dessay I should myself if I'd been in 'is place—he's all 'art, is Mr. Wilks—no 'ead."

"It's a good job for you you're an old man, Sam," said Mr. Nugent.

"I can hardly believe it of you, Sam," said Miss Nugent. "I can hardly think you could have been so deceitful. Why, we've trusted you all our lives."

The unfortunate steward quailed beneath the severity of her glance. Even if he gave a full account of the affair it would not make his position better. It was he who had made all the arrangements with Mr. Smith, and after an indignant glance at that gentleman he lowered his gaze and remained silent.

"It is rather odd that my father should take you into his confidence," said Miss Nugent, turning to the boarding-master.

"Just wot I thought, miss," said the complaisant Mr. Smith; "but I s'pose there was nobody else, and he wanted 'is message to go for fear you should get worrying the police about 'im or something. He wants it kep' quiet, and 'is last words to me as 'e left me was, 'If this affair gets known I shall never come back. Tell 'em to keep it quiet.'"

"I don't think anybody will want to go bragging about it," said Jack Nugent, rising, "unless it is Sam Wilks. Come along, Kate."

Miss Nugent followed him obediently, only pausing at the door to give a last glance of mingled surprise and reproach at Mr. Wilks. Then they were outside and the door closed behind them.

"Well, that's all right," said Mr. Smith, easily.

"All right!" vociferated the steward. "Wot did you put it all on to me for? Why didn't you tell 'em your part in it?"

"Wouldn't ha' done any good," said Mr. Smith; "wouldn't ha' done *you* any good. Besides, I did just wot the cap'n told me."

"When's he coming back?" inquired the steward.

Mr. Smith shook his head. "Couldn't say," he returned. "He couldn't say 'imself. Between you an' me, I expect 'e's gone up to have a reg'lar fair spree."

"Why did you tell me last night he was upstairs?" inquired the other.

"Cap'n's orders," repeated Mr. Smith, with relish. "Ask 'im, not me. As a matter o' fact, he spent the night at my place and went off this morning."

"An' wot about the five pounds?"

inquired Mr. Wilks, spitefully. "You ain't earned it."

"I know I ain't," said Mr. Smith, mournfully. "That's wot's worrying me. It's like a gnawing pain in my side. D'you think it's conscience biting of me? I never felt it before. Or d'ye think it's sorrow to think that I've done the whole job too cheap? You think it out and let me know later on. So long."

He waved his hand cheerily to the steward and departed. Mr. Wilks threw himself into a chair and, ignoring the cold and the general air of desolation of his best room, gave way to a fit of melancholy which would have made Mr. Edward Silk green with envy.

CHAPTER XIII.

DAYS passed, but no word came from the missing captain, and only the determined opposition of Kate Nugent kept her aunt from advertising in the "Agony" columns of the London Press. Miss Nugent was quite as desirous of secrecy in the affair as her father, and it was a source of great annoyance to her when, in some mysterious manner, it leaked out. In a very short time the news was common property, and Mr. Wilks, appearing to his neighbours in an entirely new character, was besieged for information.



"HE FINISHED UP THE EVENING AT THE CHEQUERS."

His own friends were the most tiresome, their open admiration of his lawlessness and their readiness to trace other mysterious disappearances to his agency being particularly galling to a man whose respectability formed his most cherished possession. Other people regarded the affair as a joke, and he sat gazing round-eyed one evening at the Two Schooners at the insensible figures of three men who had each had a modest half-pint at his expense. It was a pretty conceit and well played, but the steward, owing to the frenzied efforts of one of the sleepers whom he had awakened with a quart pot, did not stay to admire it. He finished up the evening at the Chequers, and after getting wet through on the way home fell asleep in his wet clothes before the dying fire.

He awoke with a bad cold and pains in the limbs. A headache was not unexpected, but the other symptoms were. With trembling hands he managed to light a fire and prepare a breakfast, which he left untouched. This last symptom was the most alarming of all, and going to the door he bribed a small boy with a penny to go for Dr. Murchison, and sat cowering over the fire until he came.

"Well, you've got a bad cold," said the doctor, after examining him. "You'd better get to bed for the present. You'll be safe there."

"Is it dangerous?" faltered the steward.

"And keep yourself warm," said the doctor, who was not in the habit of taking his patients into his confidence. "I'll send round some medicine."

"I should like Miss Nugent to know I'm bad," said Mr. Wilks, in a weak voice.

"She knows that," replied Murchison. "She was telling me about you the other day."

He put his hand up to his neat black moustache to hide a smile, and met the steward's indignant gaze without flinching.

"I mean ill," said the latter, sharply.

"Oh, yes," said the other. "Well, you get to bed now. Good morning."

He took up his hat and stick and de-

parted. Mr. Wilks sat for a little while over the fire, and then, rising, hobbled slowly upstairs to bed and forgot his troubles in sleep.

He slept until the afternoon, and then, raising himself in bed, listened to the sounds of stealthy sweeping in the room below. Chairs were being moved about, and the tinkle of ornaments on the mantelpiece announced that dusting operations were in progress. He lay down again with a satisfied smile; it was like a tale in a story-book: the faithful old servant and his master's daughter. He closed his eyes as he heard her coming upstairs.

"Ah, pore dear," said a voice.

Mr. Wilks opened his eyes sharply and beheld the meagre figure of Mrs. Silk. In one hand she held a medicine-bottle and a glass and in the other paper and firewood.

"I only 'eard of it half an hour ago," she said, reproachfully. "I saw the doctor's boy, and I left my work and came over at once. Why didn't you let me know?"

Mr. Wilks muttered that he didn't know, and lay crossly regarding his attentive neighbour as she knelt down and daintily lit the fire. This task finished, she proceeded to make the room tidy, and then set about making beef-tea in a little saucepan.

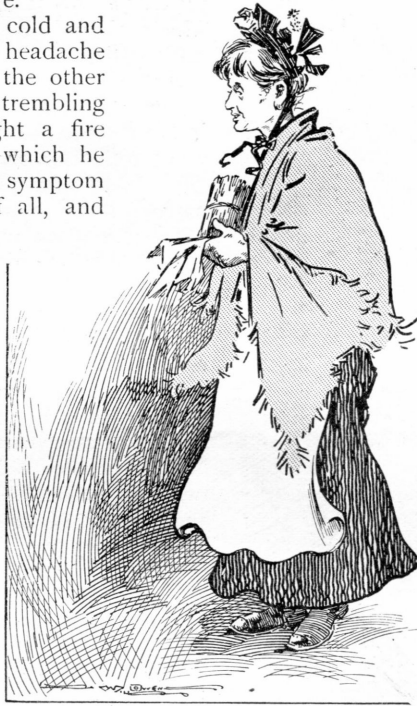
"You lay still and get well," she remarked, with tender playfulness. "That's all you've got to do. Me and Teddy'll look after you."

"I couldn't think of troubling you," said the steward, earnestly.

"It's no trouble," was the reply. "You don't think I'd leave you here alone helpless, do you?"

"I was going to send for old Mrs. Jackson if I didn't get well to-day," said Mr. Wilks.

Mrs. Silk shook her head at him, and, after punching up his pillow, took an easy chair by the fire and sat there musing. Mr. Edward Silk came in to tea, and, after remarking that Mr. Wilks was very flushed and had got a nasty look about the eyes and a cough which



"THE MEAGRE FIGURE OF MRS. SILK."

he didn't like, fell to discoursing on death-beds.

"Good nursing is the principal thing," said his mother. "I nursed my pore dear 'usband all through his last illness. He couldn't bear me to be out of the room. I nursed my mother right up to the last, and your pore Aunt Jane went off in my arms."

Mr. Wilks raised himself on his elbow and his eyes shone feverishly in the lamplight. "I think I'll get a 'ospital nurse to-morrow," he said, decidedly.

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Silk. "It's no trouble to me at all. I like nursing; always did."

Mr. Wilks lay back again and, closing his eyes, determined to ask the doctor to provide a duly qualified nurse on the morrow. To his disappointment, however, the doctor failed to come, and although he felt much better Mrs. Silk sternly negated a desire on his part to get up.

"Not till the doctor's been," she said, firmly. "I couldn't think of it."

"I don't believe there's anything the matter with me now," he declared.

"'Ow odd—'ow very odd that you should say that!" said Mrs. Silk, clasping her hands.

"Odd!" repeated the steward, somewhat crustily. "How do you mean—odd?"

"They was the very last words my uncle Benjamin ever uttered in this life," said Mrs. Silk, with dramatic impressiveness.

The steward was silent, then, with the ominous precedent of Uncle Benjamin before him, he began to talk until scores of words stood between himself and a similar ending.

"Teddy asked to be remembered to you as 'e went off this morning," said Mrs. Silk, pausing in her labours at the grate.

"I'm much obliged," muttered the invalid.

"He didn't 'ave time to come in," pursued the widow. "You can 'ardly believe what a lot 'e thinks of you, Mr. Wilks. The last words he said to me was, 'Let me know at once if there's any change.'"

Mr. Wilks distinctly felt a cold, clammy sensation down his spine and little quivering thrills ran up and down his legs. He glared indignantly at the back of the industrious Mrs. Silk.

"Teddy's very fond of you," continued the unconscious woman. "I s'pose it's not 'aving a father, but he seems to me to think more of you than anybody else in the wide, wide world. I get quite jealous sometimes. Only the other day I said to 'im, joking like, 'Well, you'd better go and live with 'im if you're so fond of 'im,' I said."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Mr. Wilks, uneasily.

"You'll never guess what 'e said then," said Mrs. Silk, dropping her dustpan and brush and gazing at the hearth.

"Said 'e couldn't leave you, I s'pose," guessed the steward, gruffly.

"Well, now," exclaimed Mrs. Silk, clapping her hands, "if you 'aven't nearly guessed it. Well, there! I never did! I wouldn't 'ave told you for anything if you 'adn't said that. The *exact* words what 'e did say was, 'Not without you, mother.'"

Mr. Wilks closed his eyes with a snap and his heart turned to water. He held his breath and rapsacked his brain in vain for a reply which should ignore the inner meaning of the fatal words. Something careless and jocular he wanted, combined with a voice which should be perfectly under control. Failing these things, he kept his eyes closed, and, very wide-awake indeed, feigned sleep. He slept straight away from eleven o'clock in the morning until Edward Silk came in at seven o'clock in the evening.

"I feel like a new man," he said, rubbing his eyes and yawning.

"I don't see no change in your appearance," said the comforting youth.

"'E's much better," declared his mother. "That's what comes o' good nursing; some nurses would 'ave woke 'im up to take food, but I just let 'im sleep on. People don't feel hunger while they're asleep."

She busied herself over the preparation of a basin of arrowroot, and the steward, despite his distaste for this dish, devoured it in a twinkling. Beef-tea and a glass of milk in addition failed to take more than the edge off his appetite.

"We shall pull 'im through," said Mrs. Silk, smiling, as she put down the empty glass. "In a fortnight he'll be on 'is feet."

It is a matter of history that Mr. Wilks was on his feet at five o'clock the next morning, and not only on his feet but dressed and ready for a journey after such a breakfast as he had not made for many a day. The discourtesy involved in the disregard of the doctor's instructions did not trouble him, and he smirked with some satisfaction as he noiselessly closed his door behind him and looked at the drawn blinds opposite. The stars were paling as he quitted the alley and made his way to the railway station. A note on his tumbled pillow, after thanking Mrs. Silk for her care of him, informed her that he was quite well and had gone to London in search of the missing captain.

Hardy, who had heard from Edward Silk

of the steward's indisposition and had been intending to pay him a visit, learnt of his departure later on in the morning, and, being ignorant of the particulars, discoursed somewhat eloquently to his partner on the old man's devotion.

"H'm, may be," said Swann, taking off his glasses and looking at him. "But you don't think Captain Nugent is in London, do you?"

"Why not?" inquired Hardy, somewhat startled.

"If what Wilks told you is true, Nathan Smith knows," said the other. "I'll ask him."

"You don't expect to get the truth out of him, do you?" inquired Hardy, superciliously.

"I do," said his partner, serenely; "and when I've got it I shall go and tell them at Equator Lodge. It will be doing those two poor ladies a service to let them know what has really happened to the captain."

"I'll walk round to Nathan Smith's with you," said Hardy. "I should like to hear what the fellow has to say."

"No, I'll go alone," said his partner; "Smith's a very shy man—painfully shy. I've run across him once or twice before. He's almost as bashful and retiring as you are."

Hardy grunted. "If the captain isn't in London, where is he?" he inquired.

The other shook his head. "I've got an idea," he replied, "but I want to make sure. Kybird and Smith are old friends, as Nugent might have known, only he was always too high and mighty to take any interest in his inferiors. There's something for you to go on."

He bent over his desk again and worked steadily until one o'clock—his hour for lunching. Then he put on his hat and coat, and after a comfortable meal sallied out in search of Mr. Smith.

The boarding-house, an old and dilapidated building, was in a by-street convenient to the harbour. The front door stood open, and a couple of seamen lounging on the broken steps made way for him civilly as he entered and rapped on the bare boards with his stick. Mr. Smith, clattering down the stairs in response, had some difficulty in concealing his surprise at the visit, but entered genially into a conversation about the weather, a subject in which he was much interested. When the shipbroker began to discuss the object of his visit he led him to a small sitting-room at the back of the house and repeated the information he had given to Mr. Wilks.

"That's all there is to tell," he concluded, artlessly; "the cap'n was that ashamed of hisself, he's laying low for a bit. We all make mistakes sometimes; I do myself."

"I am much obliged to you," said Mr. Swann, gratefully.

"You're quite welcome, sir," said the boarding-master.

"And now," said the visitor, musingly—"now for the police."

"Police!" repeated Mr. Smith, almost hastily. "What for?"

"Why, to find the captain," said Mr. Swann, in a surprised voice.

Mr. Smith shook his head. "You'll offend the cap'n bitter if you go to the police about 'im, sir," he declared. "His last words to me was, 'Smith, 'ave this kept quiet.'"

"It'll be a little job for the police," urged the shipbroker. "They don't have much to do down here; they'll be as pleased as possible."



"They'll worry your life out of you, sir," said the other. "You don't know what they are."

"I like a little excitement," returned Mr. Swann. "I don't suppose they'll trouble me much, but they'll turn your place topsy-turvy,

I expect. Still, that can't be helped. You know what fools the police are ; they'll think you've murdered the captain and hidden his body under the boards. They'll have all the floors up. Ha, ha, ha ! ”

“Aving floors up don't seem to me to be so amusing as wot it does to you,” remarked Mr. Smith, coldly.

“They may find all sorts of treasure for you,” continued his visitor. “It's a very old house, Smith, and there may be bags of guineas hidden away under the flooring. You may be able to retire.”

“You're a gentleman 'as is fond of his joke, Mr. Swann,” returned the boarding-master, lugubriously. “I wish I'd got that 'appy way of looking at things you 'ave.”

“I'm not joking, Smith,” said the other, quietly.

Mr. Smith pondered and, stealing a side-glance at him, stood scraping his foot along the floor.

“There ain't nothing much to tell,” he grumbled, “and, mind, the worst favour you could do to the cap'n would be to put it about how he was done. He's gone for a little trip instead of 'is son, that's all.”

“Little trip ! ” repeated the other ; “you call a whaling cruise a little trip ? ”

“No, no, sir,” said Mr. Smith, in a shocked voice, “I ain't so bad as that ;

I've got some 'art, I hope. He's just gone for a little trip with 'is old pal Hardy on the *Conqueror*. Kybird's idea it was.”

To Mr. Smith's great surprise his visitor sat down suddenly and began to laugh. Tears of honest mirth suffused his eyes and dimmed his glasses. Mr. Smith, regarding him with an air of kindly interest, began to laugh to keep him company.

“Don't you know it's punishable ? ” demanded the shipbroker, recovering.

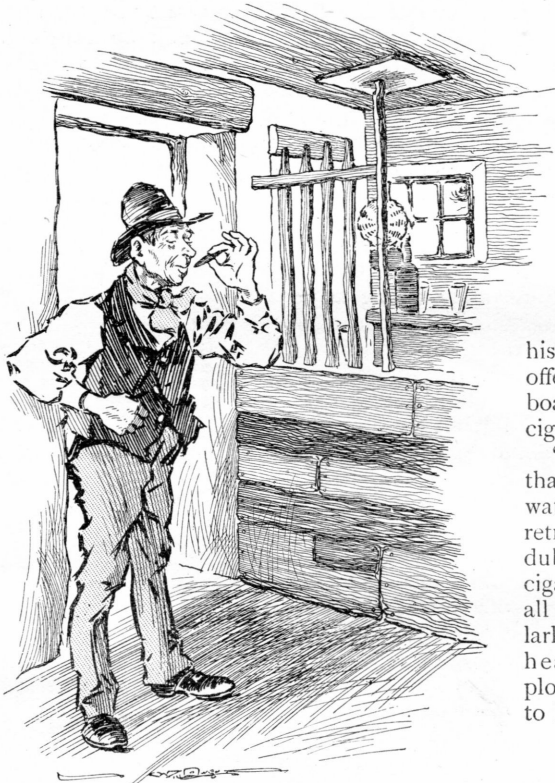
Mr. Smith shook his head and became serious. “The cap'n fell into 'is own trap,” he said, slowly. “There's no lor for 'im ! He'd only get laughed at. The idea of trying to get me to put little Amelia Kybird's young

man away. Why, I was 'er god-father.”

Mr. Swann stared at him, and then with a friendly “good morning” departed. Half-way along the passage he stopped, and retracing his steps produced

his cigar-case and offered the astonished boarding-master a cigar.

“I s'pose,” said that gentleman as he watched the other's retreating figure and dubiously smelt the cigar ; “I s'pose it's all right ; but he's a lark sort, and I 'ave heard of 'em exploding. I'll give it to Kybird, in case.”



“I 'AVE HEARD OF 'EM EXPLODING.”

(To be continued.)



A STORY

FOR CHILDREN.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. DE LA BARRE.

LONG ago there lived in Brittany a King whose kingdom was very small, and whose sole wealth consisted of a pear-tree which grew in his orchard. Each year this tree bore three splendid pears.

It was partly the King's own fault that he never could manage to pick these pears at the right moment. In July the fruit grew riper and riper until it became solid silver. In August it grew still larger, and changed to gold. Just at this changing time the pears should have been plucked, but they always mysteriously vanished the night before the day whereon their owner had intended plucking them. Naturally, the King preferred golden pears to silver ones, but this preference cost him dear, for through it he lost the pears altogether.

The King's children had a personal interest in the wonderful tree. His six daughters,

each of whom looked for a dowry from the precious fruit, were each year bitterly disappointed, as also were their two brothers, Yann and Claudik.

Yann was greedy and selfish, but Claudik was good and brave. One day Yann proposed to his brother that they two should pluck the pears and divide the spoil. This Claudik refused to do. "The pears are not ours," said he; "they belong to our father."

Then Yann went to the King and begged of him to divide the fruit. "If I may have one pear for myself," said the greedy fellow, "I promise to keep watch over the tree, in order to protect its fruit from thieves."

The King, after some demur, yielded to the wish of his self-willed son. It was arranged that Yann should have the pear which grew on the north side of the tree; Claudik was to have the pear which faced the south, while that growing in the centre was to be divided amongst the six sisters.

July was drawing to an end, and the silver fruit was already faintly tinged with gold. Yann, in fulfilment of his promise, mounted guard in the orchard. Nothing happened for two nights. On the third night he foolishly drank an extra flagon of wine. Of course he fell asleep at his post, and the next morning only two pears remained on the tree. The pear in the centre had gone, and the poor Princesses had again lost their dowries.

"Never mind," said selfish Yann, "mine is there still, so what matter? I will keep a better look-out to-night." And for two nights he was watchful and alert, pacing up and down, sword in hand; but on the third night the weather was so hot that he could not resist the temptation to indulge in a double quantity of cider. He awoke in the morning to find that his own pear had vanished. How he stamped and raved at everybody, until the generous Claudik offered to give him half of the remaining pear, which belonged to him.

It was now Claudik's turn to mount guard. He armed himself with a huge and marvelously keen scimitar and, when evening came, took his post beside the pear-tree. He had with him his flute, an instrument which he played with skill, and, as the night grew darker, he played to keep up his spirits.

As the clock struck twelve an owl flew with a screech from the tree. Claudik looked up, and beheld among the branches a big, brawny arm, and an enormous hand clutching at the solitary pear.

"Who goes there?" shouted the youth, raising his scimitar, and dealing a tremendous blow at the robber.

A deafening yell was followed by a violent gust of wind, which shook the tree to its roots—then all was still. On the ground lay a huge hand covered with blood, but still holding the precious pear. The thief was evidently some greedy giant.

Claudik put the pear into his wallet. He thought at first of flinging the hand into the sea, but changed his mind, and determined, if possible, to find its owner.

The moon had risen, and across the fields and over the hills a trail of blood could be distinctly seen. This trail Claudik, carrying with him the giant's hand, carefully followed until he reached the Forest of Kranou, where the traces grew indistinct and finally disappeared.

"Oh," said the young man to himself, as he returned to his home, "I have heard that a horrible ogre dwells in that forest. Well! If I were to take him his hand and offer to

restore it to its proper place I should think he would at least have the grace to spare my life. Perhaps, too, I may regain the stolen pears."

Accordingly, the next day Claudik went to a wizard who knew how to restore lopped-off limbs by means of a wonderful herb-ointment called "Louzou." From him Claudik took a lesson or two, and then, armed with a box of the ointment—an invaluable remedy which had never been known to fail—he made his way to the nearest town.

In the market-place a herald was announcing that the great giant-King of the forest would give the hand of his daughter, the lovely Fleur-du-Kranou, to the man who should heal him of a grievous wound received in battle.

"Not in battle," said Claudik, under his breath; "*in stealing pears.*"

The brave fellow went home again, put the hand into a big bag, which he strapped, knapsack-fashion, over his shoulder, then, taking with him his flute, set out in quest of the ogre. He passed through the outskirts of the forest, and before long came to a deep moat, on the other side of which was a dark and dense wood. He saw also some massive iron gates through which he would need to pass. Beside them stood a little hut, and at its door sat a little old woman, spinning flax.

"Countess of the Portal!" called out Claudik, "will your grace be so good as to unbar the gates? I carry an important message to the King."

The old lady, flattered at being styled a countess, smiled as she said, "Is that really so, my bonny youth?"

"Yes," replied Claudik. "Here in my knapsack I have something of great value which belongs to him."

"Listen to me," said the portress, "and be warned in time. All who enter here are doomed to die. I would gladly save you from a cruel death."

"You cannot frighten me back, madam; I *must* reach the castle. I bring to His Majesty a certain cure, and hope to be rewarded with the Princess's hand."

"Are you aware that many skilled surgeons and physicians have already come on the same errand? And of them all, *not one* has returned in safety to his home."

"Not one?" inquired Claudik, doubtfully.

"Not one," replied the woman. "During the King's illness his appetite has grown so voracious that he ruthlessly devours each of his would-be sons-in-law. He gives them no time in which to cure him, but quickly rends



H. S. MILLAR.
1907.

"LISTEN TO ME," SAID THE PORTERESS, "AND BE WARNED IN TIME. ALL WHO ENTER HERE ARE DOOMED TO DIE."

them in pieces and grills them on an immense gridiron. So insatiable is he, indeed, that by-and-by he will probably eat the Princess herself."

"That we shall see," said the undaunted Claudik. "Now, open the gates for me."

"Very well, my lad; you must have your way," was the reply. The doors swung open and Claudik passed through with his big bag upon his back. The old woman wished to know what was in the sack, and he told her that it contained several marvellous medicines, besides his flute, and a beautiful brocaded silk dress which he would give her when he returned from Court.

The aged porteress leaned towards him and whispered in his ear.

"Listen!" said she. "When you reach that defile in front of you you will see a pretty vista of trees, and on one side a

narrow, rugged footpath. This path you must take: it will bring you to the back of the manor grounds. Once there, play upon your flute the *jabadao* as they dance it at Guingamp. The Princess, who dotes upon dancing, will come down when she hears your music. Then you must ask her to dance the gavotte with you; after that, you will doubtless know how to act for the best!"

Claudik thanked the old woman and went on his way. When he reached the defile he saw the vista of trees, and was about to turn into the narrow footpath beside it, when he became aware of certain strange shapes and shadows hanging from the boughs and swinging in the wind. Corpses, hanging heads downwards from the trees! Some were mere skeletons, with hideously rattling bones. Claudik shuddered. What if he should be the next to dangle there?

For a moment only he faltered, then he pulled himself together and went bravely forward. Presently the grey towers of the giant's castle came into sight. Claudik approached the wall of the tower and, standing below the casement, began to play the

jabadao as danced at Guingamp. Very soon the casement was unbarred, and the young man, looking up, saw a Princess, fair as dawn, who made signs to him that she was coming down. She came, and, giving him her hand, led him across the turf. They danced the gavotte together in the starlight. Of this occupation, charming though it was, Claudik wearied sooner than the Princess did, for he was tired with his journey and with the weight of his burden. He was compelled to stop. When he had recovered his breath he asked the Princess to conduct him to the King. "Let us finish our dance first," said the lady. "When once my father has seen you there will be no more dancing for us!"

"But," said Claudik, "you do not know what I have in this sack. It is something which will instantly cure the King's hurt; and

then—with your consent, my Princess—I will claim you as my bride.”

“Alas ! so many have spoken thus,” stammered the blushing girl ; “they all came to do what you intend to do, and yet——”

“And yet you are here waiting for *me*,” went on Claudik, proudly. “Have no fear, only take me to your father.”

The Princess then told him to take off his

magical contents of Claudik’s sack rendered the flames harmless. At this Fleur-du-Kranou rejoiced ; it really seemed as if she had found a deliverer at last ! Suddenly the giant awoke, and said in a tremendous voice : “Oh, dear, I am *so* hungry ! Get me food !” Then he espied Claudik, and roared out, “Ho, there ! serve up that young fellow at once. Cook him on the gridiron, and give me some potatoes with him !”



“HE BECAME AWARE OF CERTAIN STRANGE SHAPES AND SHADOWS HANGING FROM THE BOUGHS.”

shoes and to follow her swiftly and silently. He obeyed, and as they passed through the splendid halls, each guarded at its entrance by fierce beasts and brilliantly illuminated with torches of crystal and gold, Claudik observed, hanging in rows around the paneling, scores of glittering pears, which he easily recognised as his father’s missing property.

At length they entered a hall larger but more dimly lighted than the rest. Here the giant lay sick. The Princess signed to Claudik that he should uncover his head. At their entrance two dragons guarding the door shot forth fire from their jaws, but the

Two stout cooks sprang forward, swinging their huge knives, but the blades no sooner touched Claudik’s sack than they were shivered into atoms. Then Claudik put his flute to his mouth and played a merry jig, which set everybody a-dancing.

Fleur-du-Kranou took Claudik as a partner ; the cooks whirled and twirled with the gridirons and saucepans ; the dragons footed it with the lions, while the dogs and wolves skipped about anyhow. Even the old, hungry, raging giant jumped up and hopped around with the rest.

He still shrieked, “Put him on the gridiron !” but no one paid any attention to him,

and the dance waxed more and more furious. Perhaps it might be going on now had not the weight of Claudik's knapsack obliged him to stop. Then the King sank back upon his couch, and, when Claudik knelt beside him, instantly stretched out his hand to strangle the young stranger. But cunning Claudik had pushed forward the sack, and when the giant touched this his arm

his sack and displaying its contents ; "*here it is!* Now, if you will allow me, I will restore it to its rightful place."

Claudik's surgical operation proved a brilliant success. The giant-King, highly



"THE OLD, HUNGRY, RAGING GIANT JUMPED UP AND HOPPED AROUND WITH THE REST."

fell as though paralyzed, and he murmured in an agonized tone, "Oh, if I had but my other hand!"

"Your other hand," said Claudik, undoing

delighted, not only considerably refrained from eating his doctor, but also rewarded him with the fee which he desired—that is to say, the Princess. The wedding was a very grand affair.

After the death of Claudik's father the pear-tree was transplanted to Kranou, and there for many years it continued to yield its wonderful golden fruit.

Curiosities.*

[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.]



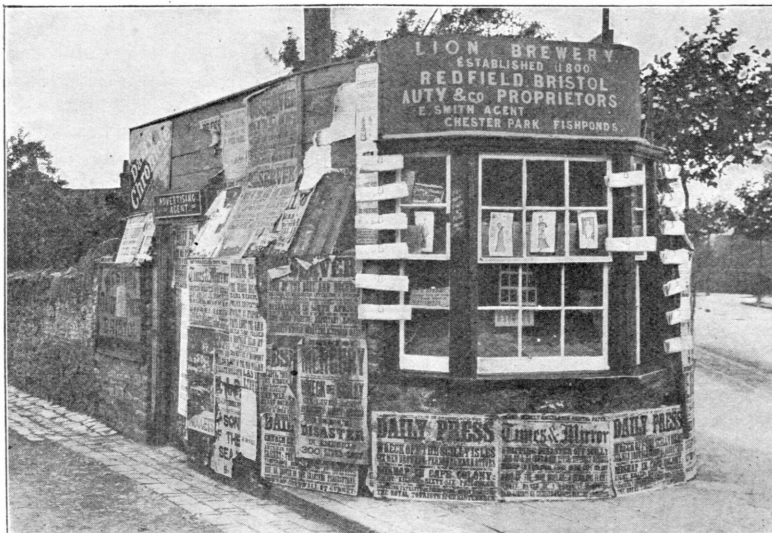
ANOTHER OPTICAL ILLUSION.

"A month or two ago you published in THE STRAND MAGAZINE a photo. in which the sunshade or umbrella looked inside out. I send you two photos. in one of which the sunshade looks inside out, the sun, as you will see, shining directly through it; the other looks natural, the sun striking somewhat over the top of the sunshade. Both were taken at the same time of day in the afternoon." We reproduce the photograph showing the sunshade apparently inside out.—Mr. F. T. A. Boyton, 46, Sebert Road, Forest Gate, E.

KILLED BY A TIGER.

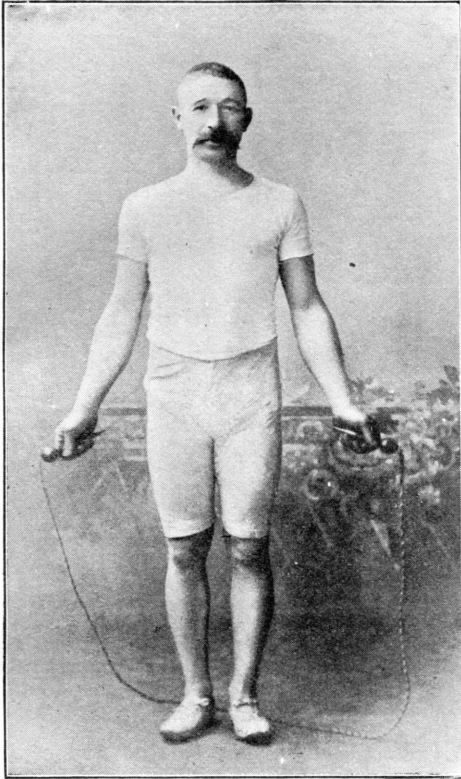
"The tombstone a photograph of which I send you stands in Malmesbury Abbey Churchyard. It is one of the oldest records—perhaps the only one—of a woman being killed by a tiger in this country. In an old account, which I hold, of this dreadful affair

it says: 'Hannah Twynnoy was a servant at the White Lion Inn (an inn still existing), Malmesbury. There was an exhibition of wild beasts at the inn, and among the rest a very fierce tiger, which she imprudently took a pleasure in teasing, notwithstanding the repeated remonstrances of its keeper. One day, whilst amusing herself with this dangerous diversion, the enraged animal, by an extraordinary effort, drew out the staple, sprang towards the unhappy girl, caught hold of her gown, and tore her to pieces.' The full inscription, which is quite plain on the photo., is as follows: 'In memory of Hannah Twynnoy, who died October 23rd, 1703. Aged 33 years. In bloom of life she's snatched from hence, she had no room to make defence; for tyger fierce took life away, and here she lies in a bed of clay, until the Resurrection Day.'—Mr. Arthur V. Hinwood, Ferndale, Malmesbury, Wilts.



A "LOCK-UP" NEWSPAPER SHOP.

"There is a peculiar shop at Fishponds, Bristol. The newsagent places the daily papers outside his shop, fastening them loosely in wire racks. Outside the windows are two slots with the following wording appended: 'Please take paper and put money in.' The newsagent leaves his shop for his daily news-round, and his automatic shop does the work for him in his absence."—Mr. H. C. Leat, 2, Richmond Street, Totterdown, Bristol.



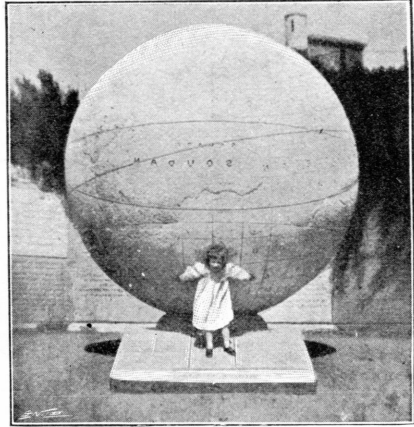
THE CHAMPION SKIPPER.

In a recent issue of this Magazine we published an account, illustrated with photographs, of the champion skipper of America. Mr. A. J. Sheen, hon. sec. of the Aberdare Athletic Club, a well-known athlete and cyclist, sends us an account of his latest feat in the same direction, which would appear to beat the record previously alluded to. An account of the performance is given in *Sporting Life* for May 1st, 1901. It says: "Mr. Sheen did a very clever turn. He skipped 1,000 times in 5min. 11sec. This forms a record of its kind. The times for each 100 revolutions of the rope were: 100, 31sec.; 200, 1min. 2sec.; 300, 1min. 35sec.; 400, 2min. 6sec.; 500, 2min. 38sec.; 600, 3min. 6sec.; 700, 3min. 39sec.; 800, 4min. 13sec.; 900, 4min. 44sec.; 1,000, 5min. 11sec. T. H. Mosford kept the tally, and Mr. Ed. Plummer was the time-keeper." It is noteworthy to add that during the whole time of skipping Mr. Sheen never missed once. Surely a remarkable feat.—Photo. by J. W. Fyfe, Aberdare.

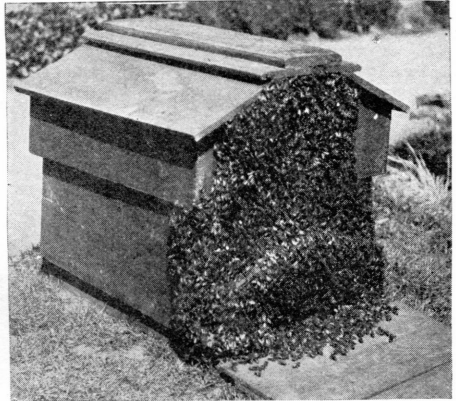
"A YOUTHFUL ATLAS."

"Here is a snap of my young brother 'supporting the world.' This large stone globe is situated at Swanage, Dorset. This mass

of stone is 10ft. in diameter, and on it have been carefully depicted the various continents, countries, seas, rivers,



etc., of the world. There is also in the vicinity a large stone map of the district, with figures showing the distances from Swanage to various parts of the coast, etc."—Mr. W. H. Scott, Westleigh, Chase Green Avenue, Enfield.



WAITING FOR THEIR QUEEN.

"I send you an interesting photo. of bees just about to swarm. They are crowded in a heap just outside the hive and waiting for the queen to lead them."—Miss Ida Glen, Ashfield House, Wartley, Leeds.

"YE KOMYKE CHYKEN."

"I send you a comical photo. showing Mr. Fred. Griffiths (the surviving member of the well-known 'Bros. Griffiths') amusing the spectators at a 'Komic Kriquet Karnival' held at Hampton last year, by his representation of a chicken, a really excellent imitation with the exception of the legs—which are clothed in 'duck' trousers."—Mr. J. R. Mathie, 10, Lawrence Mansions, Chelsea, S.W.





"MYSELF TAKEN BY MYSELF."

"Inclosed I hand you a photograph which I think may lay some claim to being a curiosity. It is a photograph of myself taken by myself in mid-air. It was taken at the wharf of the San Francisco Yacht Club. My friend dived head first from the top of the post, whilst I dived feet first from the wharf, releasing the shutter by a long thread (which can be faintly seen) as I was half-way between the floor and the water. The exposure was 1-500th of a second and a focal plane-shutter was used."—Mr. H. G. Ponting, Sansalito, Cal.

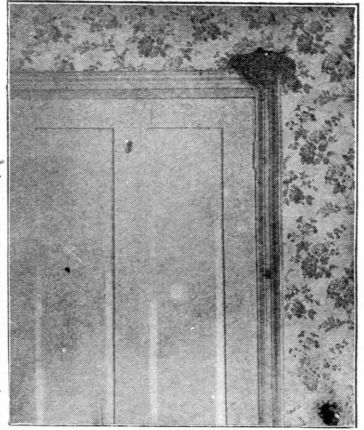
A CURIOUS ILLUSION.

This photograph, which was taken in one of the principal squares in the city of Lisbon, shows a curious effect obtained by artistic paving. The surface, which appears to the eye to be

in waves, is in reality quite flat. The illusion is produced by alternate wavy lines of white and grey cobbles following a definite pattern.—The Rev. O. Smith, 23, Rue de Joncker, Avenue Louise, Brussels.

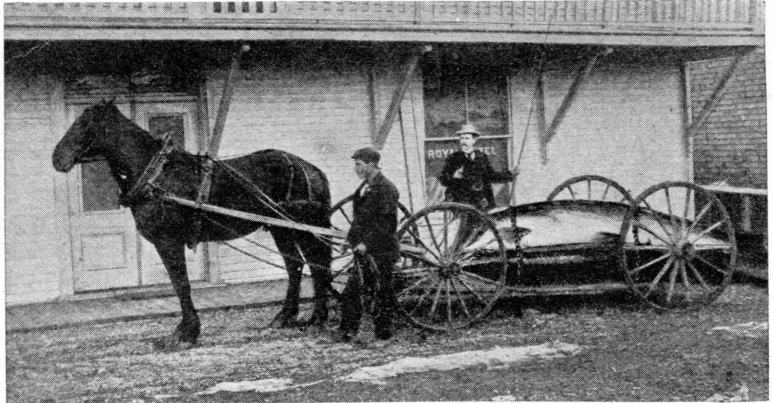
LUCK IN THE HOUSE.

"Would you care for the photograph I send you for your 'Curiosities'? It was taken on the 1st of July last, and is of a swallow nest built over the door of a bedroom in a house at Hordsham, Sussex."—Mr. E. Vaughan, 52, Lower Sloane Street, S.W.



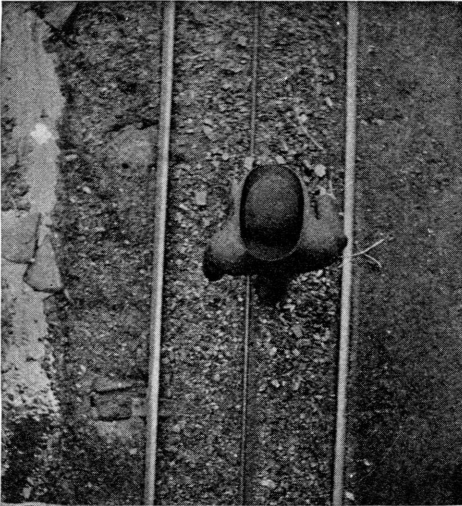
A FISHY PHOTOGRAPH.

"The accompanying photograph shows what is known among the sportsmen of the Maritime Provinces of Canada as the Parker Lake trout. This fish was taken by Mr. Wm. Sproule, proprietor of the



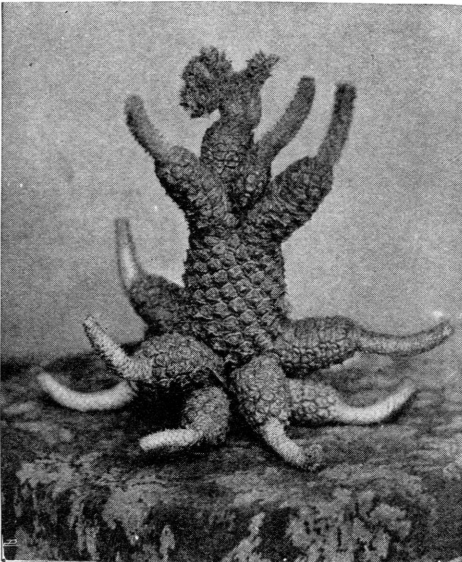
Royal Hotel, Campbelltown, New Brunswick, Canada, in May, 1900. It is a speckled or brook trout, which are found in great numbers in the streams and lakes of Restigouche County, N.B. This trout was taken on an 8oz. Chubb fly-rod from Parker's Lake, and weighed 4lb. 2oz. Mr. Sproule claims the title as the champion prevaricator of New Brunswick, and to substantiate his fishing tales sends this picture to his friends as an evidence of his ability. This deception was made by Mr. R. H. Rice, the official photographer for the Inter-Colonial Railway System of Canada. He first took a photo. of the empty waggon with Champion Sproule standing behind, then a photo. of the trout with a small watch chain laid over the fish. He put the two photographs together, thus producing a very clever deception. The trout fishermen believe that the fish is a sturgeon, with the spots painted on to resemble a trout."—Mr. G. Bennett, 116, King Street, W., Toronto.





HOW BIRDS SEE US.

"Perhaps this photo., which I took last summer, may be of use in the 'Curiosities' section of THE STRAND. It shows a man as he would appear to a bird flying immediately over his head. In this case, however, the camera takes the place of the bird. The man is standing in the middle of a colliery railroad, not many miles from Bradford, Yorks. The steel rope seen midway between the rails is used to pull the waggons or coal-trucks. The photo. was taken from the wall of a bridge over the railroad."—Mr. Thos. Bairstow, West View, Birkenshaw, near Bradford, Yorks.

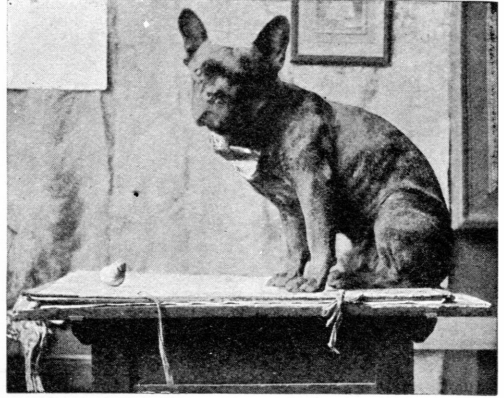


A REMARKABLE PINE-APPLE.

"I think, perhaps, you will be interested in the inclosed photograph of one of the most remarkable freaks of Nature it has been my lot to witness. The strange-looking article is a pine-apple grown at Haiphong, South-West China. It has not been faked in any way, as you can see by the photograph, but is shown as it was when cut."—Mr. W. Goldenberg, Hong Kong Hotel, Hong Kong.

CHEWING A BILLIARD-BALL.

"You may care to use the photo. I send you for your 'Curiosities.' It is of a dog of mine, and the small object on the table before him is not, as it looks, a potato, but all that is left of an ivory billiard-ball which he has had for about three months, and has reduced to the extraordinary shape which you can see in the photo. No one to whom I have shown it



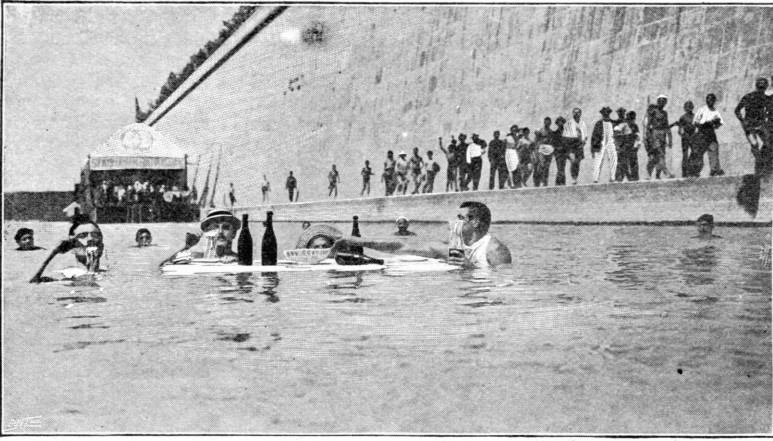
can guess what it is, and it shows to such an extent the remarkable power of the dog's jaws that it is generally considered a curiosity. It is the first thing I have been able to find that he could not splinter in ten minutes."—Miss A. H. Hudson, Newington House, Wallingford.

A WONDERFUL FEAT.

"The two men are not, as would be at first supposed, standing on the little girl's head.

The height of the three figures is 16ft., and there is a piece of wood, nearly 16ft. long, driven into the ground behind them. The two young men are standing on two large spikes nailed into the piece of timber, around which their belts are fastened to prevent them falling. When the two men were in position the little girl merely stood underneath them while the picture was made. Not for an instant was there any weight on the little girl's head."—Mr. R. D. Von Neida, Ephrata, Penn.





AN AQUATIC DINNER.

Mr. Gennaro Fattorini, of Galleria Margherita, via Depretis, Rome, sends a most extraordinary photograph of a dinner taken in the water which took place on the River Tiber during the swimming contests which are held yearly in the ancient city. It appears that, notwithstanding the extraordinary difficulties under which the meal was "discussed," the swimmers enjoyed their food immensely, while the spectators were kept in roars of laughter at this novel spectacle.—Mr. Sbisà, of Rome, took the photograph.

A LUCKY HORSE-SHOE.

Mr. R. Spafford, of Bloomington, Ill., sends the following extract from the Bloomington *Pantograph* for July 29th, 1901, also a photograph to illustrate same. The paragraph says: "A remarkable feat was performed by a horse in the 100 block on East Front Street. A team of horses belonging to a Mr. Buck, of Normal, was hitched in front of the building at No. 116. The flies worried the horses considerably, and one of them began to kick and kept it up until the shoe on one of its hind feet was sent with a crash into the large plate-glass window,



breaking a small hole in it, and cracking it to the extent of 2ft. on either side of the small opening. One of the most curious things about the whole thing was that the horse-shoe stopped just where it struck, and is still clinging by one of the nails in it to the small break. Scores of people heard the crash, and the suspended horse-shoe has attracted the attention of a great many people." The "good luck" label was pasted on the glass by the owner of the shop, who did a roaring trade owing to this "lucky accident."

who did a roaring trade owing to this "lucky accident."

JUDGES xiv. 18.
21

And the men of the city said unto him on the seventh day, before the



went down, What is sweeter than honey? and what is

stronger than a



And he



said unto them, if ye

had not



ye had not found

with my

out my riddle.

And the men of the city said unto him on the seventh day, before the sun went down, What is sweeter than honey? and what is stronger than a lion? And he said unto them, If ye had not ploughed with my heifer, ye had not found out my riddle.—

A HIEROGLYPHICAL BIBLE.

"I send you the copy of a very old book that I possess. It is called 'A New Hieroglyphical or Picture Bible.' This edition was published in 1834 by Mahlon Day, of New York, but it was originally issued in London, where it had already entered upon its tenth edition before being introduced into America. It contains 104 pages, illustrated by 400 wood engravings. Short passages from nearly every book of the Bible are illustrated, and, quoting the introduction to the work, 'such parts being preferred, for illustration and embellishment, as were either thought to contain the most momentous truths or the most interesting relations.'—Mr. A. M. Kinnear, 1323, Liberty Street, Franklin, Penn.—We reproduce a specimen page taken from this interesting book, and anyone can easily make out its meaning without first referring to the explanation which is appended at the foot of every page.